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# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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## ART. I.—THE MODERN PAPACY.

1. *Recollections of the Last Four Popes.* By Nicholas, Cardinal Wiseman. 8vo. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1858.

JUST forty years ago, in 1818, Nicholas Wiseman, an ingenuous young Briton, of approved morals and hopeful talents, entered the city of Rome, after a probation at St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw, in order to prosecute his studies at the English College, with a view to the Romish priesthood. Little did the well-grown stripling expect that some two-and-thirty years later he should be issuing pastorals from the Flaminian Gate that would thunder and lighten in our ecclesiastical sky, with a portentous power which moved the very throne of this empire with indignant commotion, and raised such a stir of angry protest and clamour as was unknown in England since the Nonconformist Ejection of 1662. Little, probably, did he in the most sanguine dreams of youth anticipate that the stranger from distant lands would ever be so domesticated and adopted into the very bosom of the Church at Rome, that he should become one of its most favoured sons, and only leave the bounds of the capital a mitred prelate, prince, and cardinal of the Church.

Dr. Wiseman describes in the following pleasant terms his first view of the sacred domicile, which was to be his home for so many years, and which, by its studious and friendly seclusion, well-improved, has contributed so largely to his fame:—

“A long, narrow street, and the Pantheon burst full into view; then a labyrinth of tortuous ways, through which a glimpse of a

church or palace front might be caught occasionally askew; then the small square opened on the eye, which, were it ten times larger, would be oppressed by the majestic, overwhelming mass of the Farnese Palace, as completely Michel-Angelesque in brick as the Moses is in marble, when another turn and a few yards of distance placed us at the door of the 'venerable English College.' Had a dream, after all, bewildered one's mind, or at least closed the eager journey, and more especially its last hours, during which the tension of anxious expectation had wrought up the mind to a thousand fancies? No description had preceded actual sight.

"No traveller since the beginning of the century, or even from an earlier period, had visited it or mentioned it. It had been sealed up as a tomb for a generation; and not one of those who were descending from the unwieldy vehicle at its door had collected, from the few lingering patriarchs, once its inmates, who yet survived at home, any recollections by which a picture of the place might have been prepared in the imagination. Having come so far, somewhat in the spirit of sacrifice, in some expectation of having to 'rough it' as pioneers for less venturesome followers, it seemed incredible that we should have fallen upon such pleasant places as the seat of future life and occupation. Wide and lofty vaulted corridors; a noble staircase leading to vast and airy halls succeeding one another; a spacious garden, glowing with the lemon and orange, and presenting to one's first approach a perspective in fresco by Pozzi, one engraved by him in his celebrated work on perspective; a library airy, cheerful, and large, whose shelves, however, exhibited a specimen of what antiquarians call '*opus tumultuarium*' in the piled-up, disorganized volumes, from folio to duodecimo, that crammed them; a refectory wainscoted in polished walnut, and above that, painted by the same hand, with St. George and the Dragon ready to drop on to the floor from the groined ceiling; still better, a chapel, unfurnished, indeed, but illuminated from floor to roof with the saints of England, and celestial glories, leading to the altar that had to become the very hearthstone of new domestic attachments, and the centre of many yet untasted joys;—such were the first features of our future abode, as, alone and undirected, we wandered through the solemn building, and made it, after years of silence, re-echo to the sound of English voices, and give back the bounding tread of those who had returned to claim their own. And such, indeed, it might well look to them when, after months of being 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' in a small vessel, and jammed in a still more tightly-packed *vetture*, they found in the upper corridors, wide and airy as those below, just the right number of rooms for their party, clean and speckless, with every article of furniture, simple and collegiate though it was, spic and span new, and manifestly prepared for their expected arrival. One felt at once at home; it was nobody else's house; it was English ground, a part of fatherland, a restored inheritance. And though, indeed, all was neat and trim, dazzling in its whiteness, relieved here and there by tinted architectural members, one could not but feel that we had been transported to the scene of better

men and greater things than were likely to arise in the new era that day opened. Just within the great entrance-door, a small one to the right led into the old church of the Holy Trinity, which wanted but its roof to restore it to use. There it stood, nave and aisles, separated by pillars connected by arches, all in their places, with the lofty walls above them. The altars had been removed; but we could trace their forms, and the painted walls marked the frames of the altarpieces, especially of the noble painting by Durante Alberti, still preserved in the house, representing the Patron-Mystery, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Edward the Martyr. This vision of the past lasted but a few years, for the walls were pronounced unsafe, and the old church was demolished, and the unsightly shell of a thoroughly modern church was substituted for the old basilica, under the direction of Valadier, a good architect, but one who knew nothing of the feelings which should have guided his mind and pencil in such a work.

"It was something, however, to see that first day, the spot revisited where many an English pilgrim, gentle or simple, had knelt leaning on his trusty staff, cut in Needwood or the New Forest; where many a noble student from Bologna or Padua had prayed in *formâ pauperis*, as he was lodged and fed, when, before returning home, he came to visit the tomb of the Apostles; and still more, where many and many a student, like those now gathered there, had sobbed his farewell to the happy spring days and the quiet home of youth, before starting on his weary journey to the peril of evil days in his native land. Around lay scattered memorials of the past. One splendid monument, erected to Sir Thomas Dereham, at the bottom of the church, was entirely walled up and roofed over, and so invisible. But shattered and defaced lay the richly-effigied tombs of an archbishop of York and a prior of Worcester, and of many other English worthies; while sadder wreckage of the recent storm was piled on one side—the skulls and bones of, perhaps, Cardinal Allen, F. Persons, and others, whose coffins had been dragged up from the vaults below, and converted into munitions of war. And if there was required a living link between the present and the past, between the young generation that stood at the door and the old one that had passed into the crypt of the venerable church, there it was, in the person of the more than octogenarian porter, Vincenzo, who stood all salutation from the wagging appendage to his grey head to the large silver buckles on his shoes, mumbling toothless welcomes in a yet almost unknown tongue, but full of humble joy and almost patriarchal affection, on seeing the haunts of his own youth repeopled."

Of the English College at Rome we are in a position to furnish a few items of information which Dr. Wiseman has not supplied, probably supposing most of his readers familiar with the history of its foundation. It was established by Pope Gregory XIII., in the year 1578, and had for its first rector Dr. Maurice Clenock, bishop elect of Bangor, in the reign of the unhappy



Queen Mary, of unpleasant memory. The college was designed for the accommodation of fifty students intended for the secular priesthood in England. The buildings appropriated for their use were St. Thomas's Hospital and the contiguous houses, together with the Church of St. Thomas and that of the Blessed Trinity. This Pope endowed the new institution with an annual pension of six thousand scudi, or about a thousand pounds; and all the property belonging to the hospital besides. The first students were brought from Rheims, whither the Douay institution had been transferred for the short interval between 1578 and 1593, under stress of political causes. The first rector only presided over the college for one year, when he was removed to make way for an Italian Jesuit, Agarrazio. From that time for a period of nearly two hundred years the curious spectacle was displayed of a college for English secular priests being under the entire control and governance of the Jesuit regulars, till the date of the suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV., in 1773. After this event the college was administered by Monsignor Foggini and other Italian priests, being of little use to the English under the regimen of these gentlemen. Repeated memorials were presented for the restoration of the property to the secular clergy of England, but to no good effect. In 1798 the college was seized by the French, and remained closed for twenty years; and at the end of this interval it was that young Nicholas Wiseman found his way thither, being one of the first batch of ten young Englishmen consigned to its care for a lengthened period. Dr. Robert Gradwell, afterwards coadjutor bishop of the London district, was appointed its first rector after its re-opening in March, 1818. Nine years afterwards, so well did the revived institution prosper, that it contained thirty students. Dr. Wiseman became rector from 1828 to 1840, when he himself was appointed coadjutor in the Central District of England, and left the college under the care of Dr. Baggs, since also made a bishop. The fixed revenue of the institution is about £1,500 per annum: no very sumptuous endowment for the board, lodging, and tuition of fifty men, with their rector and his auxiliaries.

Besides this house at Rome, the dispersed Romish clergy in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth founded other schools and colleges at Douay and St. Omer; at Valladolid, Seville, Madrid, and St. Lucar, in Spain; in Lisbon, and in Paris, for the secular priesthood: but the members of regular orders, Benedictines, Carmelites, Carthusians, Cistercians, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits, together with corresponding sisterhoods, spread far and wide, especially in France, the Nether-

lands, and Flanders. Go where they might, these exiles for religion's sake, often doubtless respectable enough as individuals, but extremely worthless as fraternities, with the instinct of the mole burrowed deeply in the soil; and many of the comfortable dens they excavated for themselves in the rich loams of Belgium, and amid the picturesque and vine-trellised regions more southward, remain at the present day the receptacles of their successors, along with the traditions of three hundred years' possession. Thus, amid all the vicissitudes of religious opinion and political government, in all the countries where they reside, it is interesting to mark how the properties have remained in the same religious family circle with a duration of title and an undisputed succession that few private families could claim. The incident explains itself, where the hand of violence does not dissolve the union between right and possession; for although the members die, the corporation survives, and the succession can never fail. The leaves fall, the forest stands; and in the forests of monkery no account is made of the leaves.

In the earliest years of that English College in Rome was a certain English student there, in circumstances closely resembling those of the modern Cardinal, but with a very different result; for, after a two years' residence, on coming to England he recanted his Romish faith, and professed the reformed religion. This person, too, was an anecdotist of the Popes, for the next extract will find him declaring himself a reporter of "such things as I have seen at Rome, yet not all, nor the twentieth part thereof, but here one thing, and there another." The fact of his having been one of the very first students in the same seminary in which Dr. Wiseman was trained gives interest to his publication, which bears the date of 1581. He describes himself as being for "the space almost of two years the Pope's scholar in the English Seminary or College at Rome." He thus bespeaks the good will of his reader:—

"God, that is my recorde, and searcher of all mens heartes (good Christian reader), knoweth that with vnfeigned heart I greatly wished this declaration of my repentance, and desire to be received to the true Church, to be imprinted, for two principall causes: the one to certifie my deare countreyemen of my reconciliation to the true Church, the other of my disposition to do them good hereafter, when it shall please God to encrease me with greater knowledge, and to manifest how it hath pleased Christ our Sauour, the head Shepherd, to call me away by his instruments, the faithful and godly, from the whore of Babylon, from the schole of error, and from the temple of heresie, to the city of righteousness, the true Church, his vndefiled spouse. I doubt not but that the godly and vnfeined

louers of the glorious and comfortable Gospell of Jesus Christ will heartily rejoyce and give God thanks that it was His diuine pleasure to bring me, a lost sheepe, into His folde, and to Him make their prayers in my behalfe, that He of His bountifull mercie will vouchsafe to graunt me continuall perseuerance therein, euen vnto the end of my life, that I may neuer swarue from His heauenly trueth vnto blindnesse and errour, wherewith once seduced by false prophets, I was holden captiue. But nowe hauing the assistance of God's holy Spirit, the trueth of His sacred worde, and perfect loue of the faithfull on my side, I passe not what wicked Papistes speake or do against me: their immoderate vnciuill bitterness, proceeding from the furious and stormie passions of their poysoned heartes, I may well lament, but restraine I cannot; therefore I say, let the Papists here in England fret and fume, and say of my name what evil or slaunder they can deuise; let them write their letters to Rheims, in Fraunce, and from thence to Rome, with the poste, and certifie all the English scolers there that the Pope's scholer, their owne companion and fellow-student, is reuolted from Papistrie, hath left the Pope in plaine felde, and quite denyed him, protested against his blasphemies, and renounced the deuilish dregges of all his idolatrie. So soon as these letters shall come to viewe they will name one Father *Parsons*, Jesuite, a prophet, southsayer, for that he at Rome, in the English Seminarie, in a certaine exhortation made to the schollers, prophecied that one or other of that company (myselfe being then present amongst them) shoulde degenerate from their faith, and be the ouerthrowe of that colledge: he confirmed also the profe thereof by example, beginning with Christ and his Apostles, and pyking out Judas, one of the colledge of Christ, that forsooke his Master; and then from the colledge of the Apostles he named Nicholaus, that reuolted. Nowe will their diuines declayme in the refectory pulpit of my sudden sequestration, and estranging from their brotherly societie. The trial and experience of their rash iudgement, hatred, and enuie, mocking and scoffing, had and pronounced against others, giueth me sufficient notice that I shall incurre their like rayling and misreport. I know that I cannot be voyde of their imagined slaunders in iudging me to be the first begotten sonne of the Diuel. I cannot escape their sinister exposition of all things to the worst; wherefore I must arme myselfe with patience; and seeing through God's goodnesse I am reduced from the miserable captiuitie of blindness and errour to the true vnderstanding and knowledge of God's holy truth, I neede take no great thought for their conceiued choller, slanderous speach, and rayling wordes of Sathan's prompting, sithers they have dealt so maliciously with my betters. And as for their holy father the Pope's curse with booke, bell, and candell, it shall not grieve me at all, neither will I take one unquiet nappe for all his banning and cursing; and seeing I haue renounced his Popish Church, wherein I neither heard the worde of God syncerely taught, the sacraments rightly administered, nor the name of God duly called upon: seeyng that (I say) I forsooke the idolatrous Church of Rome, and have so

gone from it as Daniel went out of the Lyons' denne, and the three children out of the furnace, and am come to that Church wherein the most earnest Papists themselves can not deny (if they will say truly and as they thinke in their own conscience) but all things be governed purely and reverently in this true Church of Christ; I have a desirous minde to profit my louing countrymen, according to the talent which God of His bountifulnesse shall giue me in preaching unto them His holy word, in exhorting them unto watchfulnesse and prayer against Romish doctrine, which is builded upon false miracles and traditions of men, being the fantastick deuises of their busie braine for lucre and ambition sake; fynally, in warning them vnto amendment of life, that both by their faith and conversation God's name may be glorified.

"If thou art a member of that Church, the spouse of Christ, whereof He is head, and not Antichrist, the Bishop of Rome, it needeth not then (good Christian reader) much to entreat thee to take in good part this vnlearned declaration of my reconciliation, made as it were extempore, my selfe being in prison, and wanting bookes, to the great impediment and hindrance of this my discourse. The beneuolence of the Papists I seeke not, for if I shoulde it were but in vaine. I cannot obtaine it, for that I have with upright conscience made a true rehearsall of such things as I have seene at Rome; yet not all, nor the twentyeth part thereof, but here one thing, and there another, and so fewe things in all: and this I add in the ende, if they can not afforde one good worde by mee, yet for good fellowship sake let them then say, '*Requiescat in pace*;' but let it be a solemn dirge for Aristotle's soule, who neuer knew the true God, but euer lived in gentility and blindness of the trueth, that he may be delivered out of purgatory, where they hold him to be, so that we may have conference with him, and know of him whether it be substantial and true diuinitie such as he taught and set forth in writing, or els whether it be Plato his diuinitie, who was a heathen or Gentile, and which of them is best; and as for the diuinitie which Christ preached, and was delivered by the Apostles, and received by the faithfull, they are not acquainted with. God euermore enflame and direct me with His holy Spirit, that the zeale of His trueth throughly pearce and possesse my heart, that I may safely walke in the ways of righteousness and holines all the days of my life, and utterly abandon and detest all hypocrisie and idolatrous superstition."

This rare and remarkable black letter volume lies before us as we write, and we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity it affords to present the testimony of a second witness from the English Seminary at Rome on matters affecting the Popes and the Papacy, the common theme of both the ancient and the modern author. That the earlier writer conceives of the Popedom as an immense ecclesiastical imposture, and an incarnation of practical abomination, is evident enough from the extract

already given. With what emphasis he urges that view will be still more apparent from the following plain-spoken denunciation of the morals of Rome :—

“ Now I will speak a little of the wickedness of Rome, which you count holiness, and make our Englishmen that were never there believe so. First, I will begin with your cardinals, the pillars of your Church, as I have heard by the Romans, and by a gentleman who served to Cardinal Sforza, who travelled by land with me from the city Ancona to Venice. Have not these young cardinals pretty wenches in their palaces, whom in the day-time they call either their sisters or cousins, and in the night-time make them either their bed-fellows or concubines ? And do you not know how that there was a young cardinal, or prince, burnt at Rome, not long since, by a common quean of the stews, and took from her the French disease, wherewith he died miserably ? Do not your priests at Rome, without shame and punishment, openly, in the sight of all men, go to the stews ? I have seen them with mine eyes, as I walked the streets, embracing the queans. O if a minister here in England should commit such abomination and escape unpunished, how would you cry out against him, and against the magistrates ! Yet to see your own priests so do, and your magistrates to suffer it, you hold your peace, you seem to allow it. What shall I speak of your monks ? Was there not at Rome a whole monastery of such as bear a silver cross in their hands, and are apparelled in blewe, full of women, that went in habit of those monks ; and were they not spied at the last, and escaped unpunished ? Be these the holy men that have renounced the world, and have vowed chastity ? . . . Moreover, have not the Romans six streets full of courtezans and harlots, who pay a yearly tribute to the Pope ? And be there not throughout all Rome queans who lay out of their windows carpets and their gowns, which is a sign to them that pass by that there they may have a woman for money ? At Shrovetide what horrible abuses are there practised at Rome without punishment ! Do not men go in women’s apparel, and women in men’s apparel ? The gentlewomen out of their windows throw rose-water, which is a token to them that pass by that there they may defile their bodies one with another. What murther is there, insomuch that no man can sit in his waggon without danger of his life ! These words of Petrus Bembus are true : ‘ *Roma est sentina pessimorum hominum.*’ *Rome is the sink of pestilent varlets.* I would not for a great deal of money but that I had seen Rome ; otherwise, I should have stood in doubt lest I had misreported aught of them ; but what I saw that speak I, and testify, and cry with the Mantuan :—

‘ Vivere qui sancte cupitis, discedite Roma :  
Omnia cum liceant, non licet esse bonum.’

*Ye that desire to live godly, depart from Rome ; for when all things are lawful there, it is not lawful to be honest.* Peradventure now you will say that the Pope is a holy man. . . . At Macerata the



Pope put a county out of his possession, and gave it to his own son James, whom, of a beggar, he hath made a marquis, able to spend by the year thirty thousand crowns, and is richly married to a duke's daughter. He gave the count for his possession not half so much as it was worth. There was also a monk, who came from the Indians, who, at Venice, refused a hundred thousand crowns for two precious stones which he brought with him, who, thinking to please this Pope now living, and to get a greater reward, presented the precious stones before this Pope Gregory, who, taking the gems or precious stones, instead of reward committed the monk to prison, alleging nothing against him but this, that he forsook his cloister or monastery. Master Alet, whom you know, hath reported this to be true: for he knew this said monk, as he reported to two gentlemen of the North that had been at Jerusalem, and to me, and to three other scholars, Thus much touching his iniquity. Now, I will not speak of the Pope's pontificality, how he is carried on men's shoulders, how the people kneel before him, how the trumpets sound, how the ordnance or double cannons are discharged, and how the people cry out, '*Vivat Papa Gregorius!*' "

The modern Cardinal deals with this spectacle of the Pope's procession on litter-back over the heads of the worshipping lieges, as the perfection of courtly pomp, and regards the part of the chief actor in the scene as the *ne plus ultra* of devotion. To the secular aspect of this unusual mode of obeisance we have no serious objection to urge. If princes and people agree, on the one side, to exact, and on the other to render, a homage that breathes more of the incense of idolatry than the frank service of loyalty, as they are the parties chiefly concerned, we need scarcely stop to express our individual dissent from such an observance. But, on the other hand, if we regard this extraordinary abasement as a recognition of the Pope in his priestly function, rather than as monarch or man, a virtual elevation of a fellow-creature into a visible mediator between heaven and earth, a concession of the Pontiff's claim to sit in the temple of God, "showing himself that he is God" (*Dominus Deus noster, Papa*), we can scarcely restrain our indignation at the folly and wickedness of such an act, and denounce the Pope's "pontificality" with all the heartiness of the earlier seminarist. That we do not receive without serious qualification the other statements of the gross immorality of the Romish prelates and priesthood, is simply to aver our acting upon our own judgment and observation with respect to statements of this nature, as well as in those which are of an opposite kind. We neither believe those persons immaculate with Wiseman, nor yet all black sheep with the other Nicholas. Concern for truth, nevertheless, constrains us to say, notwithstanding the practical charity which governs our decisions, that

the system of celibacy is not one formed to foster social purity ; and again, that the loudest denunciations of clerical immorality in Romanism are made by Roman Catholic rather than Protestant authors.

One of the most interesting portions of Dr. Wiseman's volume is that which treats of the English cardinalate, designed and actual, this portion of his narrative bearing more of the character of disclosure than often appears in his pages. The Cardinal takes some pains to show that Dr. Lingard, the historian, was never intended to wear the scarlet hat, even in the mysterious council chamber of the Pope's bosom : a usage that requires a word of explanation. It appears that when the Pope creates a batch of cardinals he reserves the nomination of one *in pectore*, to be disclosed in due time, the person afterwards raised to that dignity dating his appointment, not from the day of open promulgation, but of secret creation. This is a very curious usage, and seems to have no object except, perhaps, to secure the absolute freedom of the pontiff in his choice, unbiassed by the intrigues of ecclesiastics or the intercession of friends. Pope Leo XII. is stated, in the memoir of Dr. Lingard, to have once "informed the Consistory that among those whom he had reserved *in petto* for the same dignity was one 'a man of great talents, an accomplished scholar, whose writings, drawn *ex authenticis fontibus*, had not only rendered great service to religion, but had delighted and astonished Europe.' In Rome this was generally understood to refer to the historian of England." Such, at least, was the impression of Lingard and his friends, based upon certain expressions and tokens of good will manifested by Leo XII. towards him, the gift of a gold medal, and a proposal to settle down in Rome for life. But Dr. Wiseman, while admitting the merits of his countryman, says, "A very different person was then and ever afterwards, and is still, considered to have been the subject of the Pope's reservation. This was the celebrated Abbé de Lamennais."

He had been to Rome in 1824, and had been received with the most marked distinction by the Pope. He was then in all the splendour of his genius, arrayed on the side, not only of faith, but of the highest Roman principles. The boldness of his declarations on doctrine, the independence of his tone in politics, the brilliancy of his style, and the depth of thought which it clothed, put him at the head of religious champions in France. He had undauntedly assaulted the flying rere of the great Revolution, the indifference which lingered still behind it, by his splendid "*Traité sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion ;*" he had next endeavoured to beat back from reoccu-

pying its place what he considered had led to that fatal epoch and its desolating results, a kingly Gallicanism. This he had done by a treatise less popular, indeed, but full of historical research and clearness of reasoning: "*La Doctrine de l'Eglise sur l'Institution des Evêques.*" It was to this work that Pope Leo was considered to allude. The text of the allocution is not accessible; but it was thought to refer to this work with sufficient point.

"How he [Lamennais] did so mightily prevail on others it is hard to say. He was truly in look and presence almost contemptible; small, weakly, without pride of countenance or mastery of eye, without any external grace; his tongue seemed to be the organ by which, unaided, he gave marvellous utterance to thoughts clear, deep, and strong. Several times have I held long conversations with him, at various intervals, and he was always the same. With his head hung down, his hands clasped before him, or gently moving in one another, in answer to a question he poured out a stream of thought, flowing spontaneous and unrippled as a stream through a summer meadow. He at once seized the whole subject, divided it into its heads as symmetrically as Fléchier or Massillon; then took them one by one, enucleated each, and drew his conclusions. All this went on in a monotonous but soft tone, and was so unbroken, so unhesitating, and yet so polished and elegant, that if you had closed your eyes you might have easily fancied that you were listening to the reading of a finished and elaborately corrected volume.

"Then everything was illustrated by such happy imagery, so apt, so graphic, and so complete! I remember his once describing, in glowing colours, the future prospects of the Church. He had referred to prophecies of Scripture, and fulfilments in history, and had concluded that, not even at the period of Constantine, had perfect accomplishment of predictions and types been made; and that, therefore, a more glorious phase yet awaited the Church than any that she had yet experienced. And this, he thought, could not be far off.

"'And how,' I asked, 'do you think, or see, that this great and wonderful change in her condition will be brought about?'

"'I cannot see,' he replied; 'I feel myself like a man placed at one end of a long gallery, at the other extremity of which are brilliant lights, shedding their rays on objects there. I see paintings and sculpture, furniture and persons, clear and distinct; but of what is between me and them I see nothing; the whole interval is dark, and I cannot describe what occupies the space. I can read the consequence, but not the working of the problem.'

"But in him there was long a canker deeply sunk. There was a maggot in the very core of that beautiful fruit. When, in 1837, he finished his ecclesiastical career by his '*Affaires de Rome*,' the worm had only fully writhed itself out, and wound itself, like the serpent of Eden, round the rind. But it had been there all along. During his last journey to Rome, to which the book referred, he is said to

have exclaimed to a companion, setting his teeth, and pressing his clasped hands to his heart, 'I feel in here an evil spirit, who will drag me one day to perdition.' That day soon came. It was the demon of pride and disappointed ambition. Often has one heard good men say in Rome, what a happy escape the Roman Church had experienced from one who had turned out so worthless! And others have thought that if Leo's intentions had been carried out the evil spirit would have been thereby exorcised, and, the dross being thus removed, the gold alone would have remained. But when ever was a passion cured by being humoured or satisfied?

"It is easy to account for Leo's abandonment of his intentions in favour of this wretched man. But how nobly does the character of our Lingard contrast with his, whom the necessity of our task and topic has compelled us to consider by his side! How sterling and manly, unselfish and consistent, does he appear throughout! For there can be no doubt that, under the assurance of its being made to him, he earnestly recoiled from the offer of that high dignity, which no one surely would accept without shrinking, though his mind might be balanced between the examples of a Philip playfully rejecting and a Baronius obediently receiving."

There is ample matter for reflection in these statements concerning cardinals *in petto*, who are cardinals in fact, whether they be canonized or no by name, taken in connexion with the Romish doctrine of sacerdotal intention. The reserved nomination is a real nomination, although no disclosure ever followed: "If Dr. Lingard was the person meant by the Pope on the occasion referred to in the foregoing extract, the English historian was truly and really created a cardinal." And, by parity of reason, if Lamennais, infidel and apostate, was really the *petto* promotion of the twelfth Leo, he was as much a cardinal as if his appointment had been pronounced. We must presume, that the infallibility of the Popes does not extend to the persons whom they appoint to ecclesiastical offices, and must further conclude, which is much more damaging still, that not only may the Pope's discrimination fail him in the selection of the highest dignitaries of the Church, but that his apostolic benediction, great as may be its virtue, is impotent to restrain the heretical pravity of his *protégés*. Thus, every incident, doctrine, and pretension of the Popedom, does signally tend to open the eyes of its votaries, if they would but yield themselves to the natural influence of daily developments and revelations of its falsehood. To the unsealed vision of believers, the very cardinals, hinges and stays of the Church of Rome, are a weakness and not a power—evidences of its untruth, and tributary to its fall.

Another case in which a *petto* appointment, as it is presumed, fell through, without reaching public consummation, is that of

Dr. Baines, the Roman Catholic bishop of Bristol; these same *petto* appointments, in our estimation, being desperately and justly provoking to those afterwards receiving publicly the dignity they conferred. If they deserved them, why not obtain their cardinal honours at once? Why await the chapter of accidents—the proverbial uncertainty of human affairs—the possible summons of death? We are bound, however, to believe that some sufficient motive actuates their Holinesses to continue this strange custom, which to our Transalpine apprehension does not savour of the highest wisdom.

This abortive cardinalate was succeeded by a real one, in the case of an Englishman, whose only pretensions to the distinction were founded on his wealth and his family—the proprietor of Lulworth Castle—Cardinal Weld. He was a person of narrow capacity, and little learning, requiring a prompter at his elbow to carry him creditably through the duties of his office, and was never regarded in any other light by Protestant or Catholic than as a respectable dummy in a purple gown. Our author himself follows next in the line of the English princes of the Church, and will doubtless supply an interesting chapter for the future historian.

But the author of this volume is even more of a scholar than a divine, and his student life has left recollections to which he recurs with a spontaneous fondness and pride. Amid the splendours of his purple he probably looks back upon the seclusion of his cell with unavailing regret, and breathes the expression of his own experience over the future of the young athletes now training in the same arena, as they long for the fray of actual life—

“*Beati nimium, sua si bona nōrint.*”

The scene depicted in the following extract is one of which only the shadow remains in the older universities of our land, wherein still the semblance of disputation remains in the scores of Latin syllogisms spouted, and duly demolished by the opponent, the Latin and Greek *theses* required, and, for divinity degrees, the Latin sermons delivered. In Rome, whose court and diplomatic language the Latin is, the reality still survives. Much of it is purely technical, and in great part *memoriter* rather than spontaneous and impulsive; nevertheless, the displays which the Cardinal describes must have a certain interest, and will always be sufficiently limited to sustain that interest, from the comparatively few students, even in Rome, who are competent to endure the trial. Dr. Wiseman himself is evidently the hero of this narration.

“A student has reached the conclusion of his studies, and is



thought by his superiors, for it can never be a matter of personal choice, able to claim his degree by public challenge against all comers, who dare impugn any of his propositions.

"To the honour of the English College be it said, that, from time to time, one or other of its sons has hung up his shield, and stood bravely against his adversaries. Let us take for an example one of these; and, probably, to many readers of this sketchy narrative, an account of the proceedings may be new. The youth selected will have ordinary power of application and memory, will not be too bashful or timid, must possess a fair amount of tact, and a readiness, if possible a fluency, in the use of the Latin language, not merely in its classical construction, but also in its scholastic and more barbaric technologies. He prints in a goodly quarto his *thesis*, which must not contain fewer than a hundred points, but which probably his professors may carry up to four times that, embracing the entire field of Catholic theology. This little volume is circulated among friends, and an invitation is sent to every ecclesiastical establishment in Rome; day, and hour, and place, being specified, with the usual clauses, that in the morning 'datur omnibus'—all may attack; while in the afternoon the same liberty is granted only after three well-selected champions shall have broken their lances.

"When the time comes, the respondent finds himself, he hardly knows how, seated behind a table at the end of an immense hall, which it requires a sustained voice to fill, supported by his professors, who may edge in a word at his ear, in case of possible straits. A huge oval chain of chairs stretches down the room, on either side, and soon begins to be occupied by professors, doctors, and learned men, of whom he has heard, perhaps, only in awe; each of whom receives a copy of the *thesis* and cons it over, as if to find the weak point between the plates of mail, into which he will later try to thrust his spear. I remember well, in the particular instance before my eye, that a monk clothed in white glided in, and sat down in the inner circle, but though a special messenger was despatched to him by the professors, he shook his head, and declined becoming an assailant. He had been sent to listen and report. It was F. Cappellari, who in less than six years was Pope Gregory XVI. Not far from him was seated the Abbé de Lamennais, whose works he so justly and so witheringly condemned. Probably, it was the only time that they were ever seated together, listening to an English youth vindicating the faith, of which one would become the oracle, and the other the bitter foe.

"Well, now some one rises, and, in measured language, eloquently addresses a few encouraging sentences to his young competitor, whose heart is beating in anxious uncertainty on what side he will be assailed; till a period is rounded off, by the declaration of the number in his propositions about to be impugned. A crackling sound of stiff paper turning simultaneously in every hand, through the hall filled with students, religious, and auditors lay and clerical, announces universal eagerness to see the selected theme, and relieves the tension of the pilloried youth, who, for the first time in his life,

finds himself painfully conspicuous, and feels the weight of past labour and of future responsibility both pressing on his head.

"Of course he has prepared himself thoroughly; and his wretchedness must be double, if he have left a vulnerable spot in his armour, or if it be not all of proof. Of course he knows that no assailant can 'travel out of the record,' or put such questions to him as Sir T. More did to the disputant '*in omni scibili et de quolibet ente*,' whom he stumbled upon somewhere abroad, and thoroughly nonplussed by a most lucid query of English law; to wit, '*Utrum averia carucarum in vetito namio capta sint irreplegiabilia*.' Still there are subjects on which one is better got up than on others, and there are some more interesting, more full of detail, and more suitable for a lively illustration. However, there is no remedy; drily or unctuously, logically or eloquently, he must leave nothing unnoticed; he may turn the flank of something new, if it come unexpectedly before him; but, on the whole, he must show that he has overlooked no point worth answering. The assailants are keen, practised gladiators, who, if they are satisfied of the defendant's prowess, will give him fair opportunity for its display. To this the writer must plead guilty; he has done his best to try the metal of such young combatants striving to win their spurs.

"But when he has had such men as the Archbishop of Dublin or of Thyana, or the Bishops of Pittsburg or Clifton, to attack, he has had no occasion to repent having well tempered his weapons, and weighted his blows.

"After some hours of this digladiation, comes a pause for refection and repose, for every one but the champion of the day; who is, probably, crushed by a leaden sick headache, in which his past performance looks a wretched failure, and his coming one a dark and dismal uncertainty. It arrives, however, and he is this time perched up in a tall pulpit, with his professors low in front of him, hopelessly beyond reach for rescue and succour. He is in the centre of one side of the nave of a lofty church, which not only adds solemnity and even religious awe to his position, but makes it necessary that his voice should ring clearly, in an almost declamatory tone, to reach the opposite side, where, on a dais, in a chair of state, sits the cardinal who has accepted the dedication of the disputation. It had been intended, in the case before us, to request the Sovereign Pontiff to bestow the honour of his patronage; but at the last moment this idea was abandoned. However, the inner circle was sufficiently formidable; one patriarch, four archbishops, at least half a dozen bishops, about twenty prelates, not a few of whom have since reached the highest honours of the Church, nearly as many professors, abbots, and rectors, and an immense crowd of persons even of equal rank, out of full dress; which being required in the inner circle, gives it the appearance almost of a synod.

"Now, when this is over, what is the great reward looked to by the young athlete, beyond the title of the theological doctorate obtained, but, in Rome, not borne? It is to proceed next day, with a suitably bound copy of the '*Thesis*,' to the Sovereign Pontiff, and

lay it at his feet. Not only does he receive a paternal, loving blessing, but his cheeks glow and his heart beats as he bends beneath the expressions of the kindest encouragements, and even words of praise. He will find the common father of little as of great, already informed of the proceedings of yesterday, of any peculiar incident, some clever hit, some blundering objicient's courteous overthrow, whatever had been characteristic in manner or in method. And then he is exhorted to persevere in study, and to cultivate the gifts which God has given him to His glory. Perhaps even more is said: a particular direction is pointed out, resulting from the success of the preliminary specimen; to study assiduously Holy Scripture, or the Fathers, or the questions of the day. All this used to be done by Leo, with a sweetness and emboldening graciousness which would compensate to a youth any amount of labour undergone, for enrolment in such a prince's spiritual and theological army. It raised him above himself, and his own pusillanimous thoughts, made him, for the first time, hope that he might live to do some good, and opened his eyes to the brighter and more cheerful side of his own insignificant existence.

"Such looks, such words, such a scene, are not easily forgotten; and who knows for how much of sterling worth, and enduring work, the Church may be indebted to a single quarter of an hour thus bestowed on the tender, warm, and impassionable mind of a youth, accompanied by a benediction full of grace, and proceeding from one whom he reveres and deeply honours, as God's very representative on earth? The seal is set and pressed deep upon the wax, just at the moment that it is the warmest and the softest; it would be wonderful if the impression be not sharp and lasting. In the tempering of steel, after much manipulation, it is said that all the finest blades pass through the hands of one superior workman; who, by some secret skill and consummate tact, with a few strokes imparts a finish and delicacy that prepare them for the keenest edge. And so, after years of study and secret toil, a patient student may, in a few moments, receive what Milton calls 'a touch of celestial temper,' from the master-hand in the ecclesiastical armoury."

This imitation of a mediæval passage at arms in the Court of the Muses, must have been a painful ordeal even to those combatants who are better furnished than their fellows. The pride of scholarship would always be more or less tempered with fears of defeat. Few, however, in modern days would tempt the fate of the encounter so slenderly furnished for attack or defence as the scholar of Bamberg, who three centuries ago, preaching before the magnates of his house for his degree, and quoting the passage from 1 Cor. v. 7, "Purge out, therefore, the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, *as ye are unleavened*" (*sicut estis azymi*), read *sicut estis asini*—*because ye are asses*: an uncomplimentary but true designation, possibly, of some of the learned moles before him, who were blind in the midst of light,—

a term, too, which included the miserable *candidatus theologiæ* in its application, for he neither savoured his own unconscious wit, nor knew his mistake.

We are fortunately able to present a companion portrait to the Cardinal's elaborate draught, from the work of the Pope's early scholar already cited, and which is a curiosity on more accounts than one: in the first place, as presenting so close a parallel in the circumstances of the two respondents, but most of all in the diametrical contrast of the spirit in which the sketches are drawn. The Cardinal gloats over the recollection of his academic displays and triumphs with a kind of pardonable pedantry—the other launches his invective and satire at the whole institution as a something worthy only of mockery, and provocative of contempt. The convert thus writes:—

“About half a year past [that is, in 1580], I was requested by the prefect or master of the English students, named Father Peter, Jesuit, a Spaniard born, to make a sermon in the Latin tongue upon the festival day of Peter ad Vincula, certain English doctors of the city, and some of the Pope's Chapel, with other strangers, being present at dinner. I preached then contrary to the true religion, against faith, the buckler of our defence, the tower of refuge, the enemy of desperation, the comfortress of the afflicted, and the perfect way to salvation. I preached, also, repugnantly [that is, controversially], to maintain Popish doctrine against the heavenly Gospel, the New Testament, and last will of our Saviour Christ. Thus did I wilfully fight against God's word, albeit my conscience cried within me, day and night, ‘*This is not the right way to get eternal life; thou must worship God, and not a stock or stone.*’ Well, it pleased God of His merciful goodness to visit me with grievous sickness, both of body and mind, two days after I made this Latin sermon, which was the Wednesday after St. Peter's ad Vincula his day. Truly then lying very sick in my bed, and more like to die than live, conscience so pricked and disquieted me, that I feared condemnation: my conscience always suggesting and as it were telling me Papistry to be an idolatrous and superstitious religion. Yet for all that I thought that religion to have been best, although I disputed often against the same, insomuch that many of my school-fellows suspected me to have been an heretic, for so term they Protestants. One of you that was prefect of our chamber in the English Seminary may easily gather that I was no true lover of the Gospel, whenas I so sharply spake and preached against the professors thereof. And how unwisely I slept in the coldest time of the year, the last winter, upon hard boards, forsaking my bed—how I scourged myself with whipcords, and how I fasted twice in the week; you may conjecture by this that I was a Papist, which would seek so to shorten mine own life. You know also how I took thereby a vehement cough, with continual spitting, which since your departure grew to a dangerous disease, whereof, I thank God, I am now

recovered. My confessor did advise me to such and so extreme discipline and correction of my body as, had I still followed his directions, I had been dead ere now, and put in the Grotto, for graves have they none at Rome, but vaults. If this be good or wholesome counsel, for a man so to correct himself that he shall be the cause of his own death, judge you. But I left those superstitions, and suffered reason to rule my will, before it was too late; and having recovered my health, I presented myself before the Pope, and obtained leave to go to Rheims, for that the air there was more temperate. I had before that time made an oration and a sermon in the Latin tongue, presented before the Pope and four cardinals, and before all them that were with the Pope in the Consistory. If you, my brethren, deny the assertion thereof, yet, to your shame and my credit, they that shall go to Rome for pleasure sake may safely go to the Pope's prothonotary, dwelling fast by Saint Peter's Church, in the Inquisitory Palace, or to any of his clerks, and there make inquisition of my name, which is registered in three great paper volumes; of such as are always present, writing in chambers, to whom all men without danger may resort: where, turning to my name, they shall find the sermon and oration, containing ten sheets in paper, for the which the Pope gave me great thanks, and so did the cardinals, with all the rest. Moreover (which I had almost forgotten), being before the Pope, I had a wallet for four priests, and a doctor, and others, full of *Agnus Dei*, *grana benedicta*, medallas, crosses, and beads, with other trashes; and forasmuch as I had never before that time seen the Pope blessing wallets, I did hold the wallet before him, and would have had him to hold it in his lap, and so to have blessed it with his red cap. Well, I never drew back my hand from him until extraordinarily he had blessed it three times, which before that time, as I think, was never seen. So that England is happy, which hath gotten such a wallet, with so many blessings, whereby (perhaps) they may deliver their grandsires apace out of purgatory. It is a strange thing to see what virtue may be thrust into a wallet. O unwise people that trust to such trashes! If I had money plenty, I would get you a thousand blessings; but God bless us all from such hypocritical *Benedicites*!"

The pages which we have already devoted to his work will show clearly enough that we have read Cardinal Wiseman's portly volume through with a due measure of attention. The care expended on its thorough perusal will justify our expression of very decided opinions upon the publication. We feel bound, then, in honesty to say that we are more disappointed by its studied reticence than instructed by its revelations. The author has added little to our knowledge of the public events that mark the Pontificate of his tetralogy of Popes, while his anecdotes are, it must be owned, of a microscopical minuteness, such as scarcely repay the pains of gathering them up. Not only has his Eminence been

governed by a discretion which seems to apprehend the sponge of the "Index Expurgatorius" at his back, but the whole style of the book, in the selection of his matter and his mode of treatment, indicates the presence of a specific aim beyond the mere purpose of amusement, on the one hand, or of information, on the other. We trace in it the culinary skill of an ecclesiastical Soyer or Ude, so proportioning spice and condiment to the known taste of his guests, as to impart a zest and flavour to an unrelishable dish, and seasoning the whole for the English palate. The result is one which does credit to the ability of the *maitre de cuisine*, but reflects little merit, as we take it, on the community for whom he caters. The work is eminently wordy and pictorial, the former partly the vice of the Cardinal's style, but both of set intention and purpose of heart. Our readers have some notion, for most have witnessed it in their school holidays, when young, how the professional juggler engages the attention of the spectator while he contrives his legerdemain. He has his story, his patter, his anecdote; and while he seems most unconcernedly entertaining his auditory with words, he is weaving meantime the magic deception which mimics reality, and yet surpasses belief. Who knows not that half the stock-in-trade of the wizard is his incantation—that witches brew no hell-broth without their preludial hell-song? No one understands this better than Cardinal Wiseman, and he practises it to perfection. We hope we need not explain that in saying thus much we make no impeachment of his morals or his integrity, but simply avouch what to our own apprehension is patent in the method he pursues. While he recalls his reminiscences, and scatters his anecdotes few and far between, he never forgets that he is an ecclesiastic, and a servant of his Church; and nothing is told and nothing withheld, nothing daubed out and nothing painted in, but with a view to commend the institution he supports and professes. He throws dust with inimitable grace—he means to throw it. Robin and Anderson are not more apt at small talk than is his Eminence, and with the same purpose. Expert as a bull-fighter, he first snares with his mantle before he stabs as the *picador*. Astute as the fox, he winds and doubles ostensibly, while he secretly and safely slinks off to his cover. There is to us an immense amount of clerical thimblery, far more than of mere authorcraft, in the long-winded array of words which march in goodly procession through the ponderous paragraphs of the Cardinal's book. They are fitted to blind, not enlighten; a veil rather than an apocalypse; a Delphic enigma, not an intelligible guide. This was in a singular and quite spontaneous way the impression made upon us as we wended our course through



these by no means uninteresting pages; but especially were we thus affected in the perusal of the life of the Seventh Pius, which occupies nearly half the volume. There ought not to be less in the shape of incident to declare of that Pontiff, whose life was unusually eventful; yet here the author more than elsewhere indulges in sundry small cataracts or waterspouts of words, that more than once threatened the conquest of our patience, and the interruption of our task. They consist of—but these belong otherwheres as well—unbounded laudations of the glories of ecclesiastical Rome, and of the superhuman virtues of its rulers. This pomp of words and shows we take for what it is worth, but will own that we cannot view without apprehension the calibre, spiritual and intellectual, of those English readers for whom pictures of ecclesiastical ceremonies have charm enough to be an allurement to apostacy. And such is the signification which we attach to our epithet of *pictorial*, as applied to the Cardinal's work. His style and his selection of subjects for description are both sensuous. It is the style which Romanism of itself forms; and Dr. Wiseman has had kindred elements in his nature; so that in his case the training has been easy, and the acquisition perfect. No person can live any length of time in Rome the City without the taste for processions and external delights of Rome the Church developing itself more rapidly than in most places, for there pre-eminently the Church ministers to eye and ear the showy sight, the pleasant sound—the painting and the statue—the colonnade and basilica—the censer and the pomp—the harp and the organ. It is the *genius* of the religion, and no less the *genius loci*; and the two influences bear upon the denizens of the Eternal City with a potency they care not to resist.

And what the actual Rome effects by an insensible charm on the minds of unoccupied residents, and sentimental tourists, aided by the relaxing air, the natural beauty, the easy and accommodating morality of both religion and people—that the Cardinal aims to accomplish by means of his book; and guaging the intellect of the persons for whom it is prepared, our soul is exceedingly filled with the contempt it displays for the Christian faith and common sense of Englishmen. Can it be that the hearts of our countrymen are to be lured like those of little men and maids of nursery existence by the offer of gilt gingerbread, or a pretty picture book? Is the religion of the recent converts to Popery only one of Gothic architecture, “the long-drawn aisle, the fretted vault?” Is it a matter of Pugin and painting—posture-making and perfume—processions, flowers, and banners? Would it die if unfed with altar-dressings suited to ecclesiastical seasons—its white, its red, its green, its

purple, its black? Are lighted candles at midday the flame that attracted the moths? Is the child's play of dressing and undressing during service—the alb and amice, the stole and chasuble—the bowing to the right and curtseying to the left—the palpable unspirituality and puerility of the mass—is it this which has appealed so successfully to the frivolous and earthly natures whom it has besnared? Is their *penchant* for pomp the same as the confessed weakness of the Olympians—

“Nos quoque tangit honos, festis gaudemus, et aris?”

We have seen much of the acted Romanism of all lands, and no little of the heathenism so largely adopted by the human race, and by no feature of their correspondence are we more impressed than by the absence of seriousness characteristic of both. They both have a stern and dark, not to say a sanguinary repressive, side; but the prevailing characteristic of each is levity and lack of thought—a worship that is a compound of farce and fun—a life that only recognises a soul to make a mock of it and its Creator. Now, if this be the sorcery wherewith the Dalilah of Rome has bewitched her votaries out of Protestant communions, we must allow they were easily befooled, and that their folly almost precludes compassion for their delusion. Nevertheless, as these simpletons have souls to be saved, though they now sport themselves with their vain deceivings, we must deplore their ecclesiastic craze, and desire for them an awakening to true wisdom, and the grace of evangelical repentance.

But while we find fault with the superficial and eulogistic character of Cardinal Wiseman's book, slurring over the failings of his four Popes, or rather hiding the fact that they had any failings at all, we condemn the discretion which has shut out altogether allusion to the secular disorders of the Popedom. A little more candour here would have won more credit elsewhere. In the strange combination of secular and spiritual powers in the person of the Pope, the prince can never be separated from the Pontiff. It is, therefore, quite impossible, with due regard to truth, to pass over the condition of the people, while descanting on the merits of their ruler, even though policy or fancy should dictate a descant on the priestly rather than the princely virtues of the sovereign. The Cardinal does indeed make something of an apology for the want of material progress in the States of the Church, based upon the want of means, but he is wholly, or almost wholly, silent upon national disorders and discontents.

Not one word does he say of that mass of abuses, civil and social, executive and legislative, foreign and domestic, which



have made the States of the Church a byword amongst politicians, for inefficiency and wrong. A mediæval system of legislation and finance, a purblind retrogradation where advance was required, a repression of uttered or published thought, a monopoly of administration by the clergy, a dread and persecution of talent, a discountenance of enlightened men at the universities, the Sanfedisti with their theocratic championship of the Church, the charitable institutions administered exclusively by the clergy, the barbarous imprisonment in the Ghetto for the Jews, the factions which injustice fostered, the liberal dogs and conservative cats of Faenza, the brigandage which resisted all feeble attempts at suppression, and the chronic state of insurrection against their sovereigns maintained by the Romans from the restoration of the Pope in 1815—of all this not a word.

We find no gibbeting for general scorn of such names as the crazy Pallotta, the crafty Benvenuti, the relentless Rivarola, the inquisitorial Invernizzi, the stern Bernetti, the pliant Albani, the mercenary Baratelli, the factious Babini, the infamous Canosa, the haughty Lambruschini, the servile Mattei, the rigid Spinola, the severe Brignola, the ill-savoured Vannicelli, the extravagant Tosti, the spying Freddi, the traitorous Partesotti, the hard Massimo, the scandalous Della Genga, the minion Moroni, the forger Grossi, the loathsome Fontana, the cruel Barbieri, all persons of more or less notoriety, during the reigns of the four Pontiffs annotated by our author. The fact that these persons held posts of signal importance in the administration of the Papedom, during a period exceeding thirty years, is deeply discreditable to those sovereign personages whom the Cardinal represents as an incarnation of benevolence and virtue. The influence of some of these wretches was the proverbial back-stairs influence, the least creditable and most dangerous of all; while that of others, scarcely less prejudicial, was of that official kind which sprang from, and was characteristic of, sacerdotal rule, and necessarily and habitually inflamed and exasperated the people. By the time that these four model rulers of the Church, and of the Church's patrimony in central Italy, had been gathered to their fathers, the country was ripe for that outburst of democratic and civic rage which issued in the flight of Pius IX. and its consequences, a series of events into which we do not purpose to enter. When, however, Gregory XVI. died, the following was the condition of affairs in Rome: all the thinking men in the states, outside of the priestly order, were arrayed against the government; the native troops were few, ill-disciplined, ill-trained, and not to be trusted; commerce was confined, and

smuggling was universal; the police was arbitrary and insolent; the taxes were heavy and ill-allotted; citizens were not equal in the eye of the laws, exemptions for privileged classes abounding; an annual deficit existed in the revenue, which was trafficked in by anticipation, and there was no audit of accounts; instruction and education were inadequate in everything; censorship of the press was harsh and bigoted; thousands upon thousands of citizens were living under the express *surveillance* of the authorities; the exiles amounted to upwards of two thousand, and ten years afterwards, thirty thousand; the prisons were crowded with political offenders, while criminals of all kinds and of the deepest dye walked abroad with impunity; military commissions for trial of political offenders sat in permanence; the nobility were alienated from the government, or hostile to it; the burgher class, the heart and soul of a nation, at enmity with the priests; the followers of the court voluptuous, effeminate, servile, worthless; the lower classes superstitious and ill-taught, yet ripe for revolution, and always discontented; the rural priesthood ignorant, poor, but generally in decent repute, with exceptions of impure and wealthy, hypocritical and unworthy members, especially in the city itself; and, finally, the whole body of foreign diplomatists were constrained to employ all their craft and influence to sustain the government against its own subjects; to induce the executive to rule moderately and wisely; to keep up the semblance of decency in the relations of subject and sovereign; and to avoid becoming the scorn and laughing-stock of all the governments of the world. So far as the Cardinal's volume would regulate the judgment, our conclusion must be, that the Popedom had wise and gentle administrators, and loyal and happy lieges: the one reluctant to govern, the other delighted to wear the easy yoke. Never were there such faultless princes as the Piuses, the Gregories, and the Leos, according to Wiseman, and it is only when one turns away from "*The Romance of the Four Popes*," to confront the stern facts of the history of the modern Popedom, that he arrives at anything like correct impressions of events and characters as they were. The anecdotes are a Cyropædia of the Papacy, in which each succeeding Pontiff is a Cyrus, an accomplished and exemplary prince, in learning a marvel, in spirit a confessor, in morals a saint. The author who would convey such an impression to his readers, ought to be quite sure that they had forgetful memories, or a limited curriculum of historical instruction. Without attacking the private character of any one of the Pontiffs embalmed in the Cardinal's cabinet, we have shown sufficient reason in the turbulence, discontent, misery, and rebellion, prevalent during

their reigns, to dash the rose-hue of their portraiture with shade, and to induce a state of historic doubt as to the unqualified correctness of the representation. The extreme complaisance which his Eminence displays towards the occupants of the Holy See, of itself would awaken suspicion, it so closely resembles the special pleading of the advocate, who, at all hazards, maintains the innocence of his client and asks for a verdict in his favour, professing at the same time his own profoundest conviction of his blamelessness. In the case before us, this process consists of a predetermined silence and suppression respecting the unfavourable side of his brief, while the other side the pleader raises to a seventh heaven of perfection. With the blind instinct of a lover, or with the shrewd policy an ecclesiastic, we shall not decide which, Cardinal Wiseman can see no faults in the object of his regard. To judge by the tone of his work, the infallibility of Popes is, with his Eminence, more than a mere dogma—it has become a principle of his moral nature—a thread of his natural life. When the Popes act this-wise he approves, and when they act otherwise he still approves. The old comedian has drawn his portrait:—

“Quicquid dicunt, laudo; id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque: Negat quis, nego; ait, aio. Postremo imperavi egomet mihi Omnia assentari: is quæstus nunc est multo uberrimus.”

Now, when a man of acknowledged powers and learning, like Cardinal Wiseman, acts thus, it does not necessarily invite our imitation—rather it makes us pause, and emphasizes the caution: “*Prove all things—hold fast that which is good.*”

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## ART. II.—SAMUEL BROWN'S LECTURES AND ESSAYS.

*Lectures on the Atomic Theory, and Essays, Scientific and Literary.*  
By Samuel Brown. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London:  
Hamilton and Co.

THERE is a great amount of uncommon thought in these volumes, and their writer was a man of uncommon style, both in spirit and expression. He was the son of Samuel Brown, the eighth son of John Brown, the well-known author of “The Self-interpreting Bible,” and “The Dictionary of the Bible.” He was born in Haddington, 1817, and died in Edinburgh in his thirty-ninth year. Immediately after taking his degree of

M.D., in the University of Edinburgh, 1839, he began to lecture on the recondite subjects here brought before us. During the winter of 1840—41, he was associated as a lecturer with the late Edward Forbes—“*heu nimium brevis ævi decus et desiderium.*” In 1843 he was a candidate for the chair of chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, and was next and very near the successful candidate—Dr. Gregory. That a man only twenty-six should nearly succeed to that chair, is a strong evidence that he possessed high qualifications for the office. Failing, however, in this object of his ambition, he at once retired, and devoted himself to the one labour of his brief life, the realizing by experiment his doctrine of the atomic constitution of bodies, and in this aim he was *only* a little less than successful. “One God, one law, *one element*,” seems to have been his motto. And as his widow, who ably edits these volumes, well observes, “if Dr. Brown’s doctrine of the transmutability and unity of matter be established, the *relevancy* of which, to use Dr. Chalmers’ happy expression, may be held to be already proved, it will be to the science of the molecular constitution of matter, as much as Newton’s doctrine of gravitation was to the celestial dynamics.” Here we cannot but emphasize the *if*, for scarcely are the men and the time for the *establishment* of that doctrine yet arrived. Had the herald of that doctrine been permitted to continue his labours, the doctrine, probably, would either have been demolished or established by this time. We hope some man of equal energy, immediateness, and singleness of purpose, will soon be found to enter on his labours and win the reward. “Appearing ere the times were ripe, he withered in all the leaves and promise of his spring.” But these volumes are full of interest, in a scientific and psychological point of view; they will not remain fruitless, but many an idea, now in embryo within them, will find the *nidus* of their development in other minds.

The religious element was predominant in the constitution of Dr. Brown’s mind, and, of course, it took a scientific direction and expression; for a man’s science is necessarily a portion of his creed, a portion of what he regards as true, and, therefore, so far related to the Divine revelation in its operation on his faculties, since it is his mode of reading the will of God as expressed in the laws of creation. Science, in short, consists of our ideas of facts, or the impressions on our minds derived from the observation of phenomena; or the apparent qualities of things in relation to each other. Its extent is limited to the measure of man’s capacity to examine and to estimate the constitution of the earth which we inhabit, and also that of the mind, by which we are enabled to think about it; that is to

say, we are truly scientific only just so far as we know ourselves and the other works of God. Hence it happens, that feeling how diminutive is the power of man to penetrate the mysterious profundities of nature, and how incapable his faculties are of following the wisdom of the Almighty, as evinced in the creation of mind and matter, the most scientific man is the most humble, and the wisest the most devout, for he is ever finding occasion to utter within his heart, "O the depth, and the height, and the breadth!" The little that he perceives in each object that he investigates, affords evidence in itself that the Might which made that object must "extend beyond extent," and that his utmost effort to comprehend what is made must fail, whether contemplated in relation to the minute or the magnificent.

Probably, this overwhelming sense of the smallness of man's science, is best seen in the hypotheses and theories he has invented in order to form a conception of the forces resident in matter, and, perhaps, best of all in that which is called "the atomic theory;" the method inferred or invented by that most humble and most highly endowed man, Dalton. He endeavoured to explain the ultimate constitution of the elements, that is to say, the form, force, and relation of the indivisible particles of which the elements must be conceived to consist, their indivisibility, of course, being a fact only, because the will of their Maker has set limits to division, though the mind must ever conceive of even the least particle of matter as yet possessed of dimensions, and, therefore, still capable of separation into parts *ad infinitum*, as a mere mental act. We here see how physics and metaphysics are necessarily associated, in every exercise of the intellect by which we would determine the ideas in our minds concerning the nature of anything; for even in conceiving of a thing as merely possessing parts and proportions, we are led at once to a depth beyond the fathoming of intellect, and, in short, we are conducted to the infinite, as directly in thinking of the invisible world of atoms, as in looking into the boundless heavens.

All the worlds of the rolling universe must be conceived as formed of atoms, that is to say, all that is vast and boundless is made up of that which is inconceivably small, in the fixed limit of its form. Now that we are right in regarding the notion of an atom of matter, as the deduction from what is, to that which is inconceivable, will be seen if we ask ourselves, What is an atom? In the words of Dr. Samuel Brown, "the atomic theory of matter is the hypothesis that each sensible form (a crystal, drop, or breath of air), is made up of homœomeric parts, indivisible by such forces as are competent to the

division of their aggregates. These parts are called particles, molecules, atoms."

"This hypothesis supposes, for instance, that a piece of sulphur may be mechanically divided and subdivided till it shall be all broken up into a multitude of equal particles, incapable of further subdivision, by such forces as have thus far divided the piece, and possessing all the properties of the piece, except such as resulted to it from their own coaggregation in its form, solidity, fusibility, yellowness, and others. This illustration implies, that an atom is neither solid, nor liquid, nor gasiform."—P. 16.

Now what is our conception of an atom from this definition? Surely a thing that is neither solid, nor liquid, nor gasiform, is a thing not to be conceived of by us.

There may be, as Dumas, "the finest genius now cultivating science," seems to think, some unknown force in nature itself capable of resolving the so-called chemical atoms; "a new law of constitution may begin at the line of the elements, just as that of chemical composition succeeds that of mechanical aggregation, beginning with the more complex atoms, and ending with the elements" (p. 17). Of course, the atomic theory cannot be demonstrated, and it is at present but a hypothetical premiss giving coherency to every ascertained fact, and affording a salient point for inquiry. Our author looked for that "*tertium quid*," "that unknown manifestation of analytical power," as he names it, which shall divide the now known nominal elements, and he very pertinently shows in few words, how the idea of atoms is to be reasoned on mathematically:—

"Each atom must be defined as a point repulsive up to a given generated periphery, then attractive to a diameter polar to that of the first sphere, then repulsive, and so on, just as the sun is to the astronomer a centre of ascertained comparative force."—P. 34.

So, then, an atom is to be conceived of only as—

"A molecular nucleus surrounded by five polar spheres of force: *the first*, that of repulsion, which is never overpassed in the chemical, any more than the first repulsive sphere of the sun is in astronomical, operations of nature; *the second*, that of proper chemical affinity; *the third*, that of the repulsion which hinders the compression of a solid body by surrounding forces; *the fourth*, the attractive sphere of solidiformity; and *the fifth*, the repulsive sphere of gasiformity. It is not meant that there are no more than five spheres of force; but only that the chemical atomician, contemplating matter under the conditions of gasiformity, liquidity, solidity, and chemical combination, has to consider these five alone."—P. 64.

We bring these passages together, as conveying the substance of Dr. Samuel Brown's views of the atomic theory. He thus



illustrates the action of the five spheres of force, but he seems to take us beyond the five supposed spheres, to a sphere of his own, on which he founds his belief of the possibility of the transmutation of one element into another.

“A particle of hydrogen, revolving like a planet round oxygen, on their outermost spheres of repulsion, produces the smallest mass of these gases, diffused by Dalton's law in the ratio of particle to particle; revolving round oxygen on the second outermost spheres of repulsion, they should produce the smallest mass of an analogous solidiform substance, which, however, cannot exist, inasmuch as if the mutual repulsion of oxygen to oxygen and hydrogen to hydrogen, in contiguous molecules, could be so far constrained as to admit of such composition, there were no opponent force to hinder their compression into the more intimate union of chemical combination. And, lastly, a particle of hydrogen revolving round an oxygen on their third outermost (i.e., innermost) spheres of repulsion, produces a particle of the compound, water. Two particles of oxygen revolving round each other at their outermost spheres of repulsion, is the smallest mass of gaseous oxygen; revolving on the second outermost sphere of repulsion, the smallest mass of solid oxygen; and revolving on the third outermost (i.e., innermost) spheres of repulsion, they would be chemically combined, and the two particles of oxygen transmuted by such combination into one compound particle of some other element, say sulphur, for the present. The former illustration shows, that all the common phenomena of the combination of heterogeneous particles is, to say the least, equally intelligible by the old and the new hypothesis. The latter does more, for it furnishes the cue to the explanation of a class of facts, discovered only in the latest times, for which the old hypothesis makes no provision—the facts of isomerism among compound bodies.”—Pp. 65, 66.

“This definition of the five spheres is big with suggestions for new discovery. If this theory of isomerism be the truth of nature, then the fifty-five elements [*sic*], which no invented torture has been able to unfold, may be isomerically compound, and, by necessity, indissoluble by the kind of forces by which experimenters of every age have hitherto striven to wrench their constituents. If a particle of boron be a compound of two carbon atoms, it shall be impossible to decompose it, and extract carbon out of boron; if silicon consist of two borons chemically combined, it shall be vain to attempt the extrication of either boron or carbon from silicon; and so on, with the metals and other elements. Another kind of analytical force must be sought and found before such combinations can be solved; or synthesis must be had recourse to in order to realize the hypothesis: two carbons must be made to unite chemically, so as to produce one boron; two borons to produce one silicon; or four carbons to produce one silicon; just as two cyanogens are forced to combine in the production of one paracyanogen. It is evident that, if any one element be transmutable into another by this species of self-involution, it is easy to construct a hypothesis which should

represent any number of quasi-elements (not to limit it to fifty-five) proceeding from the successive involutions of only one kind of particles; and thus, once for all, the conception which was finally lost at the birth of the sceptical chemistry of modern times, is not only restored, but adapted to the latest results of the science."—Pp. 67—70.

Whether we regard the atomic theory as propounded by Dalton, on the supposition that the elements of substances consist of indivisible particles of the same given size and shape, and having each a specific weight, or whether, as here propounded by Dr. Brown, we regard the ultimate disposal of matter as consisting of spheres of force capable of various modifications and relations to each other, still the theory of combination in definite proportion remains the same. Whatever the method and mode of explanation concerning chemical combination, the laws of that combination admit of no difference of opinion, and it must be acknowledged by all observers, that the combination between two bodies results from the union of a certain proportional weight of the one, and a certain proportional weight of the other, and if an excess of either ingredient of the compound be present, it must remain uncombined and unchanged. Thus one part of hydrogen by weight combines, with eight parts of oxygen by weight, to form water; but if these gases were united in proportions of one hydrogen to twelve oxygen, their combination being effected, would leave four parts of oxygen free and unchanged. Hence, the combining power of the forces or elements may always be expressed by numbers, standing—hydrogen, 1; oxygen, 8; carbon, 6; nitrogen, 14; sulphur, 16; and so on, the numbers expressing their relative weights, and the proportions in which they must combine, for the constituents of any chemical compound replace each other exactly in the proportions in which they combine, so that it follows, that if we know the proportion in which any one body combines with a number of others, we also know the proportions in which they combine, and replace each other. Through this discovery we see how rigidly exact the science of chemistry becomes, and how beautifully the symbolical language of number serves to express in a simple, compact manner the constitution of any compound body, by appending to the first letter of the name of any substance its equivalent number. Thus we ever discover, that the laws of nature are, by their Originator, suited to the faculties of man; for whereas memory would be burdened beyond its power, with the infinite number of particulars, we now "bind them in bundles," to use a phrase of Locke's, and label them in a manner which renders them perfectly comprehensible, and very convenient for use. We



cannot too much admire the fact, that human science is possible only because the Creator has, so to say, arranged and classified objects in order, by weight and number, and given man capacity to discern and follow this order: a proof sufficient that the study of science is a truly Christian employment, as tending, in an especial manner, to exalt our apprehension of *His* wisdom and beneficence, without whom nothing was made. The study of chemical science is peculiarly suited to fortify, as well as expand, the faculties, by engaging them in a habit of order and foresight. "We can now see, that the progress of science must inevitably reduce the whole of organic chemistry, in which we must remember only the same three or four elements [oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen] are perpetually met with, to a collection of homologous series, in which every compound will have its natural place, indicative at once of its origin, its immediate derivation, and its properties, both physical and chemical."

We may here introduce a few observations on the nature of "*force*," for in speaking of atoms and affinities, we speak of something *more* than matter. Whatever it be that constitutes substance, the "*force*" which makes it what it is, like itself is *convertible* and *indestructible*; that is to say, it may be divided, transformed, or transfused, but can never be lost. This is true of all we know of force, physically considered—light, heat, electricity, magnetism, momentum, chemical affinity, gravitation, and elasticity. Probably, either one of these may be converted into any other. Take heat—by concentration, it becomes light; by expansion, in a medium, such as water, it becomes momentum, as in the steam-engine. Electricity is light in the electric spark, heat in the fine wire, magnetism in the soft iron surrounded by the coil, momentum in the electromagnetic engine. Momentum changes into light and heat by percussion and friction, and into electricity, as in the electric machine. It is *indestructible*, because it is *convertible*, for in transferring force, what is lost in one form is found in another. One ball strikes another—the one struck takes the momentum, the other is at rest; but fire a bullet on a rock, it conveys no impulse, but it produces heat equal to the impulse lost. Force is capable of being stored up in quiescence, and it is so stored in nature. Hydrogen and oxygen are stores of heat and light, which again lie latent in the water, resulting from their union, but the chemist can bring them into action.

But, perhaps, the most interesting fact is the relation existing between the forces of dead matter, and those of life. Heat, light, and electricity are at work in forming organic matter, as converted into living force: first, in a vegetable form,

and thence to animal. Vegetables live under the influence of light and heat, and by converting inorganic matter into their own substances; but animals require the intervening action of vegetable life, for animal life is sustained only on that which has lived or been organized. Here we have an ascending scale of forces, convertible the one into the other, from inorganic matter to vegetable tissue and animal substance—from the dead earth up to the highest visible life; why not one step higher? Why may not spirit-life be only a third translation of the original force? Thus light, heat, electricity, are forces, converting the inorganic or dead matter to form the organic or living: 1st. Vegetable life; 2nd. Animal life; 3rd. Spirit-life. For aught we know, the spirit-life may send its force down, transferring itself into animal; animal to vegetable and even to inorganic, in form of light, heat, and electricity. Now, if no power but that of the Maker of power can destroy any force, and if spirit-force, a more real force than any quality of matter, exist, as we know it does, then it must continue to exist, though other forces destroy the body.

We are conducted back to the alchemists by Dr. Brown; and we find the fulfilment of their dream of "the Great Mystery," "the mother of all the elements, and the grandmother of all the stars, trees, and carnal creatures;" for it is thus to be understood, "that all things proceeded out of one matter, and not every particular thing out of its own private matter by itself," as Paracelsus expressed himself; or, in the language of Dr. Brown: "Two particles of one element, say oxygen, revolving in the third outermost (i.e., the innermost) sphere of repulsion, they would be chemically combined, and the two particles of oxygen transmuted by such combination into one compound particle of some other element," as before said. Whether we have a clearer notion of the possibility of the transmutation of lead into gold, on such data, is rather doubtful; yet we cannot but admire the sagacity and adroitness with which Dr. Brown accounts for the wondrous production of vastly different substances in appearance and property from the combination of the very same elements in the very same proportions, by showing how the atoms of the same element may take, so to say, different spheres of force, and thus render it possible for the same element to *combine* with itself! This is well illustrated in the production of cyanogen and paracyanogen—for the former is gaseous, and the latter solid—yet both contain the very same elements in the same proportions, namely, nitrogen 1 + carbon 2. "The new hypothesis of five spheres of force renders their relation at once intelligible. Paracyanogen is a compound of cyanogen with

itself!—two particles of cyanogen revolving round each other on their innermost spheres of repulsion, produce the new compound of homogeneous particles, paracyanogen, which must consequently contain carbon and nitrogen in the same proportions as cyanogen" (p. 66). "The *posteriori* test confirms this conclusion," says Dr. Brown; "for if heat to any extent were applied to paracyanogen, the two cyanogen particles could not be separated from each other as such." But we may as well say that water, steam, and ice, are *compounds* of something with itself, instead of *forms* of the same thing, in different relations to heat, as say that cyanogen is not cyanogen when it appears in the solid *form*, named paracyanogen.

We do not see, however, that if this theory of isomerism be the truth of nature, it follows that because different atoms of the same element *may* be in different spheres of force, with regard to each other, and so present different appearances of the same elements, that, therefore, by the same law, the different elements, so called, may be but one, with its atoms in different spheres of force, in relation to each other. This, Dr. Brown desired, but was not destined, to prove; for though long he tried, he ever failed to show that even boron and silicon, so nearly alike, are but isomeric forms of the same element; so that, after all, the grand dream of the alchemists remains to be fulfilled, unless, indeed, it be all a dream, and not a vision and a prophecy.

We question, indeed, whether the very idea of creation as a fixity of forces in relation to each other, does not involve the necessity of permanent variety, and, therefore, unalterable conditions in the existence of the elementary forces constituting that variety. Would it not be a contradiction to reason, to assert the contrary? For if the forces have power to alter their relations to each other, and each force have power of forming new spheres of force to itself, we have the incomprehensible proposition, if not absurdity, that one thing may become another thing, and yet remain itself! The very existence of material identity, all chemical changes notwithstanding, would then be a delusion, and all the teaching of chemistry a mistake. There is not, and there cannot be, a fact to warrant such a notion, for if the identity of the element be lost, the power of detecting it is also lost, and we cannot prove that a transformation is a transmutation, until we can prove that this thing may be that, and two very different things, such as lead and gold, may be identically the same thing. We, therefore, think that Dr. Brown laboured, like the alchemists, under a delusion.

There is a sublime thought in immediate relation to this

interesting subject of the first consequence, religiously considered, for as Sir John Herschel well said before the Royal Society in 1845,—“These discoveries of chemistry effectually destroy the idea of an external, self-existent matter, by giving to each of its atoms at once the essential characteristics of a manufactured article, and a subordinate agent.” When Isaiah asked, “Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?” he meant and implied, that God had done so, and, therefore, that every atom must combine with other atoms in definite proportions, because the nicety of weight and measure which pertains to the largest masses and the vastest extents, must, of course, also pertain to the minutest particle which goes to make up those masses in their mightiest dimensions. Dr. Brown wisely illustrates his conception of atoms by reference to astronomical principles, and the forces regulating the sun and the planets in relation to each other.

“The analogy on which I mean to assert the logical propriety of the homœomeric doctrine as naturally possible, is the profound analogy which subsists between chemistry and astronomy, of which sciences each is visible by reflection in the other. It is difficult to unfold this thought in the way of ascending induction of particulars, and I beg you to let me lay down my positions in the form of some dogmatic paragraphs, resting on the assumption of atoms; so that the analogy failing, the assumed premiss shall fail also, so far as the pretended analogy is concerned:—

“I. Astronomy is the science of the super-sensible or heavenly bodies, meaning by the phrase, those parts of which the firmaments of the sky are aggregates, and of which solar and planetary systems are *tertia aliqua*; parts known to be in themselves divisible, never divided in the astronomical operations of nature, probably indivisible by such forces as may divide their aggregates and *tertia aliqua*, and not visible in perspective, by reason of their magnitude and distance. Chemistry is the science of the sub-sensible bodies or atoms; meaning by the phrase, those parts of which the sensible forms of the earth are aggregates, and of which more and less compound molecules are *tertia aliqua*; parts not known to be essentially indivisible, never divided in the chemical operations of nature, indivisible by such forces as divide their aggregates and *tertia aliqua*, and not visible individually, by reason of their infinitesimal dimensions and proximity. The differences, with distinction of these two definitions, are manifestly referable to the accident of man the definer's position among the worlds.

“II. Astronomy is twofold, its objects being contemplated both as existing variously combined in space, and as agents of events taking place in time. Statical astronomy discovers what celestial

bodies exist, and in what combinations they exist; and dynamical astronomy determines the phenomena in which these bodies bear their parts, and what parts they bear. The former observes the earth and moon, and that by combination they produce the terrestrial system; Jupiter with his satellites, and that they constitute the system of Jupiter; the sun, planets, satellites, and comets, the several ingredients of that vast unit—the solar system, which again, enters into the composition of our firmament; a fabric which, how magnificent soever to apprehension, does, in reality, sustain no more comparable a proportion to the world of firmaments, than the compound molecule of a crystal salt to the mass which is the product of its indefinite aggregation. The latter eliminates from observations the laws expressed by the motions of these, and traces the causes and effects of such movements. In like manner is chemistry twofold. Statical chemistry discovers what atoms exist, and in what combinations they exist. The dynamics of the science should explain the phenomena which atoms concur to produce, and determine the share of each in the production of these phenomena."—Pp. 22—24.

"The analogy of the milky way, doubtless, carried the swift imagination of Democritus to the conception of a star-like constitution for the sensible forms of nature. The atomic theory is just the fact of the unitary world of stars come down and imaged in a dew-drop, or taking a sand-grain for its orrery. It is this analogy, in truth, which at once constitutes its clearness and perfection as a thought, and legitimatizes it in the presence of a positive methodology."—P. 129.

Should it be hereafter proved, that the sixty-five substances now supposed to be elementary, are still susceptible of further division, it would only increase the premises, and strengthen the calculation against the doctrine of chance; and if all the elements should be demonstrably found to be only different forms, or spheres of force, in different relations, it would only demonstrate that the laws of the Almighty are the ground of all existence; for truly every atomic theory, with every mode of explaining chemical action as propounded by those most intimate with the ultimate forces of nature, shows that nothing is ever lost, simply because all things, real or possible, are necessarily referred to God's will. As Brown well says,—“The world of matter, known and believed by faith, the world of spirit known and believed by faith, and these made contemporaneously one by that transcending faith in conscience, is the universe. This tripod is the immoveable foundation on which all the sciences are to be builded up” (p. 342). What Sir John Herschel says of gravity, is equally applicable to any form of force, that is to say, to all existence—it is “the result of a consciousness or will existing somewhere, though beyond our

power to trace.”—(Outlines of Astronomy, p. 265.) Thus, after all, the researches and discoveries of science are but proofs, and *à posteriori* evidences of what might have been inferred at once by a reason equal to the great argument, from the fact, that all things are created by the omnipotent fiat of perfect Wisdom. Substance is indeed the power of God. The history of science is, in short, merely the record of man's mistakes and misunderstandings, except so far as science manifests that fact. If philosophers had always started in their endeavours after discovery, with the feeling that there was one God of the one universe, they would have discovered more, since they would have known what they were to look for, even a unity of design in all the diversities of operation, and that always in relation to the mental constitution of man, as addressed by the mind that made him.

“The day will soon enough be here when posterity will smile at the Baconians of the eighteenth century, who brought themselves to think of the Bible, for example, as nothing more than an organon of priestcraft; at the positivists of the nineteenth, who discovered that thought, emotion, passion, and will, are but the imponderable products of chemical or other physical actions in the brain; at the physicists of to-day, who have entertained such images of the materializing fancy, as the matter of light, caloric, electric fluids, and what not! Perhaps the time is not distant when young children will wonder at not a few things belonging to the truth of ingenuous observation, which we are yet slow to receive; for credulity of temper is even more strikingly exemplified in bigoted unbelief of the credible, than in too great a facility of conviction. In fine, there is probably as much nonsense believed, and as much truth rejected, in these our own times, as at any other period.”—P. 163.

Though chemists have, with more wit than manners, been called—

“Nasty, soaking, greasy fellows,  
Knaves would brain you with their bellows;  
Hapless, sapless, crusty sticks,  
Blind as smoke can make the bricks!”—

yet for the practical application of results, as well as for insight into Nature's operations, we are probably more indebted to the chemists than to any other class of natural philosophers. A rapid glance over the sketch of the history of chemistry, and especially, perhaps, the life of such a man as Sir Humphrey Davy, as reviewed by Dr. Brown, will suffice to show that the “humanities of science” are more remarkably administered by this science than by any other.

Our readers would be rewarded, could they read Dr. Brown's



sketch of alchemy and the alchemists, also. We will briefly state what they believed.

I. They believed in the alcahest, or universal solvent. It is no wonder they never found it, since, of course, a substance that would dissolve all others could never be kept contained in any vessel. Nevertheless, this solvent has been discovered and isolated by modern chemists, and it proves to be fluorine,—a substance found in combination with the metallic base of lime, calcicum, and forming Derbyshire spar. It is akin to chlorine, bromine, and iodine. Its existence was first only inferred by analogy, and then it occurred to the brothers Knox, that fluor-spar being already saturated with it might be made into vessels that would hold this thing of irresistible chemical action. Such vessels were made, and Faraday has experimented upon this intense thing, and found it to be an orange coloured gas.

II. They believed in the transmutation of metals, on grounds already indicated. This belief or idea in the transmutation of metals, is as old as Thales, and as recent as Davy and Brown. It is an ineradicable instinct of science, and if Dr. Brown's hypothesis of the molecular forces be correct, this second problem of alchemy may yet be solved like the first.

III. They believed in the existence of a universal medicine capable of curing all curable diseases, and prolonging life. They did not succeed in finding it, any more than any of the modern medical schemers have done. They are dead; and the very counsel that poor, proud, debauched Paracelsus thundered in the astonished ears of his contemporaries, is that which we now hear, namely, that we can scarcely do better than go back to the time of Hippocrates, and learn to observe how nature causes and cures diseases. With regard to the discoveries of the alchemists, the field is wide and open, but we will not enter it, though, doubtless, we should find very much of singular interest, and not a little both of warning and instruction, in those dim and spectral regions of scientific development.

“We should visit the weak as well as the strong; for there were the weaker brethren in those religious days of science as well as now. What buried figures we should descry, intent with sweating brains upon the last projection! What minglings of the glare of the furnace with the unearthly glow of a magnificent but misdirected spirit of enthusiasm! What perilous balancings of the spirit between the dread extremes of imposture and insanity! What thin lights and solid shadows we should behold in the murkier hours of that merely starlight night of history! What agonies of mind and heart! Ideals how sublime, realities how paltry! It was their lifelong struggle to bring a lofty but imperfect theory of nature into effective unison with the inflexible phenomena of the world of facts.

They did not succeed, and they have passed away. Peace be with them; for alas! the life of the visionary is the same feverish, uncalculating, unsatisfying, weary, and maddening discipline in all ages; and there are as many of those not unlovely maniacs in the epoch of Chancellor Bacon and Humboldt, as ever there were in that of Friar Bacon and Paracelsus."—P. 184.

In the second volume we have essays and papers which were published in certain periodicals: "The Finite and the Infinite," "Nature and Man," "Lay Sermons," "George Herbert," "David Scott," "The Theory of Small Doses (Homœopathy)," "Physical Puritanism (Hydropathy, &c.)," "The Methodology of Mesmerism," "Animal Magnetism," "Ghosts and Ghost-seers." In his essay on the Finite and the Infinite there are many grand thoughts, perhaps too quaintly uttered to be readily received by minds accustomed to the conventionalities of formal piety and the phraseology of verbal confession. But it is a sublime employment to follow the process by which a mind familiar with *analysis* comes to discover the value of *faith* as the evidence of things not seen, and the substance of things hoped for, because it assures us of the *personality* of our God, and enables us to take the word to our bosoms as the undoubted expression of *His* heart in response to the demands of *our* own vast necessities, as sinful and immortal beings. Truly to feel on what grounds it is the inalienable prerogative of man to pray unto God is worth all the philosophy in the world. Prayer demonstrates man's relation to God, and puts him, so to say, into possession of that spiritual kingdom of which man is himself the seat and God the glory. Man sees God as he is seen, eye to eye, as Dr. Brown says—

"by intuition, not by tuition. It is by faith. Let the process be entitled as it may, the beholding is not mediate. It is more immediate than bodily sight."—Vol. II., p. 8.

He goes into the darkness, however, to prove the nature of the light, and spends more words than they deserve on metaphysical speculations; but he comes out clear-sighted enough to discern the worth of prayer, as the converse of the soul with its Maker and Saviour; and sees that while few men can be sages, it behoves all to be saints, whose very breath should be prayer. Thus he concludes his essay on Nature and Man in these words:—

"There is a form above them all [i.e., artists, poets, sages] as far as the heaven is above the earth. It is the saint. He realizes, or wrestles to realize, the ideal life. A true life is the wisest philosophy; a beautiful life is the noblest work of art. Its melody is music, its repose is the perfection of form, its radiance colours the



world with celestial hues, its eye builds everywhere a fane ; and a good life is the only true and beautiful theology."—Vol. II., p. 44.

This ought to be followed by his words in another essay, on the fidianism of St. Paul :—

"To know our duty on the right 'ground' and 'evidence' is the first part of Christianity ; to do it with all our might is the unavoidable consequence of such knowledge of it. As for the rationale of Christianity, the life, we can never understand it ; but if we in any measure practise it, we shall be glad to bless God, who worketh in us to will and do, according to His good pleasure."—Vol. II., p. 59.

He gives us lay sermons on the theory of Christianity, concerning which he would probably have been more severely critical in his riper experience as a Christian than we are now disposed to be. He endeavours to show that the argument from design, as advanced by Paley, is equal to nothing ; but we would contend that as the facts of physiology and anatomy exist, the argument from *design* will outweigh every other ; for in spite of all the abstractions of transcendental logicians, we believe only on evidence. It is true that *THROUGH FAITH we understand that the worlds were FRAMED by God* ; but it is because we see that they are *framed* (ordered with a design, adjusted), and then say, "Who could have thus framed them ?" that we obtain an apprehension of the Eternal Power and Godhead. The faith of the Bible is always a faith in facts presented on palpable evidences or credible attestation ; but of course where the mind is incapable, either through ignorance or inattention, of inferring design from the order of things, or of understanding the cogency of testimony when in keeping with previously known truth, then nothing remains for that poor mind but to follow the fashion in its creed ; or, with a pantheistic accommodation, to make as many idols or conceptions of Deity as there are breaks in the continuity of its knowledge. If reason, rightly exercised, does not lead the thought from the investigation of any created thing to the Creator, as St. Paul and Socrates both taught, then polytheism is reasonable, and the rain-makers of Bechuana are about as clearly religious in their worship of the clouds as our philosophers who confer on the laws of nature the honour due only to the Lawgiver. Doubtless we believe in the being of the Incomprehensible One on the same grounds that we believe in our own incomprehensible existence. If we are persons, He who made us is a person ; if our existence is self-evident, it is equally self-evident that our Creator exists ; and standing on this foundation, we look abroad upon the worlds for the illustrations of His attributes, and find in His uttered word

the science of all final causes, directing all our sublimest faculties to their rest in the knowledge of Himself. For, in fact, not to look from order to the Orderer, and from the universe to the Universal God, is as unreasonable as to learn the moral law and to read the life of Christ without feeling that our Maker stands in that spiritual relationship unto us which implies His character as an Instructor and a Saviour.

“The theory is begun whenever the largest proposition is established on the right foundation. Those old traditionary records which Moses, guided by the inspiration of God, has put before the national history of the Hebrews in the book of Genesis are, so far as literature is concerned, the foundation of the great theory now contemplated: God made, and is over all. Then a line of inspired seers predicted, and at last Jesus Christ affirmed and transacted the second capital fact of the theory, and the proposition of the atonement was laid down. Minor, but still principal, elements succeeded in their order; and the Apostles completed the first round of the succession of circles that are to follow. The succeeding circles shall undulate around Revelation as a propagative centre of force, wave succeeding wave, not in years, but in great centuries of research. The idea of positive science, nascent at the revival of letters in modern Europe, and now in the process of its completed manifestation, has hitherto been disrupted and out of tune; but it begins to tremulate into concentric harmony with the great interior sphere of truth at last. All the future achievements of the mind of man shall only magnify this expanding music of the universe, and swell the incontinent diapason, until Science the Ideal shall murmur back the loud echo of Nature the Real: ‘The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof.’ ”

Very interesting and profound thoughts are scattered through Dr. Brown’s reviews of Physical Puritanism, in which he includes mesmerism, animal magnetism, hypnotism, odyism, electrobiology, or anthropopathy, vegetarianism, and hydropathy. But we must say that his comprehensive style of flinging his matter into masses and then taking out a bit at random, as the subject of a short, terse, and yet discursive lecture to his reader, is on the whole rather exciting than edifying. He, however, brings the catholic spirit of true science to bear upon all he handles; and, with the discernment of a mind accustomed to contemplate the invisible workings of the Divine hand in the correlation of forces, he perceives how those systems which appear so incongruous may connect themselves with the chemistry alike of dead matter and living organism. But he justly complains that the apostles of homœopathy have not evinced the learning demanded to harmonize the new doctrine, at first sound so discordant, with the old culture and swelling

sciences. To those who only love the sciences these volumes will be welcome, because they exhibit the wayward though devout workings of a mind that recognised truth as the Divine beauty, and yet felt the danger of pursuing science without regard to Him who was before all worlds. In one of his sonnets he poetically calls Nature his sister, and finely exclaims, with a true sense of human weakness and of strength:—

“O Jesus, keep my trembling faith above!  
My sister almost hurts me with her love.”

O that all lovers of science loved Him also without whom nothing was made, for “in Him was life, and the life was the light of men.”

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### ART. III.—THE CRUISE OF THE BETSEY.

*The Cruise of the Betsey; or, a Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides; with Rambles of a Geologist, or Ten Thousand Miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland.*  
By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1858.

AFTER the disruption in the Established Church of Scotland, the *Witness* newspaper became the acknowledged representative of the seceders, and, with an energy suitable to the occasion, it expressed their opinions, defended their resolutions, and denounced all conspiracies against the Free Kirk of Scotland. Hugh Miller was its editor, and never was a place of difficulty and danger better filled. But, while the *Witness* honestly and fearlessly defended from all enemies that section of the Christian Church with which it was intimately connected, it was extensively circulated among men who had no personal interest in the controversy, but who honoured talent of a high class, devoted to the spread of pure principles and scientific truth. In the sheets of this Free Church newspaper, the most important scientific inquiries of the age were candidly discussed, and, among other papers of popular interest, and literary and scientific merit, there appeared descriptive details of geological excursions by the editor, who had a keen eye for the beautiful and curious, a vivid fancy, and the art of telling all he saw and felt in picturesque language. The *Witness* became, in his hands, the acknowledged expositor of Scottish geology. In the year 1843, appeared “Notes of a Geological Tour through the Northern Counties of Scotland,” and, in the following year, “The Cruise of the Betsey.” The volume before us is a reprint of the last-named paper, with the “Rambles of a Geologist;” and

we heartily welcome the book for its own sake, with the hope that it may be so popular and commercially successful, as to encourage the publication of many others of the miscellaneous essays and popular scientific papers of the author.

In reference to the volume before us, it might be sufficient to say that, as a literary production, it is distinguished by the bold independence of thought, energetic nervous style, and luxuriance of illustration by which the author's larger works are so favourably known. The reader will accompany him in his rambles from island to island among the Hebrides, and over the fossiliferous deposits of Scotland, as a man attends a trusted companion or friend; not treading in his footsteps, but trudging cheerfully and hopefully by his side, shoulder to shoulder. Hugh Miller is a companion after our own heart. We see what he sees, we think what he thinks, even when differing in opinion; our courage is justified and supported by his fearlessness, our powers of endurance by his unrelenting energy. He exercises an influence upon us, in part, because his thoughts have an unusual depth and area, and his words are those of a man in earnest, but chiefly because we have a sympathy with his manly, generous heart. He is a delightful companion for a country stroll, or a geological ramble; but we best like to meet him when he steps forward and challenges the oppressor, and when we have heard his indignant remonstrance and rebuke, we cannot help but grasp his hand, and claim him as a brother.

It is not our intention to trouble the reader with a second hand description of what Hugh Miller saw and did, or attempt a washy picture of what he has so graphically portrayed. We recommend the book itself to our readers, and it is within the reach of all. But we have something to say about the "Cruise of the Betsey," and all we have to say is not to be found in the book itself.

In the month of July, 1844, Hugh Miller escaped from his mental treadmill in the office of the *Witness* newspaper, for a five weeks' holiday, free to think his own thoughts and do his own work, and he started for a cruise in the "Betsey," and a ramble among the Hebrides.

"Chisels and hammers, and the bag for specimens, were taken from their corner in the dark closet, and packed up with half a stone weight of a fine, *soft*, Conservative newspaper, valuable for a quality of preserving old things entire. And at noon, on St. Swithin's day, I was speeding down the Clyde, in the 'Toward' steamer, for Tobermory in Mull. In the previous season, I had intended passing direct from the oolitic deposits of the eastern coast of Scotland, to the oolitic deposits of the Hebrides. But the weeks glided all too quickly away among the ichthyolites of Caithness and Cromarty, and

the shells and lignites of Sutherland and Ross. My friend too, the Rev. Mr. Swanson, of Small Isles, on whose assistance I had reckoned, was in the middle of his troubles at the time, with no longer a home in his parish, and not yet provided with one elsewhere; and I concluded he would have but little heart at such a season for breaking into rocks, or for passing from the too pressing monstrosities of an existing state of things to the old, lapified monstrosities of the past. And so my design on the Hebrides had to be postponed for a twelve-month. But my friend, now afloat in his Free Church yacht, had got a home on the sea beside his island charge, which, if not very secure when nights were dark and winds loud, and the little vessel tilted high to the long roll of the Atlantic, lay, at least, beyond the reach of man's intolerance, and not beyond the protecting care of the Almighty. He had written me that he would run down his vessel from Small Isles to meet me at Tobermory, and in consequence of the arrangement, I was now on my way to Mull."

We are thus reminded of a cruel religious persecution (rising out of an attempt to enthrone Mammon in the Church) which in our own day and country ran its course almost unopposed, supported by the state and many of the richest territorial lords of the kingdom. The editor of the book before us, writing from Pendock Rectory, says he has "expunged some passages" in this reprint of the "Cruise of the Betsey," because the battle has been fought, and "the sword is in the scabbard." This is the sentiment and act of a man (whether he was in the strife or not we cannot tell) who values his rest and the complacencies of social life, more than the lessons to be learned from that old controversy, often repeated, between conscience and power. Would to God that the spirit of persecution were dead—that the voluminous history of its cruelties and oppressions might be sealed up, as a book that has no longer warnings to give and lessons to teach! But, until we are well assured that no further attempts will be made to coerce conscience, to overawe the fear of God by the power of the State, we dispute the right of an editor to "expunge" from the writings of a man who was combatant and conqueror, words or sentiments which justly denounce wrong-doing, because he thinks that "the oppressor has ceased from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

But we are also reminded that, in our own day, there are heroic hearts to honour, and heroic deeds to record. A clergyman, surrounded by a loving people, and living in domestic quietude and peace, having, at the call of conscience, resigned his manse and ample glebe, is denied, by the proprietor of Eigg, a plot of ground for a dwelling or a place of worship. In a neighbouring island he finds a home for his wife and children,

but resolves himself to remain at the post of honour and duty. To continue his ministry to the people of Small Isles, no longer his parishioners, he is compelled to become master of the Free Church yacht "Betsey." From island to island he steered his little craft, at all hours, and in all weather, over a dangerous and stormy sea, that he might continue to repeat the message he had received from God, exhort the undecided, rebuke the sinning, encourage the faint-hearted, and watch lest the storm which had broken down the embankments and retaining walls of a national Church, should sweep away the poor souls who looked to him for help in the surging sea of passion and self-aggrandizement. The man who was not ashamed of a skipper's pilot coat and sou'-wester, who lacked neither the courage nor skill to make his home on a turbulent sea, and guide his yacht by night and by day, in tempest and in calm, through the dangerous passages and still more dreaded lee shores of the Hebrides; who studied his chart as well as his Septuagint, and watched his compass while he composed his sermon, possessed an amount of divine faith and love which the world itself may admire.

Every reader of Hugh Miller's description of "The Cruise of the Betsey," will desire to know something more of the courageous man, who was minister of Small Isles and master of the Free Church yacht, and how the author and the ejected clergyman became friends. This information we are able to supply from a paper called "Notes of a Geological Tour through the Northern Counties of Scotland," published in 1843, in the *Witness* newspaper. In one chapter of that interesting description of his rambles, Mr. Miller relates, in his usual lively and vivid style, the fact and the consequences of discovering, among the *débris* of a lumber garret, a clumsy, antique looking hammer, once the property of his grandfather. With this instrument he sallied forth to break stones and collect minerals among the rocky cliffs and along the seashores of Cromarty. His specimens "were regularly brought home every day, to be as regularly consigned to the street, when their legitimate owner had retired to bed." In these rambles he was frequently accompanied by a little schoolmate and friend, who was, at a later period of life, minister of Small Isles, and master of the Free Church yacht "Betsey."

"The great good fortune of the discovery of the hammer was not restricted altogether to myself. Among my schoolfellows I reckoned one very particular friend, a philosopher of three feet high at that period, who enjoyed on all occasions the full benefit of the tool, and who, in course of time, learned to make a wonderfully skilful use of it. I was his senior by a full twelvemonth, and taller



by half a head, and so came to be regarded by him as in some sort his guide and protector. I am not quite sure that I deserved all his confidence, but I am quite sure I loved him very much. Devoted as Caliban, in the 'Tempest,' to his friend Trinculo,—

‘I showed him the best springs, I plucked him berries,  
And I, with my long nails, did dig him pig-nuts.’

We were friends dear and inseparable, and after the lapse of full seven-and-twenty years, we are dear friends still. Half a year ago he was minister of Small Isles, but he is now minister of only the people of Small Isles, seeing that the residuary man, who has succeeded to his ample glebe and snug manse, has got to himself, undivided and entire, one whole parishioner. Happy residuary man! Thrice happy proprietor of Eigg! You have condemned a devoted minister of the Gospel, whose labours have been blessed to many, to make his dwelling on an exposed and stormy sea, and your name bids fair to live in connexion with the transaction. . . . There will be little of external comfort on the bleak hill-side, where the devoted minister of the people shall have to meet for the future his attached flock, and little of comfort in the floating manse, when nights are long and dark, and the wild Atlantic dashes fiercely around the iron-bound Hebrides. But the good and brave minister, its inmate, has deliberately made his choice. He had attended no public meetings to commit himself by his speeches; he had given no pledges which a mere sense of honour had compelled him to redeem; he arrived at his findings and formed his determination, when communing with his God, amid the solitudes of Small Isles; he deliberately counted the cost ere, resigning his worldly all, he betook himself to the floating manse; nor is it likely he will envy there either the proprietor of Eigg in his snuggerly in Aberdeen, or his successor to the emoluments of the encumbency of Small Isles, with his one parishioner.”

The “Betsey,” when visited by Hugh Miller, was manned by two able seamen; and it had been the home of Mr. Swanson the greater part of the previous twelvemonth. The cabin, which was study, parlour, and sleeping-room, was “about twice the size of a common bed;” and the following description gives us as accurate a view of the interior, as if a sun-picture were before us:—

“A large table, lashed to the floor, furnished with tiers of drawers of all sorts and sizes, and bearing a writing-desk bound to it a-top, occupied the middle space, leaving just room enough for a person to pass between its edges and the narrow, coffin-like beds in the sides, and space enough at its fore end for two seats in front of the stove. A jealously barred skylight opened above, and there depended from it this evening a close, lantern-looking lamp, sufficiently valuable, no doubt, in foul weather, but dreary and dim on the occasions when all one really wishes from it is light.”

We must now leave the reader to take the pleasant excursion

to which the author invites him. Sailing from Mull, he will visit Eigg, examine the basaltic columns of the gigantic Scur, experiment upon the musical sand in the Bay of Laig, and collect water-worn blocks of red shale, containing reptilian remains, near the precipitous rocks of the Ru-Stoir, or Red Head. At Isle Ornsay, in Skye, he will pay a passing visit to the wife and family of the brave minister; and drive as fast as the mail-cart can carry him to Portree, to examine a now famous section of oolitic rocks, in a cliff, which, in some parts, has an elevation of seven hundred feet above the beach. Before reaching the island of Rum, where the minister has Sabbath duty to perform, the reader will learn something more of the hardships to be endured, and the dangers to be faced, in that noble enterprise to which Mr. Swanson devoted himself. From Loch Scresort, "the only harbour of Rum in which a vessel can moor," a tedious voyage, with light, baffling winds, will bring the "Betsey" into the Bay of Glenelg; and having passed, with the tide, the Kyles of Skye, the geologist will be willing to tarry awhile in the little island of Pabba, or, if perchance the reader does not understand what is meant by "sermons in stones," he will not object to follow such an expositor as Hugh Miller. A ride to Dingwall, where, three-and-twenty years before, the author worked in a stone-mason's shop, and on to Cromarty, which his name and labours have made famous all the world over, has enough of interest to please anybody; and there are not many people who would object to cross the Moray Frith, from Cromarty to Nairn, to visit the ichthyolite beds of Clune and Lethenbarn on the road to Forres, or be in a hurry to leave Elgin, and Mr. Duff's geological collection, to return to Edinburgh.

When the author was again seated at his desk, he recalled with pleasure the scenes and events of his cruise in the "Betsey;" but there was at least one cause of regret, which, with the pertinacity of disappointment, always stood ready to elbow from their places subjects less associated in his mind with failure. He had found reptilian remains near the Ru-Stoir, on the shore of Eigg, in detached, water-rolled masses, but he had not discovered the bed from which they were detached. The following summer he revisited the island, and satisfied his curiosity, by obtaining similar fossils, *in situ*, from a bed lying low in the oolite; and a supplementary chapter details the events of this brief excursion, the stormy passage out, and the narrow escape of the "Betsey" from foundering at sea:—

"I had nothing to do on deck, and so, after watching the appearance of the stationary clouds for some little time, I went below, and throwing myself into the minister's large chair, took up a book. The gale, meanwhile, freshened, and freshened yet more; and the



'Betsey' leaned over till her lee chain-plate lay along in the water. There was the usual combination of sounds beneath and around me—the mixture of guggle, clunk, and splash—a low, continuous rush and bluff, loud blow, which forms, in such circumstances, the voyager's concert. I soon became aware, however, of yet another species of sound, which I did not like half so well—a sound as of the washing of a shallow current over a rough surface; and on the minister coming below, I asked him—tolerably well prepared for his answer—what it might mean. 'It means,' he said, 'that we have sprung a leak, and a rather bad one; but we are only some six or eight miles from the Point of Sleat, and must soon catch the land.' He returned on deck, and I resumed my book. Presently, however, the rush became greatly louder; some other weak patch in the 'Betsey's' upper works had given way, and anon the waters came washing up from the lee side, along the edge of the cabin floor. I got upon deck to see how matters stood with us; and the minister easing off the vessel for a few points, gave instant orders to shorten sail, in the hope of getting her upper works out of the water, and then to unship the companion ladder, beneath which a hatch communicated with the low strip of hold under the cabin, and to bring aft the pails. We lowered our foresail, furled up the mainsail half mast high; John Steward took his station at the pump; old Alister and I, furnished with pails, took ours, the one at the foot, the other at the head of the companion, to haul up and throw over; a young girl, a passenger from Eigg to the mainland, lent her assistance, and got wofully drenched in the work; while the minister, retaining his station at the helm, steered right on. But the gale had so increased, that, notwithstanding our diminished breadth of sail, the 'Betsey,' straining hard in the rough sea, still lay in to the gunwale, and the water pouring in through a hundred opening chinks in her upper works, rose despite of our exertions, high over plank, and beam, and cabin floor, and went dashing against beds and lockers. She was evidently filling, and bade fair to terminate all her voyagings by a short trip to the bottom.

"When matters were at the worst with us, we got under the lee of the Point of Sleat. The promontory interposed between us and the roll of the sea, the wind gradually took off; and after having seen the water gaining fast and steadily on us, for considerably more than an hour, we, in turn, began to gain on the water. It came ebbing out of drawers and beds, and sunk downwards along panels and table legs—a second retiring deluge; and we entered Isle Ornsay with the cabin floor all visible, and less than two feet water in the hold."

We shall not attempt to follow the "Rambles of a Geologist," which forms the second part of the book. It is sufficient to say that it is a record of many interesting geological observations and discoveries, so enlivened by genial reflections, piquant anecdotes, and a free picturesque style of writing, as to be scarcely less interesting to the intelligent general reader, than to the man of science.

## ART. IV.—SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

*Letters from Spain, in 1856 and 1857.* By John Leycester Adolphus, M.A. London: John Murray.

TRAVEL is constitutional to some characters. It is as impossible for them to settle down quietly and to enjoy the comforts and amenities of conventional life, as it would for a Red Indian, or an ebony citizen of Timbuctoo, to understand the differential calculus or the quadrature of the circle. Their imaginations are ever running wild about foreign countries and foreign people; their spirits are ever bursting the bonds of place and circumstance, to revel in scenes of Italian beauty, of Parisian delight, of Spanish coquetry, or Swiss magnificence. To these adventurous heroes, neither the torrid sands of a Sahara, nor the icy barrenness of a Greenland, nor the sad bitterness of Siberia, make the least difference. They seek excitement—the excitement of travel—as they would their natural food; and no amount of repression can keep down the ferment of locomotion which possesses them. This class of wild enthusiasts numbered very few, comparatively speaking, in former days; but now that the puffing steam-engine and the level rail afford facilities for traversing half the world in the space of a lunar month, trips of a thousand miles or so are sinking into insignificance; and scarcely is society astonished at the announcement, that Mr. Albert Smith closes his panorama of Mont Blanc and Vesuvius a few weeks earlier, in order that he may step across to China, and prepare an elaborate spectacle of manners and scenery in the Celestial Empire, for the London autumn season.

We have been to a certain extent forced into these remarks by the superfluity of volumes which appear, or are announced to appear, after the 1st of January, of tours and travels, by delighted observers, rather than students of customs, on their return from the Continent. The fatal facility may readily be applied to them. Sir Francis Head, after a visit of a fortnight in Ireland, felt himself competent to decide upon some very vital points,—upon police, society, and government; and, assuredly, gentlemen who have had the opportunity of making a pedestrian tour through Bretagne or the Tyrol, or of wandering through the High Alps, or spending a season with the pale-faced niggers of Chicago, or seeking shelter beneath the gipsy tents of Chicksaws, have an equal right to assert their competency to write a “Bundle of Travel Faggots,” or any other wonderful work they may think proper to inscribe to the travellers of all nations.

We do not intend to impute to Mr. John Leycester Adolphus either of the characteristics we have above enumerated. We are, in fact, always delighted with the remarks and experiences of travellers fresh in the scenery they depict—provided they are sensible men—as there is a *naïveté*, an originality, a warmth, a colouring, a vitality, a correctness, vainly looked for in the works of more designing and elaborate authors. The tourist paints from nature; he gives his first impressions; he is not misled by previous descriptions; his judgment is unbiassed; as he feels he speaks; as he sees he tells; not hesitating to consider the choice of his subjects, or the manner of his telling; he simply tells his story of adventure and observation, and without further ambition, endeavours to enlist the sympathies, or rather the interest of others, in the unvarnished tale he is relating.

Mr. Adolphus is one of that class of tourists, who, starting for their own gratification, and writing home for the amusement and satisfaction of their friends, find, on a re-perusal of their letters, that there is matter sufficient to enliven and enlighten not a few of their fellow-countrymen, and with less presumption than desire to contribute to the pleasure of a spare hour, venture to give to the world the notes which they have jotted down at leisure intervals, or during the half-hour preceding the evening supper.

The arena this elegant traveller selected for his tour was Spain, which he entered by the way of Cadiz. There were many advantages connected with thus becoming acquainted with the country. He caught, at a first glimpse, an aspect of unsophisticated Spanish character and society, Cadiz being at one of the extremities of the kingdom of Spain; he also, making this the *point d'appui* of future movements, could at once pass into territories, purely and unreservedly—what we imagine of the Spanish attributes—half-Spanish and half-Moorish. By sloping, too, southward along the line of coast, a vast field of experience—rugged and rough, it is true—lay before him. Between this famous seaport town and the impregnable citadel of Southern Europe, a tract of territory had to be traversed, in which the population of the country could be studied in their quaint costumes, and judged of by their native and original customs. At one step, as it were, the tourist passed over from an old and inconceivable, into a new, glorious, and picturesque world. We, therefore, congratulate Mr. Adolphus on the course he adopted, and think he acted wisely in desiring to plunge at once, on quitting the deck of his steamer, into the enchanted circle of Spanish life.

We have already intimated that Mr. Adolphus's

the substance of notes, jotted down during the hasty intervals of repose he found at the various hotels, or *ventas*, he rested at on his road. But this is what gives a real zest to his narrative. The "Letters from Spain" were written home to an absent wife, detailing picturesquely the events of the day—possibly, a few days might elapse without a letter; which of us, *en voyageant*, can be so punctual as not to miss a mail, especially in a country where the posts are uncertain?—and inspired in the heat and vividness of the moment. This is their great merit; and we recognise it with real satisfaction, since, by this means, we have the impressions produced on the spot, and are saved the cold, elaborate, and insipid preparation of selection, analysis, arrangement, and addition, which too frequently takes place, before a work is presented to the public.

Mr. Adolphus does not go out of his way to seek effect; in fact, we have never read a book more divested of that false and deceptive attempt of introducing startling incident, and dosing the reader with agreeable surprises. But in lieu of this, we have the adventures of the tourist quietly and modestly narrated; he tells us what did occur in plain language, and without endeavouring to excite a spurious interest by an injudicious colouring; and we have therefore relished the work with tenfold pleasure from the very absence of this unnecessary stimulant.

It would require more space than we could afford, to enter descriptively into the line of route which Mr. Adolphus pursued. We have already said he landed at Cadiz; from thence he diverged southward, keeping all the while the neighbourhood of the coast until he arrived at Gibraltar, his description of which, though not elaborate, is sufficient to indicate the points of dissemblance between this fortified promontory and town and a city or port of England.

"The appearances of the place, however, are not all English: the buildings are generally in our plain taste, mostly, of course, rebuilt since the siege which ended in 1783, but, seen all together in a vista, they have a touch of the Spanish too. The figures in the streets are an endless variety: English officers in uniform or plain clothes, Andalusian majos, Jews robed and turbaned, a Spanish courtesan taking up the whole foot pavement, a stiffly English lady with her maid and children; a train of Moors with white and red turbans, bare legs, and yellow slippers; and Africans from I do not know what region, grim and swarthy, hooded in white (or whity-brown rather), and wrapped in mantles of the same down to the heels. One of these, a very tall fellow, was walking alone down the centre of the street to-night like a spectre, but, I believe, looking after the women. A few Spanish ladies appear, in the usual graceful costume of the country, speaking with their fans. Spanish gentlemen are

not very prominent. This morning there was a grand parade on the exercising ground, just out of the fortress, towards the Spanish lines—a very goodly show of red coats.

“After dinner I walked in the Alameda, a kind of park parade of modern English growth, handsome, and spacious, and well gardened; but very different from the snug, sociable, flirting Alameda of Spain. Here a band played till nearly sunset, and the officers and their lady friends lounged; and when I looked at this scene, at the grand natural and artificial defences all round, and at the quiet brood of English ships reposing in the bay, and the music opened its noble finale of ‘God save the Queen,’ I felt my heart enlarged, and could not help saying to myself, ‘What government would dare to give up this place?’ At sunset the evening’s gun lightens from some high point in the cliffs, and the report rolls round in echoes; some time later you hear the beautiful evening strain of the bugles; and the band to-night moved away playing ‘The Lass of Richmond Hill.’ I can scarcely understand how I am hearing and seeing all these things, when only yesterday morning I was creeping out of a dog-hole at Tariga, and peering about the battlements of that little Moro-Spanish place, with a guide almost as mouldy as the town itself. Again, I say, I cannot rejoice too much that I took the taste of Spain I have had before visiting Gibraltar.”—P. 67.

The taste to which Mr. Adolphus alludes, it is perhaps unnecessary to allude. There is a peculiar idiosyncrasy in Spanish travelling; in the accommodation which tourists are compelled to put up with, in the entertainment they are obliged to submit to, that would doubtless render the worst inn of the worst village in England preferable to many of the hotels of third or fourth-rate towns of this western peninsula; and a persecuted pilgrim arriving from the practically inhospitable highways of Spain, with their deep dust and deeper mud, must feel an indescribable luxury in crossing those few furlongs of sand which transport him from a real Spain into a Spanish England; where English uniforms, English costumes, English physiognomies, English method and solidity at once greet him.

We cannot avoid introducing the reader, through the agency of Mr. Adolphus, into Tangiers. It is a town little visited by Europeans, and less described by them.

Speaking of Tangiers, the author says:—

“This morning, after breakfast, while waiting for a guide, I went into a really pleasant drawing-room, looking out upon the bay, where we had so dismally come to anchor last night, and fitted up, not very gaily, indeed, but after the manner of such hotels in Europe. Miss M—— sat down to a piano, ‘Goulding and Dalmaine,’ in good tune enough, perhaps, for Africa, and played some Spanish airs; but the sound of the poor strings (no fault of the player) put me in mind of an instrument which I heard in the streets last night, some-

thing like a diseased bagpipe. That, I was told, was a kind of oboe, which some innocent Aboor was playing, it being the close of a day of Ramadan, at which time everybody is bound to be joyous, having fasted all day, and then being allowed to eat.

"A son of our Hamet led me about the town; the father speaks English very well, but the son's amounts to little more than 'Yaas,' so I was obliged to make out with Spanish. What a new and odd world burst upon me! It is in vain to attempt describing the effect of seeing figures and forms of things all at once surrounding you, such as you never saw before. The change from all you have been used to is total. I will not say imagine, for you cannot, a long down-hill street, forming a vista between white walls, which ends in the minaret of a mosque, a pretty square campanile, all inlaid with green, blue, and orange tiles; the street crowded with brown, white, and dun coloured figures, hooded and turbaned, and of all shades of complexion, from our own (for many of the Moors are white in colour, though not fair) to negro black. If you could picture this to yourself, I defy you to imagine the five or six acres of rising ground at the entrance of the town, where the Hadjis are encamped: a space once, I suppose, green, but nearly all trodden to tan dust, and covered quite irregularly with tents; some holding twos, threes, or more; some just allowing one man to turn himself; some of thatch, some of black and brown striped cloth, some of almost rags, some of mere grass or fern, one, which a single ingenious person had contrived for himself (and he sat in it), woven entirely of nasturtium plants with the flower. Many of the men were lazily lying along, some working, some counting beads; a great number moving about the fields, attending to their ponies, donkeys, or mules, or lounging; a semicircle under a wall praying, as I was told; a large semicircle standing over them and looking on. The swarthy countenances and funeral-looking robes and hoods gathered together in unsettled groups under the open sky, brought to mind pictures of the Last Judgment. Some women were there, but you knew them only by their being muffled to the eyes, sometimes over the eyes. Many of the males were of very fine stature, and I was startled by one or two whose drapery, partly flung back over the left shoulder, and partly hanging in deep graceful folds, was so exactly that of some old Roman statues that you might fancy they had come down from pedestals at the Capitol, or the Uffizi—even the pressure of the hand upon the folds at the breast was exact. Hard by, in a waste-looking place called the *Wheat Market*, enclosed by arcades, was a group of camels; one on its knees being loaded, with its mouth wide open, looking, in the face, like a bird, and making that dismal screech which it seems the camel chooses to make when the load is being put on or taken off.\* The shops were another curiosity:

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\* Sid Abú Yahya, who had been governor of Cordova, said of its people, "They are like the camel, which fails not to complain whether thou diminisheth or increaseth its load, so that there is no knowing what they like," &c.—(Gayayoes, *History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in*



gaps in the wall, such as you saw at the Chinese Exhibition, where all the owner's wares are closely packed, he in the midst of them, perhaps reading or casting accounts, but not saluting you or asking you to buy. They have dropping shutters by which they are fastened up at night, and some have pent-houses for shelter from sun and rain. There are two very busy market-places, which seemed to me as well and curiously peopled as one could expect, but I was told that, if it had been market-day, the variety of figures would have been much greater. The female muffling is not universal. I saw several peasant women with large hats, something in the style of Leghorn, but very coarse and heavy, made of the palmetto. Some muffle their faces under this hat, which makes an astonishing costume. The Jewesses do not cover their faces at all, and very fine-looking women some of them are. I had been told that you could not go about Tangiers alone, without fear of being insulted, but I did not see the least disposition to behave ill, not much even of idle curiosity. Mr. M—— and his pretty daughter walked about freely without any attendant, and without shield or sword except his umbrella. To be sure he seems to know everybody, and to be a little potentate in the place.”—P. 95.

We cannot, however interesting it might be to the reader, delay him longer in Tangiers. We must recross the Straits with Mr. Adolphus, and prepare to penetrate into the interior of Spain. Our impressions derived from the present narrative are highly in favour of this magnificent land of citrons and pomegranates, vines and oranges, dazzling suns, and intensely blue skies, and long would we linger with him in this spot of natural enchantment, were we not attracted to other scenes no less beautiful and imposing in the interior. We would select, as a description of places that may be met with between Gibraltar and Granada, the delightfully situated town of Ronda.

“The wonder of Ronda, which brings everybody to see it who comes into Andalusia at all, is this: The place stands upon a table-ground of rock (sandstone), very much elevated above the country, and towering over it in bold crags. Through the midst of this runs a huge rent, forming the bed of the river Guadiaro, which works its way between perpendicular precipices, six hundred feet high (Ford), and rolls down in waterfalls to the more level country. This chasm was the boundary and defence of the old Moorish town of Ronda: now it divides the old town from the new, and a bridge of modern architecture, not quite a century old, is thrown across where the gap is about three hundred feet wide (Ford), and where the precipices are most abrupt, and the depth below most awful,—meadows, pathways, mills, and human beings, looking fearfully dwindled; and this,

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Spain, vol. i. p. 42.) Seven centuries have not altered the camel; man, of course, is too enlightened everywhere, now, to follow her example.



now, in the midst of a large town, for the bridge leads out of the great market-place of New Ronda. The white houses of the old town peer over the precipices; and it is interesting to trace the remains of Moorish fortification, by which this defence, when it was one, was followed out and completed. The old towers have been stripped of their hewn-stone facings, and remains of mounds and pinnacles of heaped-up stones and rubbish, but they are still firmly held together by their cement. Mills, some formerly Moorish and some modern, are niched in different parts of the chasm, to catch the passing waters. There are good paths down quite to the bottom; and it is very striking to stand there in front of the grand proscenium of cliff, and see the river breaking its way through in graceful waterfalls, and the bridge securely spanning the pass, at the height of six hundred feet, and forming the main thoroughfare of the town. There is one point at which, looking upwards through a vista of cliffs and enormous fallen rocks, you catch sight of the more ancient bridge, which, at a much less height, formed the outlet of the town in the time of the Moors. Bats and swallows, and very large kites, hover over the course of the stream. On the side of the new town, the circular wall of the Plaza de Toros peeps over the precipice, and a little farther, the elegant fence of the Alameda, a pretty public garden, which, with great good taste, have been brought to the edge of the cliffs, where they subside from the Tajo (the great cleft), and command views of the river, and surrounding country, and distant sierras. These are enjoyed from seats so well barred in that even you would hardly feel uncomfortable in them. Some of the adjoining country is exceedingly pretty; one spacious hollow was so handsomely wooded, that I was tempted to ask whose place it was, forgetting that I was not in parkish England. A late burst of sunset, to-night, threw such a red glow over one of the barrenest sierras, as I never saw before; the whole hill (which had some red hue of its own) seemed to be burning hot.

"As to Ronda itself, the old town, like other Spanish old towns, is hilly, stony, waste, straggling, and indescribable; the new, an extensive, rambling place, without any modern elegance of shops or *cafés* (though there are more of the last than I could discover at Cadiz), but with many rows of neat-looking white and green painted houses, built, I suppose, with a view to the great fair, which is always held here on the 20th of May, and draws great numbers of visitors. I am sorry I shall just miss it. The Alameda is gravelling, the houses smartening, and the grave, lounging, 'oldest inhabitants,' in their long cloaks and turban hats, evidently in the process of growing six inches higher on the approach of this crisis."—P. 123.

Mr. Leycester Adolphus's work has, in addition to the qualities we have ascribed to it, the charming one of noting down every little incident, every little trait of character, every anecdote that serves to illustrate a faithful description of the customs and aspects of the people amongst whom he travelled. We can scarcely pursue the author of the "Letters from Spain"

farther on his road. But that the reader may have some idea of the extent of country he traversed, we may inform him or her, as the case may be, that Mr. Adolphus visited some of the most celebrated cities of the southern provinces of Spain—Seville and Granada included—that he had frequent opportunities of studying the beauty of Andalusia; and he did not abstain from witnessing, when occasion permitted, the moral, or rather immoral, effect of bull-fights on the population of Spain.

The narrative is frequently interjectional; the reader not being conducted with chronological, or even geographical regularity, from place to place; but finding the author arriving at a town at the end of one letter, and discovering the history of the previous day's journeyings described in the following epistle. This style of free-and-easy noting of persons, places, and events, is pleasing and attractive, and enables the library-traveller to feel the freshness, and acknowledge the fidelity, of what is told. Of the many books that have been written on Spain, there are few which evince a greater degree of impartiality in the manner in which the circumstances, adventures, and experiences of the narrator are portrayed: a picture—of a peculiar kind, it is true—is given in the pages under review; but it still preserves a faithful resemblance to the original, and all the accessories that are thrown in, add to the completeness and accuracy of the likeness.

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#### ART. V.—ULRICH VON HÜTTEN.

*Études sur les Réformateurs du Seizième Siècle.—Ulrich de Hütten.*  
Par V. Chauffour-Kestner. Paris: Charles Hingray, Libraire-Editeur. 1853.

MORE than three centuries have rolled away since a noble Franconian knight was buried in the green island of Uffnau, which lies at the extremity of the Lake of Zurich, almost within the shadow of the lofty Alps. That knight was Ulrich von Hütten, who died at the early age of thirty-six, forsaken by his friends, persecuted, destitute; but who, in the course of his short and brilliant career, did more than any man of his time, with the single exception of Luther, to liberate Germany from the tyranny of the Papal yoke. He also took a prominent part in forwarding the cause of classical learning, and in emancipating the world of mind from the iron bondage in which it had for ages been bound, by the false teaching and

useless subtleties of the scholastic system. All this he did, in spite of poverty, persecution, and disease, by the power of his eloquent and spirit-stirring writings, which, in a literary point of view, are honourable to the age in which they appeared; which produced an unparalleled effect upon the German mind, and which—even at the present day—are deeply interesting; not only as exhibiting noble and liberal views of politics and religion, far in advance of their age, and as containing the most cutting and effective satires that have ever been penned against the vices and corruptions of the monastic system and of the court of Rome; but, also, as presenting the most vivid and faithful pictures of the age in which they appeared, in its varied forms of life and action.

As the very name of Ulrich von Hütten is far less generally known in this country than it deserves to be, and as his works are but little read, we propose, in the present article, to present our readers with a sketch of his life, and a brief account of some of his most celebrated writings. The subject is one of great interest; for few historical characters exhibit more originality than that of Hütten. One of the representative men of his age and nation, he unites in himself some of their noblest features. Born at a crisis when the European mind, stirred to its foundations, was straining after a freer and nobler life, but a life as yet imperfectly conceived and comprehended, he became one of the most energetic exponents of the wants and aspirations of his time, and one of the most powerful agents in giving these aspirations a definite form, and removing the obstacles that prevented their fulfilment. A worthy fellow-worker with Luther, he seconded him in all his efforts for religious freedom; inspired with the warmest and most disinterested love of liberty, he was, throughout life, her most eloquent defender, and, at last, died a martyr in her cause. Seldom, indeed, has she had a nobler champion; he offered her no mere lip-homage, but acts and those burning words that rouse others to action. His exertions were unceasing; his activity of thought prodigious, and his productiveness no less remarkable. During his short life he composed not fewer than fifty separate works, one of which still ranks as the national satire of Germany. Among them are editions of the classics, treatises on a variety of subjects, many of them poetical, orations, and letters. Most of them, however, are satires. Satire and invective were, indeed, at that time the prevalent modes of writing in Germany, as a glance at the literature of the age will show, and Hütten was led to adopt them, both by the force of circumstances, and by the character of his genius. He pursued them with his usual impetuosity and ardour, and is

often to blame for his violence and want of delicacy ; but, in spite of these faults—which, indeed, deform the writings of the greatest men of that age—we are always obliged to admire his zeal for truth, his profound detestation of hypocrisy, and his ardent love for liberty and for his native country.

Ulrich von Hütten was born on the 21st April, 1488, at the family Château of Steckelberg in Franconia. From the tenth century, his ancestors had borne an honourable name in council and in war; and held a high place among that Franconian nobility which was regarded as the most perfect type of German chivalry. Ulrich's birthplace was one of those feudal residences of which he has left us the following vivid description :—

“ Our châteaux are constructed not for pleasure, but security. All is sacrificed to the necessity of defence. They are enclosed within ramparts and ditches ; guard-rooms and stables usurp the place of apartments. Everywhere the smell of powder, of horses, of cattle, the noise of dogs and oxen ; and, upon the skirts of the great forests that surround us, the howling of wolves. Perpetual agitation ; constant coming and going ; while our gates, open to all, frequently admit cut-throats, assassins, and thieves. Each day brings a new anxiety. If we maintain our independence, we run the risk of being crushed by two powerful enemies ; if we put ourselves under the protection of some prince, we are forced to espouse all his quarrels. We cannot sally forth without an escort. To go to the chase, to pay a visit to a neighbour, we must put casque on head and cuirass on breast. Always, everywhere, war.”

Some leagues from the Château of Steckelberg stood the Abbey of Fulda, an ancient monastic institution founded under the auspices of Charlemagne in the beginning of the ninth century. Its school was famous ; and to it Ulrich was sent when eleven years of age. He was the eldest of four children, but, being of feeble constitution and delicate frame, his parents imagined that he would find the Church an easier road to preferment than the army. At Fulda Hütten applied himself, with characteristic ardour, especially to the study of the classical tongues ; but for a monastic life he showed no vocation, and was encouraged in his dislike to it by his fellow-pupil Crotus Rubianus, and by Ethelwolf von Stein, who proved a powerful and steady friend. All the representations of the latter, however, to the parents of Hütten were ineffectual ; for the abbot of Fulda had discovered the splendid abilities of the youthful student, and wished to enlist them in the service of the Church. The result was, that finding it impossible to submit to the wishes of his parents and the abbot, Hütten fled from Fulda, and, at the age of sixteen, threw himself upon the world to fight the great battle of life. For a long time after

this period he was dead to his family, his father taking no notice of him, and contributing nothing to his support.

On leaving the Abbey of Fulda, Hütten repaired to Erfurth and afterwards to Cologne, where his friend Crotus Rubianus soon joined him. Cologne was the most ancient and distinguished of the German universities; but scholasticism still reigned there in full vigour, and the science of dialectics was made the first object of Hütten's studies. He soon, however, tired of the fruitless subtleties and logical quibbles of the schoolmen, and betook himself to the more congenial study of the classics. He was the assiduous and favourite pupil of Ragius Esticampus, who, in the face of the old system, taught with the greatest success the new science of the ancient languages and literature. The time was fast approaching when the human mind was to emancipate itself from the fetters of scholasticism; and, as a preparation for the coming struggle for freedom and progress, the models of classic antiquity were eagerly studied. A great literary movement had been gradually developing itself in Germany from the beginning of the sixteenth century. In 1503 a society was formed on the borders of the Rhine, under the name of "*Sodalitas Litteraria Rhenana*," and met with great encouragement from the fostering patronage of the princes of the Palatinate. Its members did much to forward the good cause; but the old system was not to be overthrown without a struggle, and, in Germany, the universities proved themselves the most strenuous supporters of the cause of ignorance, and the most bitter persecutors of the partisans of the new teaching. Like the accusers of Socrates, like the upholders of all ancient abuses, the theologians of Cologne brought against Ragius the accusation of being an innovator, and a corrupter of youth, and expelled him from their university; upon which he betook himself to Frankfort, where the Margrave of Brandenburg was about to found a university, and there he was speedily followed by Hütten, who was received as one of the earliest masters, and repaid his reception by his first poem.

From 1506 to 1514, Hütten only appears at long intervals. He seems to have travelled extensively in order to add to his knowledge, visiting Bohemia, Moravia, Vienna, and many other parts of the north of Europe. During these travels, undertaken almost without resources, he frequently suffered much distress and hardship. On the Baltic he was exposed to the fury of a terrible tempest, and in Pomerania he was plundered of his baggage. Occasionally, however, the charms of his conversation procured him a flattering reception, as at Olmutz, where the bishop, after having hospitably entertained him for

several days, gave him at his departure a horse and a purse of gold. In 1512 we find him at Pavia, where the French were besieged by the Swiss. His sojourn there was a succession of mishaps. He had a quarrel with some of the soldiers of the garrison, and was regularly besieged by them in his lodgings. He gave himself up for lost, and, in order to die as became a poet, composed his own epitaph, which is very beautiful. The town, however, was at length taken by the Swiss, and Ulrich thought his troubles and dangers over; but his captors, pretending to take him for a German in the service of France, maltreated and plundered him, so that he was glad to escape with life from their hands. He found a refuge at Bologna, but here his resources entirely failed, and he was obliged to enlist as a private soldier in the army of the Emperor Maximilian.

On his return to Germany, his friend Ethelwolf von Stein recommended him to the archbishop of Mayence, who received and treated him as a friend, and in his honour he composed one of his most elegant Latin poems, which he was only persuaded to publish at the instance of his patron. His dislike to its publication is thus accounted for by himself:—

“You are acquainted with the ideas and manners of the German nobles; one would take them for centaurs rather than for knights. If a young man applies himself to study, they point the finger of scorn at him as a degenerate being, a disgrace to his family and to nobility. Thus many who were on the high road to learning have turned back, and bowed the neck to the yoke of prejudice. Are not we condemned each day to hear these centaurs boast that they are the pillars of the country, that in them alone is true nobility, and that they alone are fit for great enterprises both in peace and war?”

This expression of Hütten's sense of the degradation of the German nobility, is often repeated in his writings, where he reproaches them with coarseness, drunkenness, and contempt for the arts and sciences; and one of his designs was to combat and destroy that prejudice which considered the cultivation of letters a mark of base birth. Yet with all his appreciation of the silly and narrow prejudices of the German nobles, Hütten himself was sufficiently proud of his own high birth, which he shows with great *naïveté* in a letter to his friend Piscator, requesting him to choose a wife for him. “Give me a wife,” he says, “young, handsome, well-educated, gay, virtuous, patient, and possessed of a moderate fortune. I do not look for riches; and, as to birth, she will always be sufficiently noble if she is the wife of Hütten.”

Hütten was now about to commence his work, for which he possessed every requisite; for not only was he an admirable



scholar and elegant poet, but his travels had given him the great gift of experience. He had examined the world close at hand, and knew its passions, its needs, its vices, its aspirations. He knew that it was in a state of agitation, only waiting for an impulse to direct it. He had himself suffered much, and could appeal to all who suffered. He had visited Rome, and studied there the secret corruptions of the Roman tyranny, and knew how to strike at its heart; and the spirit of liberty, strong from his boyhood, had been confirmed, enlarged, and purified by meditation and labour. In person Hütten was short and slight, and his frame was bent by early hardships and disease; but his face was animated, and his eyes brilliant and piercing. His personal character was very amiable, without haughtiness, and full of readiness to oblige women and children, and even the humblest of men; while his conversation was instructive and sparkling, and abounded in sallies of wit. Such was Ulrich von Hütten, when a tragical event plunged him at once into the public strifes of the time, in which the remainder of his life was destined to be spent.

That event was the cowardly assassination of his cousin, the youthful Jean von Hütten (esteemed the flower of Franconian chivalry), by the duke of Wurtemberg. This crime was the blacker, as, in the peasant war, the Hüttens had brought to the duke's assistance the Franconian knighthood, and thus secured to him the victory. Jean was the intimate friend and favourite of the duke, until the latter conceived a guilty passion for the handsome wife of the young knight; to gratify which he invited him to a hunting-party, and, in a retired part of the forest, killed him with his own hand. Universal indignation was excited by this cowardly murder; but the duke believed himself above vengeance, and lived publicly with the widow of his victim. Ulrich von Hütten was at this time (1515) residing at the Castle of Ems; but when he learned the crime he at once determined to pursue the murderer, and hastened to reconcile himself with his father previously to adopting the vengeance of the family. He employed letters, poems, orations to arouse Germany against the criminal. He directed against him five Latin harangues in terms full of eloquent indignation. He demanded of the princes of the land that justice should be done upon the guilty, and declared that if they refused the Hüttens would not hesitate to right themselves. In addition to these orations, Hütten also published a dialogue entitled "Phalarismus," which supposes the meeting of Phalaris and the duke of Wurtemberg in the infernal regions. Phalaris rejoices to see a man his equal in cruelty, and gives him some good lessons in tyranny. These writings created an immense sensation throughout Germany, and Ulrich found himself an



important political character. He had, by the force of his eloquence, made his private wrongs a national affair; but the emperor for a long time hesitated to punish a sovereign prince, and it was not until 1519 that vengeance overtook the duke. He was then put to the ban of the empire, and driven from his dominions by an army commanded by Franz von Sickingen, and in which Ulrich had the pleasure of serving. This affair had a great influence upon the mind of Hütten; it gave him a deep insight into the politics of Germany, which he had studied from all points, in order to assist him in obtaining justice upon the murderer of his cousin.

But the struggle in which Hütten earned his greenest laurels was that waged between the Humanists—as the supporters of classical learning were called—and the Scholastics, or supporters of the old system. This contest, long impending, was at length called into action almost by an accident. Jean Reuchlin, the most learned man in Germany—who had published a Latin dictionary and a Greek grammar—who first in Germany possessed a complete copy of Homer, and first among the learned men of Europe attained a profound acquaintance with the Hebrew language and literature, was the man destined to bring this great struggle to its crisis. A converted Jew, named Pfefferkorn, had published a book in which he accused his former co-religionists of adoring the sun and moon, and of outraging Christ in the most disgraceful manner. This work was welcomed by the theologians of Cologne, and especially by Hochstraten, prior of the Dominicans, and inquisitor for the three ecclesiastical electorates. They insisted that all Jewish books, excepting the Bible, were dangerous and heretical, and demanded from the emperor that they should be burned. The emperor remitted the matter to the archbishop of Mayence, and he naturally consulted Reuchlin, as the best authority upon the subject. Reuchlin decided in favour of the Hebrew books; but his memorial, intended only for the eyes of the archbishop, was by some means communicated to Pfefferkorn and the theologians of Cologne, whose fanaticism was roused to the highest pitch by the moderation of Reuchlin's memorial. They assailed him with the utmost vehemence in print, to which he made a crushing reply. They retorted, and he wrote a second answer. He was then summoned before the Inquisition, and a variety of procedure took place, which resulted in the whole matter being referred to the Pope, who remitted it, with full powers, to the bishop of Spire, who decided in favour of Reuchlin, and found his opponents liable in the expenses of the suit. In spite of this, the theologians of Cologne and of the University of Paris burned the writings of Reuchlin; and Hochstraten started for

Italy, with a numerous retinue and good store of money, in order to influence the infallible court of Rome.

This controversy called forth a host of publications on each side of the question; and of these by far the most effective was the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*," which inflicted the most deadly blow that had ever been dealt against scholasticism, the monastic system, and the Papacy, and which, in the words of a distinguished writer, "gave the victory to Reuchlin over the begging friars, and to Luther over the court of Rome." Its construction is very simple. Before the commencement of the controversy Reuchlin had published a volume of letters from his correspondents; and Ortunius, an adherent of Hochstraten, and enemy of Reuchlin, is in like manner supposed to print a volume of epistles addressed to him by his friends. The title of Reuchlin's volume is, "*Epistolæ Illustrium Virorum ad Reuchlinum, Virum nostræ Ætatis Doctissimum*;" and Ortunius, in ridicule of this somewhat pompous title, is supposed to entitle his work "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum ad Ortunium*." The foes of Reuchlin and of classical learning are thus made to represent themselves. Most of the letters bear to be written by monks and theologians, and a few by medical men and priests. To give greater colour and probability to the work, these are written in bad Latin, the usual medium of communication employed by the monks; and the very phrases and idioms familiar to these supporters of scholasticism are most happily introduced. These letters display with the utmost apparent simplicity and candour the secret history of the mendicant orders, their vices, indolence, ignorance, their plots against Reuchlin and the Humanists, and their hatred of all serious and useful instruction. They are made, as it were, to dissect and condemn themselves; to tear the veil from their own follies and vices. The satire is most savage and bitter; no quarter is given, no mercy shown. It struck hard, but it struck home, and never did ridicule more effectually contribute to the service of truth. Such is the apparent seriousness of this the national satire of Germany, that several, even of those against whom it was directed, were deceived by it; so much so, that a prior of a Dominican convent in Brabant bought a number of copies, in order to present to his friends, believing that it had been written in praise of his order.

The monks of Germany were filled with indignation against the epistles and their authors, and applied to the Pope for a bull ordaining the burning both of the satire and the satirists—when they should be found—for the work originally was published anonymously. There is no doubt that Hütten is the

author of by far the greater portion ; but some of the letters appear to have been written by his friends, Crotus Rubianus and Hermann Burchius. The first volume of the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*" appeared in 1516; and another able work, arising out of the same controversy, written before the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*," but not published until 1519, is the "*Triumphus Capimonia*," in which Hütten celebrates in eloquent verse the triumph of Reuchlin over his accusers.

Hütten's extraordinary abilities were not appreciated by his own family. They considered one of the most popular poets and learned men of the day as a disgrace to their nobility. Three courses only were open to him without, in their eyes, soiling his nobility. For one of these—war—his delicate frame unfitted him ; for another—the Church—he had early shown an insuperable dislike ; the third alone—the law—remained open. Doctors of law often became the councillors and agents of princes ; and it was decided by the friends of Hütten that he should again repair to Italy, in order to obtain that legal diploma, which even a noble Franconian might bear, without detracting from his dignity. He departed unwillingly ; but, in deference to the wishes of his friends, applied himself to legal studies with conscientious ardour. But in vain he tried to take an interest in that subtle and perplexing science ; and, in some of his subsequent works, he speaks in strong terms of reprobation and dislike of the civilians, and the expense and complication of the system which they had substituted for the old laws and customs of Germany.

During this visit to Italy, Hütten witnessed, with strong indignation, the vices and corruption of the Papal court. Almost all the great men who have seen Papal Rome, during the period of its grandeur, have, however, felt and recorded the same impression ; few more strongly than Petrarch. Boccaccio, Luther, Hütten, Montaigne, Rabelais, were all disgusted with the vice, venality, and luxury, which they witnessed. At this period, under Leo X., assassination, the most shameful vices, debauchery of every kind, and unbridled luxury, were rife in Rome ; in every relation of public and private life, idleness, ignorance, and bad faith, were commonly practised ; everything could be bought, even pardon for the most infamous crimes. Hütten's sentiment of religion was deeply wounded, and his anger strongly excited, and he returned to Germany a determined foe of the Roman see.

During this journey to Italy he had an opportunity of signalizing his personal bravery and skill in the use of the sword. One day, while on the road to Viterbo, he heard five French-

men ridiculing Maximilian, the German emperor, and interfered to defend him. The discussion became warm; words led to blows; swords were drawn, and the five Frenchmen at once threw themselves upon Hütten. He, nothing daunted, received them gallantly—setting his back against a wall to prevent his being surrounded—and succeeded, after a severe conflict, in killing one of their number, and putting the rest to flight. He was finally obliged to leave Italy without the title of doctor of laws; but, instead of this, the Emperor Maximilian—who had heard of his adventures, and of his gallant defence of the imperial honour—made him a knight, and also conferred upon him the title of imperial poet and orator; and, in April, 1517, the laurel crown was placed upon his brows by the beautiful Constance, the daughter of Pentinger, called the Pearl of Augsburgh. The diploma, conferring the title of imperial poet and orator, is still preserved, and from this time, Hütten takes the title of “Poëta et Orator,” and is represented on the frontispiece of his works in complete armour, and with his brows girt with laurel. At a later period, when he had commenced his attacks upon Rome, his portraits represent him with his hand upon the hilt of his sword, which is half drawn from its sheath.

The honours conferred upon Hütten by the emperor, produced a complete reconciliation between him and his father; and Hütten became for some time a resident at the Château of Steckelberg. While there, he discovered, in the library of the Abbey of Fulda, a manuscript treatise of Laurentius Valla upon the pretended donation of Constantine to the Roman see. The author had, in the preceding century, been condemned as a heretic, and his book burned. It refutes, with great eloquence and learning, the pretended donation, and Hütten judged that he could not better open the campaign against Rome than by its publication. It was printed at the Château of Steckelberg; and Hütten, with characteristic audacity, prefixed to it a dedication to Leo X. This work—as we learn from himself—produced a profound impression upon the mind of Luther, and had a great influence in inducing him to break entirely with the court of Rome.

“I have in my hands,” he writes to a friend, “the Donation of Constantine, refuted by Laurentius Valla, edited by Hütten. Good God! what ignorance or what perversity in that court of Rome! And how must we wonder at the designs of God, who has permitted that falsehood so impudent, gross, and impure, should prevail during ages, and should be even received in the decretals, and among the articles of faith, that nothing might be wanting to the most monstrous of monstrosities. I am so agitated, that I scarcely any

longer doubt that the Pope is truly Antichrist. All agrees: what he does, what he says, and what he ordains."

It may be observed, however, that Hütten's decisive attack against Rome was made several years before Luther took any determined step against the Pope; and it is worthy of note, how the writings of Hütten influenced a genius as original and fearless, but more large and genial than his own.

The year 1519 was one of the busiest in Ulrich's life. In that year he published his terrible philippic against the duke of Wurtemberg, joined the army that was to chase him from his dominions, edited an edition of the works of Livy, fulminated against Rome and her legates three dialogues, full of energy, eloquence, and sarcasm, and dedicated to Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Charles V., a work upon the quarrel between the Emperor Henry IV. and Pope Gregory VII., which, like the treatise of Laurentius Valla, he had discovered in the library of the Abbey of Fulda. At the same time, he maintained a correspondence with the most distinguished men of his time; many of whom exhorted him to continue his efforts against the corruptions and exactions of Rome. The moment appeared favourable. The powerful archbishop of Mayence was his protector and friend. Erasmus assured him that Ferdinand, the emperor's brother, held him in the highest esteem. Sickingen, the representative of German chivalry, offered his services; while the emperor himself was on bad terms with the Pope, who, in the contest for the German empire, had favoured the claims of his rival, Francis I. Hütten did not long hesitate, but with the war-cry, "*Jacta est alea*" (the die is cast), which afterwards became his motto, threw himself into the van of conflict, and prepared to deal an effective blow against Rome. At the same time, he was well aware of the dangers he must encounter; but in the cause of truth and freedom he was prepared to dare them all. But in order to spare his family from the persecutions which menaced him, he desired his parents to cease all communication with him; and when, on his father's death, the succession to the family estates opened to him, he gave them up to his younger brothers. The latter part of his life is complete self-abnegation.

The blow which Hütten meditated, fell heavily, when he published his "*Trias Romana*," which was first written in Latin, and afterwards translated into German. This terrible wound still rankles in the side of Rome. The satire represents in the most lively and truthful manner her enormous corruptions, the intolerable exactions and insults to which she had

subjected Germany, and the necessity of a complete and violent revolution. Whoever would know to what lengths the Papacy dared to proceed, in the days of our fathers, should read this book. It is in the form of a dialogue, in which the speakers are Hütten himself and his friend Ehrenhold, to whom Hütten recounts what he has been told of the court of Rome by a traveller, named Vadiscus. These recitals take the form of triads, frequently interrupted by the exclamations and reflections of the two friends. Our limits will only permit us to give a very short specimen, which may, however, afford some idea of the character of the work :—

“Three things maintain the renown of Rome: the power of the Pope, relics, and indulgences. Three things are brought from Rome by those who go there: a bad conscience, a ruined stomach, an empty purse. Three things are not to be found in Rome: conscience, religion, faith in an oath. At three things the Romans laugh: the probity of their ancestors, the Papacy of St. Peter, the last judgment. Three things abound in Rome: poison, antiquities, empty places. Three things are completely a-wanting: simplicity, moderation, and loyalty. Three things are publicly sold by the Romans: Christ, ecclesiastical dignities, and women. Of three things they have a horror: a general council, Church reformation, and the progress of enlightenment.”

The “*Trias Romana*” created a vast sensation in Germany, and principally contributed to produce the manifestation of popular opinion against the Papal legates, in 1519 and 1520. “By this pamphlet,” says Cochlans, “Hütten has made the name of the Romish court the most odious in Germany.” But, at the same time, it roused against its author the formidable wrath of the Papacy; but, ere it burst upon his head, he had gained a new title to it, by the publication, in 1520, of several letters, written by the most famous universities of Europe, as to the best means of putting an end to the schism then existing in the Church. His object in this publication was to show with what freedom and boldness the ancient universities had written concerning the rights of the people, the emperor, general councils, and the unlawful pretensions of the Popes; and thus to excite the emulation of the great seminaries of learning in his own time. Soon after the publication of these letters, the archbishop of Mayence received a Papal brief, expressing grief and astonishment, that such works had been suffered by him to be printed within his diocese, and almost under his own eyes; and further exhorting him to punish the impudence of a certain Hütten, that his chastisement might prove a warning and an example to others. Upon this, the archbishop demanded from Hütten a promise to write nothing farther against the court of



Rome, which was promptly refused, and he then forbade the reading of his works, under pain of excommunication.

Hütten, thus deprived of his hopes of finding in the archbishop a coadjutor in his great work, hastened to put himself in communication with Luther, whose energetic character and language he admired, and in whom he was now ready to recognise the chief of the Reformation. In 1519 he had offered him a safe asylum with Sickingen; and in June, 1520, he wrote to him, exhorting him to be of good cheer, congratulating him on his work, and offering himself as a second to him in all his strifes. It was during this year that Luther burnt the Pope's bull, and published his "Babylonish Captivity," and "Appeal to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation for the Reformation of the Church."

After this, Hütten repaired to Brabant, where Ferdinand then held his court, in expectation of the arrival of his brother, Charles V., who was on a progress through his German dominions. But he soon saw that the emperor, though elected in spite of the opposition of the Pope, had no intention of quarrelling with him, as he might prove useful in his contemplated designs upon Italy. Hütten, therefore, made but a short stay at court, especially as he was warned that the legate had determined to have him removed either by poison or the dagger. He first fled to Mayence, and afterwards to Frankfort, where he learnt that the Pope had written to several princes, and, in particular, to the archbishop of Mayence, to seize him, and send him a prisoner to Rome. At length the legate required the emperor to put Hütten to the ban of the empire, and to permit the agents of the Roman court to arrest his person wherever they might meet with him. On seeing the perils which thus menaced him, and the danger of lending him any assistance, many of Hütten's friends forsook him; but he himself, far from being discouraged, only became more resolute to defend the truth. His steady friend, Franz von Sickingen, the last representative of the old German chivalry—lion-heart and arm of iron—offered him, in his Château of Ebernbourgh, an impregnable defence against violence; and thence, like Luther afterwards at Wartburgh, he continued to issue works that stirred the German heart. He published letters to the archbishop of Mayence, to the Knight von Rotenham, and to the Emperor Charles V. In the last of these, he dwells with much strength and eloquence upon the insult offered to the imperial dignity by the pretensions of the Pope to the right of arresting and carrying in chains to Rome a German knight, a member of that body, of which Charles was the head. Sickingen sent this letter to the emperor, but its only effect was a promise that



Hütten should not be delivered up to the Papal emissaries, without being brought to trial.

Another letter was written by the reformer to the princes, nobles, and people of Germany; but the most eloquent and important of the series is that addressed to Frederick of Saxony, the resolute protector of Luther, in which the whole controversy between the Pope and the free nobles and people of Germany, is placed in the clear light of justice and liberty. The whole letter is admirable; but we can only give the concluding words:—

“And now I fly from cities, because I cannot abandon the truth; I live in solitude, because I cannot live free in society. For the rest—I despise the dangers which threaten me; for I can die, but I cannot be a slave. I cannot endure with patience the servitude of my country. But one day, perhaps, I shall sally forth from my retreat, I shall burst into the crowd, and cry to my fellow-citizens: ‘Who will live and die with Hütten for liberty?’”

Luther, on sending this letter to Spalatin, to transmit to the Elector, writes: “Good God! what will be the end of all these innovations! I begin to believe that the Papacy, hitherto invincible, will be overthrown, contrary to all expectation, or else the last day approaches.”

For a long time Hütten believed that a reformation in Church and state might be brought about in Germany, through the instrumentality of the higher classes alone. But he now found that little dependence was to be placed on the great, who chiefly studied their own selfish ends. He, therefore, determined to address himself to the German people; and, in 1520, published a German translation of his letter to the Elector of Saxony, and shortly afterwards a poem, in German, having for title: “Complaint and Warning against the excessive anti-Christian Power of the Pope, and against the Irreligion of the Religious Orders, written in verse by U. von H., poet and orator, for the benefit of all Christendom, and especially of Germany, his native country. The die is cast. I have dared it.” This poem, full of noble thoughts, expressed in eloquent language, and in which the rhyme assisted to fix them in the memory of the reader, produced a remarkable effect in Germany. The poorest bought it, the most ignorant could comprehend it; and new editions were called for almost every month.

In this same year, 1520, so fertile in the life of Hütten—so important in the history of the Reformation, Hütten translated into German several of his dialogues, and also his famous “*Trias Romana*,” and published them with an affecting and manly dedication to Franz von Sickingen, his dear friend and

steady protector. The famous Diet of Worms, which soon afterwards took place, exercised a powerful influence upon the tide of events in Germany. It forced what had hitherto been a peaceful movement, which promised to revolutionize Germany by the mere power of the word, into violent and warlike action. The emperor believed that the Pope might be useful to him in his designs upon Italy, and therefore sacrificed to him, without a scruple, the cause of liberty, and the hopes of the reformers. Luther was put to the ban of the empire as a member cut off from the Church of God, with all his friends, adherents, and protectors; his writings were ordered to be burnt, and, that none of a similar sort might appear in future, a strict censorship was appointed over the printing offices. The violence of this edict, however, defeated its own ends; for, in spite of the flames and the censorship, the writings of Luther were everywhere spread abroad. A number of anonymous writers, too, appeared to defend his cause, but Hütten signed his name to the violent diatribe which he fulminated against Alexander, the Papal legate, whose activity and intrigues had been chiefly instrumental in procuring the Edict of Worms. During the sitting of the Diet he published four pamphlets, of which one called "The Brigands," discusses the important question of the possibility of a union between the nobles and the mass of the people, seeing that there was no longer any hope from the emperor, and that the princes were indifferent, timid, or gained over by the Pope.

Charles V., after having sacrificed Luther to the Pope, in order to make an enemy the more to his political rival, Francis I., tried to enlist in his service the talents of Sickingen, and the energy and eloquence of Hütten; and, with the view of gaining them over, sent his confessor, Glapion, to the Château of Ebernbourg. Of this man Hütten declares: "Never was there a greater hypocrite; everything in him deceives—face, eyes, mouth, speech, gestures. He accommodates himself to all situations, and changes along with circumstances." This cunning ambassador won over the two friends, probably by holding out to them the prospect of ultimately gaining the support of the emperor to their views. Sickingen raised an army of 3,000 cavalry, and 12,000 foot, intending to penetrate by a bold march into the heart of France; but the Count of Nassau, who was general, insisted upon first beseiging Mezières. This was defended by the famous Bayard, and then the two model knights of Germany and France found themselves opposed. The result was, that the imperialists were repulsed and obliged to retire, and Sickingen, besides his other losses, lost the hope of attaching the emperor by gratitude for his services.

Soon after this, Sickingen and Hütten, at the head of the knights of the Rhine, commenced the war against the priests; and, to further the cause of the confederates, Hütten again took up his powerful pen, and again assailed the pride, avarice, indolence, and grinding exactions of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The campaign of this, the first war of the Reformation, opened by an attack against the bishop of Trêves. Sickingen, however, was defeated by the bishop and his allies, the châteaux of his friends and adherents successively taken and destroyed; and he himself, hotly pursued, separated from Hütten, shut himself up in his Château of Landsfelt, determined to fight to the last, and there he found a soldier's death among the ruins of his castle.

Hütten now found himself compelled to fly from Germany, and seek a refuge in Switzerland. Entirely devoid of resources, by means of his generous abandonment of his patrimony, driven from his native country, and with no secure asylum, he yet refused to accept a pension of four hundred crowns, offered to him by Francis I., with the right of choosing his own place of residence. He could not bear, even in his deep poverty and distress, to be a pensioner on the bounty of the great enemy of the German emperor. At the town of Basle Hütten was well received. The members of the town council, and the whole population, pressed around the famous, but unhappy, fugitive. His old friend, Erasmus, alone stood aloof from him, as he always did from misfortune and danger, and entreated him not to call upon him unless he had an absolute necessity for seeing him. Pity that this great literary genius should have had the heart of a selfish coward. Basle was not, however, to furnish a calm retreat to the persecuted reformer. The bishop loudly demanded that he should be driven away, and the senate, not daring to resist, entreated Hütten to leave them for the sake of the public peace and his own personal safety. He submitted, and removed to Mulhausen, where the magistrates and citizens had been for some time consulting as to the propriety of establishing the reformed worship; and there, on the 12th March, 1523, he had the satisfaction of assisting at the solemn suppression of the Romish ritual. At Mulhausen, Hütten enjoyed for a time much sympathy and kindness, which soothed the bitterness of his patriotic regrets, and made him forget the uncertainty of his position, and the pains of the malady which was sapping his strength. But here he was struck by a barbed arrow from the quiver of a former friend, for he received a letter from Erasmus full of insulting speeches and perfidious attacks upon the principal reformers. This cowardly assault awakened all his indignation, and he replied in a violent pamphlet, in which he

lashed the compromising, easy conscience of the man who wished at once to preserve his private life in peace, and to send war in the world by his writings.

But the exile was not long to enjoy a quiet haven. A reaction against the Reformation, excited by the priests, took place at Mulhausen, and Hütten found himself once more compelled to seek a new refuge. This he found at Zurich, beside the great Swiss reformer, Zwingli, who thus writes of him to his friend Pirckheimer :—

“Is this your terrible Hütten, that destroyer, that conqueror! He who comforts himself with such humility and sweetness towards his friends, towards children, and the poorest of men! How can we believe that a mouth so amiable has raised such a tempest?”

But the strength of this indomitable and hardly-tried man was fast failing him. On the 12th May, 1524, he writes to his friend Eoban Hess :—

“Will not fate at length cease so cruelly to pursue me? My only consolation is that I have courage equal to my misfortunes. Germany, fallen as she is, can no more afford me an asylum: a voluntary flight has brought me into Switzerland, and will perhaps conduct me further still. I hope that God will one day unite the friends of the truth, now dispersed over the world, and will humble our enemies.”

Perhaps this good hope was present with the hero to the end, and soothed the bitterness of a death among strangers, far from his native country, and from all he loved and cherished.

Zwingli had sent Hütten to the island of Uffnau, on the Lake of Zurich, that he might have the benefit of the attendance of the clergyman, who was skilled in medicine; and there he died on the 29th August, 1524, at the early age of thirty-six, and there his remains repose. No monument marks the grave of one of the noblest champions ever raised up to defend the civil and religious liberties of mankind; and by a strange caprice of destiny, the burial-place of the deadliest foe of monastic establishments now belongs to the convent of Einsiedeln. Lamentations over the melancholy and premature death of Hütten were not wanting. Crotus Rubianus and Melancthon paid their tribute of praise and of regret, and his friend, Eoban Hess, in a few simple words, has summed up his character and celebrated his virtues: “No one was a greater enemy of the wicked; no one a greater friend of the good.”

## ART. VI.—THE WORLD OF MIND.

*The World of Mind.* By Isaac Taylor. London: Jackson & Walford.

ANY book from Stanford Rivers, with the imprimatur of the gifted author who resides there, will at once attract a large and discriminating public to its perusal. No commendation of ours, accordingly, is needful to elicit a due reception to this his latest work. Already it will have been gratefully studied by hundreds of readers, whose judgment will accord with ours, that it is nowise inferior to his former works, either in vigour and originality of speculation or in its terse, translucent style.

The subject of the work is vast—boundless; nor has even the scope to which the author narrowed himself been circled and completed. He has adopted a very correct though not exhaustive classification of the facts of the mental world, in the three divisions: 1. The Physiology of the Mind, or Psychology; 2. Metaphysics; 3. Logic. On the latter of these divisions he has not entered; and he must allow us to say we wish that he had omitted the second. His treatment of metaphysical truth is such as we might have expected from an amateur, whose mind throughout a long life has been conversant with the intricately intermingled problems of science, history, and morals, but who, from the very absorption and education of the faculties in objective truth, could not have acquired that intensity and precision of reflective insight which severe practice and long acquaintance with the objects of his research alone can impart. Hence his first *faux pas*: He is induced, contrary to his own exposition of the natural order and history (as it were) of his subject, to treat metaphysics—which, he says, gives us the ultimate abstractions into which our thoughts are reducible—before he has mentioned even the faculties or methods by which thoughts of any kind are generated or elaborated in the mind.

Then his notions of metaphysical truth are in violation of all that mental analysis has achieved since Plato and Aristotle. His rude definition of metaphysics seems to be that it is the science of abstractions; and all abstract conceptions, *notiones a rebus abstractæ*, are clubbed and packed together under the head of metaphysics. Accordingly, the distinctive colours of objects, the laws of nature, the separate passions of the soul, are somehow or other jumbled upon this arena in company with those fundamental conceptions of time, space, causation, &c., which are supposed to be its peculiar tenants.

He has, in fact, egregiously mistaken the object of metaphy-

sics. Let us take his own example in proof of this statement. He says: If we conceive a solid sphere, we may abstract its colour, its taste, its sound, one after another, yet its shape remains. Again, we may abstract its very shape, and yet believe that indefinitely a something exists in its place. But farther, we may abstract existence even. "What is there, then, where it was, but where now it is not? The answer may be, Nothing; for I may imagine the atmosphere and every gas removed from where it was. But the word Nothing, if it be taken in its simple sense, does not quite satisfy the mind. The annihilated sphere has left a sort of residual meaning in its place, or a shadow of reality, which asks a name. The remainder of meaning is symbolized, or represented, by the word Space; and when we have accepted it we feel as if an intellectual necessity had been supplied." This space he calls "an abstract notion." But, first, it is no abstract notion. An abstract notion would be the notion of some quality disjoined, separated from the solid sphere, such as its taste, colour, shape; but here all these have been abstracted, and left space after they have gone. The *solid sphere* has been abstracted, not the space; so that it were more correct to call the former an abstract notion than the latter. It will not do, then, to call metaphysical truths mere abstractions, like other qualities of being, for their very essential characteristic is, that they cannot be abstracted; but even when you have got to nothing as to existence, yet they remain.

2nd. The idea of space is not given through the senses, for every sensible quality may be abstracted, and yet the space which they occupied, and of which the senses can take no cognizance, remains indestructible. It yields to no analysis, and cannot be withdrawn, abstracted, or destroyed, even in thought. Whence, then, comes this notion of space, which cannot come through the senses? What is its nature and potency? These are the questions concerning which metaphysics is occupied; and yet of all these Mr. Taylor is ignorant or forgetful. Even, therefore, if we allow that this notion was eliminated and distinctly presented to the mind by some such process of abstraction as Mr. Taylor has supposed, we have discovered nothing with regard to its origin or its fundamental and necessary coherence with all our conceptions of being. We can discover nothing by abstraction that has not existed in a concrete form previous to our analysis. The qualities of matter that we abstract from the solid globe, and isolate from each other, were revealed to the mind through the senses. This explains their origin. It would be absurd to designate these qualities as the results or fruits of abstraction, which had



merely separated *them* from their entanglement and convolution in nature, and which can have no result but the clear exhibition of what already exists. But whence comes the notion of space, which, by a process of abstraction, is discovered to underlie and co-exist with all the qualities of every substance, as the necessary condition of their manifestation? And *what* imposes this necessity upon our modes of conception, or the actual modes of being? We submit that it is mere trifling to say that the notion of space is the last result of abstraction, as giving us any explanation of it whatsoever. Such a statement merely asserts that a thorough analysis of mental facts proves there is such a notion. But such an assertion is not metaphysics.

We confess to be surprised that Mr. Taylor should have written so carelessly on the difficult problems of metaphysics. Doubtless his reading and thought on these matters, amid such diversity of labour, must have been scant. It would have been better, therefore, to have omitted this division altogether. Under the first division, on the Physiology of the Mind, there is full compensation for the disappointment that may be felt under the second. As we might have expected, Mr. Taylor's converse with men and books has given him extensive knowledge of the various mental faculties, habits, desires which distinguish the human family. In this field of observation—not analysis—few men are more competent to report concerning the facts of the World of Mind than Mr. Taylor. His statements are novel, unhackneyed, and eminently suggestive. In this way the science of psychology will be best furthered when such men as Mr. Taylor contribute the records of a long and accurate experience as the facts on which it must rest. Every intelligent man might thus assist to exhibit the natural history of the human mind; but no one is better qualified for this object than he who has studied so profoundly the history of mind in some of its morbid developments, and whose learning and intercourse with mankind have been so varied and extensive as in the case of Mr. Taylor. We anticipate yet greater profit and pleasure from the supplementary volume on the World of Mind, which he has promised, and trust his engagements may allow him soon to produce.

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## Quarterly Review of French Literature.

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WE cannot complain of a dearth of materials in beginning this our quarterly *résumé*. Books, and books of a solid, substantial, *bona fide* character, now stand before us, soliciting attention, and claiming that notice which unfortunately the short compass of a paragraph cannot supply. Some of these works we hope, at some future time, to review more fully; in the meanwhile, we purpose now glancing cursorily at them all, thus giving as complete a *tableau* as we can of the intellectual history of France during the last quarter.

The first name we have to record is one which will certainly not soon be forgotten, although since the period of the Reformation it has lost much of its *prestige*. Thomas Aquinas, even in the bosom of the Roman Church, no longer stands as the infallible doctor, the standard of orthodoxy, the unerring interpreter of truth; but, on the other hand, it would be worse than prejudice to deny his earnest piety, the depth of his learning, and the subtlety of his understanding. That huge metaphysical structure, to which the appellation of scholasticism has been given, remains identified with the writings of Thomas Aquinas, and we ought to feel thankful to the *savant* who enables us to study a system which has occupied so conspicuous a place in the annals both of the Church and of literature. The Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques proposed, five years ago, as the subject of one of its prizes, the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas; M. Jourdain's volumes<sup>1</sup> obtained the prize, and we have no hesitation in recommending them as one of the best monographies lately published on an important branch of philosophical speculation. They can, in fact, be considered as a complete history of scholasticism; for the author begins with the commentaries of Aristotle, given by Arabic and Jewish philosophers, and after having fully discussed and analyzed the works of the angelic doctor, he describes the influence they exerted, and the quarrels to which they gave rise, between the Dominicans and the Franciscans. M. Jourdain, in his preface, apologizes for the unavoidable dryness of the subject he has taken in hand; of course it is impossible to throw around a discourse about metaphysics all the liveliness of a novel, but we think that the author of the book we are now noticing, far from being dry and obscure, has succeeded in making a work on the history of scholasticism interesting, even for readers who are not generally versed in the mysteries of philosophical lore. M. Jourdain is one of the children of that *Université de France*, upon which so much foul abuse has lately been poured. In his ser-

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<sup>1</sup> La Philosophie de Saint Thomas d'Aquin. Par Charles Jourdain, Agrégé des Facultés des Lettres, Chef de Division au Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Cultes. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut Impérial de France (Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques). 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.

mons, preached at the Tuilleries, before the Emperor, Father Ventura cannot find terms sufficiently strong to denounce that "travail infernal accomplissant chaque jour dans nos maisons d'éducation, sous prétexte d'y enseigner la belle littérature;" he speaks almost with a tone of fury of those "quatre-vingt mille païens, vomis chaque année par les collèges, se ruant aux emplois, se mêlant à la masse sociale qu'ils corrompent en la paganisant." From such an outburst of indignation, the reader will fancy that all French *savants* are bent upon deeds of darkness, and they would certainly not expect to find one of them studying Thomas Aquinas, much less writing in praise of scholasticism. The fact is, that the French University has always been a centre of opposition against ultramentanist doctrines, and the Jesuits cannot forget that the archives of the Sorbonne contain more than one formal denunciation of those fatal doctrines, which have, more than anything else, hastened on the Continent the progress of infidelity and scepticism.

M. Jouffroy's "Cours de Droit Naturel"<sup>2</sup> is one of those works Father Ventura visits with all the thunders of his eloquence. Not long since removed from the scene of his labours, M. Jouffroy was once bold enough to show how the blind infatuation of the Roman Catholic Church was gradually leading to the dissolution of a corrupt form of Christianity. It is true that in exchange for a faith which he could cling to no longer, he had grasped at nothing except doubt and uncertainty; it is true that he vainly sought to find in philosophy the key of the problem of life; but then whom shall we make responsible for this catastrophe, if not the Church which teaches her children to receive with the same deference the being and attributes of God and the fable of transubstantiation, the adoration of relics, and the doctrine of the Trinity? In turning to the "Cours de Droit Naturel," we must not forget that M. Jouffroy was essentially a Rationalist; yet even a position such as that leaves full scope for a true appreciation of the principles which lie as the basis of all moral philosophy, and upon which is founded the great distinction between right and wrong. M. Jouffroy never had the originality, the brilliancy, the *éclat* of M. Cousin as a lecturer; but there was about his manner something so solemn, so earnest, that it produced an effect more lasting than the teaching of the justly celebrated representative of French eclecticism, and this earnestness of manner gives a peculiar charm to the "Cours de Droit Naturel," in its present form, stripped of the adventitious *prestige* which lectures commonly derive from the circumstances of the moment. The two volumes, recently published by M. Hachette, contain all that M. Jouffroy wrote on a subject he intended to have treated with much greater detail; they are most suggestive, and we recommend especially to our readers the beautiful discourses on pantheism and scepticism; they occur in the first volume.

It is not only the phenomena of our moral nature, which, directly

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<sup>2</sup> Cours de Droit Naturel, Professé à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Par Th. Jouffroy. 2 vols., 8vo. Third Edition. Paris: Hachette.

observed, can afford food for the metaphysician, and engage the meditations of the accurate observer: the vicissitudes of language, the construction of an idiom, the niceties of comparative grammar, likewise supply more than one text for teaching of this description, and, indeed, the true grammarian seems to us to be the man who can study the human mind, its evolutions and its workings, behind the inflections of syntax and the details of etymology. This circumstance imparts an exceptional merit to M. Lafaye's "*Dictionnaire des Synonymes*,"<sup>3</sup> a work, the first part of which obtained the linguistic prize, lately bestowed by the Institute of France. M. Lafaye's introduction is unquestionably the best work on the philosophy of grammar which we have met with for a long time; it is not only useful as a complete specimen of lexicography, but the definitions adopted by the author testify to the soundness and clearness of his views as a moralist and a philosopher. Let our friends, for instance, turn to page 665, and see how carefully, how forcibly M. Lafaye explains the difference which exists between "homme de bien," "honnête homme," "homme d'honneur," and "galant homme." The improper use of one of these expressions instead of another, is not only grammatically wrong: it proves also that the person who commits the blunder does not sufficiently understand the difference existing between the ideas which the words respectively convey.

From M. Hachette's catalogue we pass on to M. Durand's. The examination of Corneille's "*Dramatic Theories*"<sup>4</sup> is a very interesting subject, especially from the fact that both the *classiques* and *romantiques* have, with equal determination, claimed the author of "*Les Horaces*" as their progenitor; but the *brochure* of M. Rabanis on the discussion between Pope Clement V. and Philip the Fair, king of France, falls more appropriately within the compass of the works generally discussed in *THE ECLECTIC REVIEW*,<sup>5</sup> and, therefore, we turn to it at once. It is well known, that on the authority of the Italian historian Villani, most modern writers have admitted the hypothesis of an interview between the French king and Bertrand du Got, bishop of Bordeaux, before the election of this latter personage to the Papacy, under the name of Clement V. This interview was reported to have taken place at Saint Jean d'Angély; and Philip the Fair, as the tradition ran, had imposed upon the prelate six conditions of his promotion to the papal see. These conditions

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<sup>3</sup> Lafaye. *Dictionnaire des Synonymes de la Langue Française, avec une Introduction sur la Théorie des Synonymes*. Ouvrage dont la Première Partie a obtenu de l'Institut le Prix de Linguistique en 1843. 8vo., pp. 1,200. Paris: Hachette.

<sup>4</sup> *Des Principes de Corneille sur l'Art Dramatique*. Thèse de Doctorat présentée à la Faculté des Lettres de Lyon. Par B. Duparay, Licencié ès Lettres, Professeur de Rhétorique au Collège de Chalon-sur-Saône. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.

<sup>5</sup> Clément V. et Philippe le Bel. *Lettre à M. Charles Daremberg sur l'Entrevue de Philippe le Bel et de Bertrand de Got, à Saint Jean d'Angély; suivie du Journal de la Visite Pastorale de Bertrand de Got dans la Province Ecclésiastique de Bordeaux en 1304 et 1305*. Par M. Rabanis. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

were: 1st. The absolution of the king and his ministers, who had been excommunicated on account of their violence against Boniface VIII.; 2nd. The solemn condemnation of the acts and memory of Boniface; 3rd. The rehabilitation of the cardinals belonging to the Colonna family, degraded by the late Pope, and deprived of all their fortune; 4th. The suppression and condemnation of the Knights Templars; 5th. The right on the part of the king to collect, during five years, tithes from Church property; 6th. A last clause, which Philip the Fair reserved to himself the faculty of stating subsequently, but which the Pope elect pledged himself to grant, like the five others. Now, as just said, up to the present time all historians have admitted this anecdote, on the strength of Villani's statement: Sponde, Fleury, Du Puy, Duchesne, Sismondi, Hallam, Michelet, believe it, and repeat it in their works. When, lo! M. Rabanis steps forward, and with the help of a curious document, which he has recently discovered, he overthrows completely the whole structure so dexterously raised up by the Italian annalist. Villani's composition still enjoys a world-wide reputation, for which it is indebted to the numerous anecdotes, collected together through the industry of the writer; but he has allowed himself to be influenced by *Italian* prejudices, and the tissue of falsehoods which he has accumulated, in relating the election of Clement V., originated in his hostility to the French party, which then was all powerful, and, especially, amongst the members of the conclave.

M. Dansin's volume<sup>6</sup> is another contribution to the history of the internal and foreign government of France. The author endeavours to claim for Charles VII. the merit of some of the reforms generally ascribed to Louis XI., and if he occasionally fails to convince us, yet we must acknowledge that the details he puts together are extremely instructive, as illustrating very fully an eventful period in the history of our neighbours. M. Benloew's learned *aperçu* makes us long to see the publication of the comparative treatise on the Indo-European language of which it is to be the introduction;<sup>7</sup> after having been issued periodically in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*, M. Desjardins' bulletins of the sittings held by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, now appear in the shape of a handsome volume, containing, besides, a complete summary of the history of the Académie and lists of all the members.<sup>8</sup> We hope that M. Desjardins will be induced to go on with his work, and that he or some other *savant* will take up, in a similar manner, the

<sup>6</sup> Histoire du Gouvernement de la France, pendant le Règne de Charles VII. Par Hippolyte Dansin, Docteur ès Lettres, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Normale, Professeur d'Histoire au Lycée de Strasbourg. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

<sup>7</sup> Aperçu Général de la Science Comparative des Langues, pour servir d'Introduction à un Traité Comparé des Langues Indo-Européennes. Par Louis Benloew, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Dijon. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

<sup>8</sup> Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Comptes-Rendus des Séances de l'Année 1857. Précédés d'une Notice Historique sur cette Compagnie. Par M. Ernest Desjardins, Docteur ès Lettres, Professeur d'Histoire au Lycée Impérial Bonaparte, Membre de la Commission Centrale de la Société de Géographie. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

four other sections of the Institute. In examining M. Rhalli's "Collection of Canons issued by the Greek Church,"<sup>9</sup> Dom Pitra, a French Benedictine, naturally seizes the opportunity of discussing the *vexata quæstio* of the schism between the Eastern and Western communities. His critique, originally contributed to the *Univers* newspaper, deserves to be read in connexion with the very learned and curious compilation which suggested it. M. Raffy's compendiums of history and geography, should not be allowed to pass without, at least, a slight notice.<sup>10</sup> Of M. de Pressensé's new volume,<sup>11</sup> we purpose giving, very shortly, the full analysis it every way deserves; suffice it to say at present, that French Protestantism has not for many years produced an original work on Church history so characterized by sound learning, independence of mind, and, at the same time, breathing the spirit of true piety. M. de Pressensé is thoroughly versed in the masterpieces of classical, ecclesiastical, and exegetical literature. He has availed himself of the vast resources made available by German critics, without allowing his judgment to be led astray by their theories; in short, he has produced a work which, when brought to completion, will be indeed a monument of which contemporary French Protestantism may well be proud.

When we talk of *Protestantism*, we cannot help thinking of the eighteenth century, that epoch which was also a protest, though a misguided one, against the despotism, the hypocrisy, the abuses of the reign of Louis XIV. A great many writers have lately been applying themselves, with more or less success, to the delineation of that extraordinary era. Messrs. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt deserve special notice for the care with which they have collected autograph documents of every description, letters, journals, biographies, poems, &c., illustrating their favourite heroes.<sup>12</sup> The commentaries they give on these numerous *analecta curiosa*, are always very interesting, and generally borne out by the truth; but we are inclined to wish that the authors would adopt a more unaffected style, and that, at the risk of throwing overboard some of their *esprit*, they would not take as their pattern the *prétentieux* style of the personages they are evidently at home with.

M. Arsène Houssaye is a writer of far higher powers than the gentlemen we have just named, but with the same aim and the same

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<sup>9</sup> Des Canons et des Collections Canoniques de l'Eglise Grecque, d'après l'édition de M. G. A. Rhalli, Président de l'Aréopage. Par le R. P. Dom J. B. Pitra, Religieux Bénédictin de la Congrégation de France. 8vo. Paris: A. Durand.

<sup>10</sup> Repetitions Ecrites d'Histoire et de Géographie, pour le Baccalauréat ès Lettres, le Baccalauréat ès Sciences, et l'Ecole de Saint-Cyr. Par M. C. Raffy, Professeur de Géographie et d'Histoire. Deuxième Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

<sup>11</sup> Histoire des Trois Premiers Siècles de l'Eglise Chrétienne. Par E. de Pressensé. 8vo. Vol. I. Paris: Meyrueis.

<sup>12</sup> Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Portraits Intimes du Dix-huitième Siècle. Etudes Nouvelles. D'après les Lettres, Autographes, et les Documents Inédits. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris: Dentu.

purpose. His "Galerie du Dix-huitième Siècle,"<sup>13</sup> is not only a set of very clever sketches on the leading characters of the last century, it is also a series of brilliant chapters, where almost every sentence is a sparkling gem, full of point and of terseness. A constant succession of such effective, such *telling* paragraphs, is apt to fatigue us; we are always kept in a state of excitement, and we feel that after five volumes of witty sayings, a prosy chapter or two would produce a sensation of great relief. This, we hope, M. Houssaye will take as a compliment, and it would not be very difficult to find amongst his fellow *littérateurs* a foil for his sprightliness. M. Houssaye is so thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of the times he discusses, that even his style reminds us too often of Rivarol and Marivaux. This is a defect, and it is more particularly perceptible in poetry than in prose. The author of "La Poésie dans les Bois," has, however, too genuine a love of nature to fall into the errors of Dorat or Boufflers, and his volume of poems, composed of three works published at various intervals,<sup>14</sup> is a production of no ordinary merit. Every period of the world's history must have its annalists, and Suetonius has left us memoirs of the twelve Cæsars; but Suetonius is no panegyrist; in the same manner we wish that M. Houssaye would be a little more severe whilst appreciating Louis XV. and his court.

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## Brief Notices.

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A CATECHISM OF THE PHYSIOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY OF BODY, SENSE, AND MIND. By T. Wharton Jones, F.R.A.S. London: John Churchill.

THE purpose of education being to afford that safe employment for the faculties, without which man becomes mad and miserable, it is not surprising that the universe is ransacked with a view to making school-books. As our notion of a right education is founded upon the constitution of the human mind and body, and as we believe that intellectual satisfaction and healthful bodily action are the appropriate ends of thought, we hail with delight any work that gives us such direct and lucid responses to our inquiries concerning our minds and bodies, as may enable us the better to employ them. It is an invigorating exercise of mind to seek answers to our questions, as to the *what*, *why*, and *wherefore*, of any of the forms of existence; but a knowledge of the laws which govern the operation of our own mental and physical being, is essential to our successful endeavour after healthy enjoyment and usefulness. We have elsewhere argued that "The Physiology and Philosophy of Body, Sense, and Mind," are

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<sup>13</sup> Arsène Houssaye. Galerie du Dix-huitième Siècle. Sixième Edition, considérablement augmentée. 5 vols. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.

<sup>14</sup> Arsène Houssaye. Œuvres Poétiques. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.



the best ground of practical mental training, and we are glad that such a man as Mr. Wharton Jones has set himself to simplify the matter, for we are convinced that his efforts will result in something still better than this catechism. We need to know the means, if not the mode, by which the functions of both mind and body are kept in healthful activity, or we talk in vain of prudence and forethought. That body and mind have been too much regarded as if independent of each other, instead of constantly co-operating, is the cause of the small success which has attended the best efforts of philosophic minds to ameliorate the condition of humanity; even Christians have been absurd in trying to cultivate the virtues without obeying the laws of God, in relation to both mind and body at once, as wedded together in this world. They have, so to say, endeavoured to dis sever what God has joined together, by treating the body and the spirit as foreign to each other, whereas the apostolic mode was to manage both together by keeping both up to the duties of life. Herein, however, stands the supremacy of Christian doctrine; it proves itself the true philosophy by revealing man's nature and requirements as divinely provided for; and, moreover, commands free inquiry, and requires that we should be put in possession of whatever knowledge may help us forward in pursuit of health and happiness. Hence, true science and Christianity are one in spirit, and work together for the improvement of human nature in all its relations, social and individual. Hence our satisfaction at the appearance of little books of small price but of vast value for their intelligence, such as this before us, in which we have the results of the research of ages presented in a definite and mind-improving manner. Of course, the study of physiology in full for medical purposes must be special and technical; all we require in a work for the school-room, or the popular college, is a clear statement to show us the reasonableness of those principles and precepts on which wise physicians act in their endeavours to promote bodily and mental well-being. Such books are wanted to counteract the present tendency to super-refinement in education, especially amongst the more adorning sex; for a kind of veneering and French polish is, with them, at least, fast taking the place of the natural and the solid, and far more beautiful and useful, material which society and the home demand. A knowledge of natural facts always wears well in a mind engaged in natural duties. We, therefore, believe that as an important branch of mental training, the subject matter of Mr. Jones' catechism is fairly included in a liberal education. It prepares the mind to discriminate and observe, and apply those facts which are ever before us, and on a correct knowledge of which the safety of all we value depends. We, however, desiderate a simpler exposition than even this catechism contains, and we think that the subject would be better in the form of well-written reading lessons, than as matter to be verbally committed to memory; for we have reason to believe that schools, as at present conducted, are really impoverishing multitudes of minds, by loading the memory instead of exercising reason and reflection. There is really already vastly too much learning and



too little understanding. Mr. Jones would improve this catechism by explaining or translating the scientific terms more fully. As a school-book it is too puzzling, and without a glossary of terms being appended, a lady would be almost afraid to introduce it, lest her classes should confound her with questions as to the meaning of words which even the best scholars might be at a loss to answer. By way of putting a few of such words together, we will imagine a bright young miss saying, "Please, Miss Sophy, what is the *metamorphosis of tissue*, in the developing *primordial cell-substance*, by *osmotic* effect upon the *blastema*, through the walls of the *capillaries*, leaving *homogeneous* intercellular substances fundamentally *homologous*, whether as *nucleated cell-corpuscles*, or *filamentous* dilatations, of microscopic *tubules*?" This is an answerable question; but who could reply to it? To learn the meaning of words is, in fact, to learn all we can learn of the nature of things, and therefore we say that this catechism will be rendered far more valuable by a skilfully constructed glossary of the terms necessarily occurring in it.

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**THE MICROSCOPE; its Revelations and Applications in Science and Art.** By John Ferguson, Minister of the Free Church, Bridge of Allan. Edinburgh; T. Constable & Co. London: Hamilton & Co.

IN this little book many of the wonders of that invisible world which the microscope has revealed, are aptly, eloquently, and judiciously presented to the reader. The discoveries, practical applications, and capabilities of the microscope are pointedly considered, and the facts are skilfully grouped, so as to illustrate one another, and to show that "all are under one—one Spirit—His who bore the platted thorns with bleeding brows." In short, the subject is handled in the spirit of those noble words of Coleridge: "I can truly affirm of myself, that my studies have been profitable and availing to me, only so far as I have endeavoured to use all my other knowledge as a *glass*, enabling me to receive more *light*, in a *wider field of vision*, from the word of God."

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**THE HUMAN MIND IN ITS RELATION WITH THE BRAIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM.** By Daniel Noble, M.D., &c., &c. London: J. Churchill. 1858.

DR. NOBLE exhibited much philosophical acumen in his "Elements of Psychological Medicine," and his reputation will not be diminished by the clear, succinct, and precise essay before us. It is a clever *résumé* of the doctrines of nerve-action in relation to mind. It may be regarded as a general statement of the correlation of psychology and nervous physiology both in health and disease; yet we conceive that the views of the writer would have undergone considerable modification had he been acquainted with the facts and inferences, now for the first time announced at the Royal College of Surgeons, in the lectures there delivered by Dr. E. Brown-Sequard. The manner in which the subject is carried out makes it complete up to the time, and it will be so far satisfactory to the prepared student that he may from this work acquire a clearer conception of normal

and abnormal nerve-action in relation to mind than he could obtain in any other way except from the careful sifting of numerous scattered works; while, at the same time, it will afford him a good starting point from whence to proceed into the region of discovery which is still being explored, and a map of which, so to say, has not been formed. The pith and marrow of all that is known with respect to the working of "the conscious principle with the encephalon," in the senses, and in the excito-motory and sympathetic systems in relation to intellect, emotion, will, and instinct, is lucidly presented in ten brief, well-considered, and well-written chapters. The general reader, however, will find some previous familiarity with the subject in its scientific terminology essential to his enjoyment of those chapters. After briefly reviewing the numerous psychological systems in a teaching manner, the author brings out Dr. Carpenter's views of the nervous system in relation to the more prominent facts of psychology, with some qualifications of his own founded on the observation of further facts. Thus he shows the analogy of the *reflex, the excito-motory or automatic system*, with the *ganglionic systems*, in which the *conservative* reflex actions are excited either with or without consciousness. The connexion of the *muscular sense* with the *cerebellum* is well made out. The centres of emotion and feeling are discriminated; emotion being supposed to operate through the *optic thalami* and *corpora striata*, and tactile sensibility through the *corpora striata*,—a view at variance with the opinions commonly taught. All psychical processes, involving ideas, are proved to pertain to "the hemispherical ganglia," thus affording ground for cranioscopic science. The domination of ideas over sensation and action is illustrated in a manner to throw considerable light on the nature of insanity. The whole substance of the work, when rightly read, so far from suggesting the impression that science favours materialism, points directly to the spirituality and unity of the conscious Ego, notwithstanding its diversified manifestations through organic intervention. "It is no more the case that the material brain is the conscious principle, and its separate parts divisions of the mind, than that the music of the lyre inheres in the instrument, and that the melodies which art can elicit from it are self-produced by the particular strings."

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**MEDICINE AND MEDICAL EDUCATION.** Three Lectures, with Notes and an Appendix. By W. T. Gairdner, M.D., &c.

DR. GAIRDNER is a lecturer on the practice of physic in Edinburgh, whose ability as a medical logician has been tested in his paper on Homœopathy, one of "The Edinburgh Essays." These lectures and notes are the more worthy of attention at this time, since the subject of medical education is so much discussed, and so little understood. They are addressed to young men just entering on their professional career, and are not only calculated to promote a right spirit among the cultivators of the healing art, but also a better understanding between them and the public. The first lec-

ture was delivered as an Introductory Address at the opening of the medical session; the second relates to the medical art in connexion with popular education; the third, to the study of medicine as an art. To each lecture are appended notes, and to the third we have a very teaching comparison appended, exhibiting the triad of system-builders—Paracelsus, Brown, and Hahnemann. The style of the lectures is as clear and popular as their matter is instructive and interesting.

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IMPRESSIONS OF WESTERN AFRICA. By Thomas J. Hutchinson, Her Majesty's Consul for the Bight of Biafra, and the Island of Fernando Po. London: Brown, Green, Longmans, & Co.

THIS work contains much valuable and authentic information concerning the state, productions, trade, and possibilities, of the Western Coast of Africa. The causes of failure in several calamitous expeditions along this coast, and into its rivers, are shown by the success of those precautions which the author, a medical gentleman, carried out on the principle that prevention is better than cure, during an expedition up the Niger, conducted by him in 1854. There are many lively descriptions of native life, and not a few useful observations on the mode of extending commerce in such a way as to lead to the suppression of the slave-trade. The influence of European bad habits in producing the destruction of Europeans is demonstrated; the value of quinine in preventing the African fever is proved; the cultivation of cotton is well illustrated, missionary labour is duly appreciated, and the whole work is interesting, instructive, and encouraging.

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JOHN CASSELL'S ART TREASURES EXHIBITION. W. Kent and Co. 1858.

THIS handsome volume was suggested, Mr. Cassell tells us, by the Manchester Exhibition of last year. It is not, indeed, a record of that Exhibition; it does not include engravings of all the pictures in that magnificent aggregation of art treasures, and it does include copies of many which were not to be found at Manchester. But it follows up the design of the Exhibition by helping to extend a knowledge of art among the masses, and it does so in the most effectual way, for the original issue was in three-halfpenny weekly numbers, each number containing numerous woodcuts, accompanied by well-written notices of the pictures, and interesting biographies of the painters of them. The cuts are of various degrees of merit; some excellent, some not so good, though, as a whole, the collection is astonishingly even as to quality. The defects chiefly arise from the blocks having been overworked, and their more delicate portions worn down or destroyed. A wide range has been taken in making the collection, and the styles of engraving are as numerous almost as the styles of the artists represented. A better book for educating the eye we do not know, and as its cheapness and attractiveness must needs make it a household volume, it cannot fail of elevating the public taste, and conveying instruction and pleasure into many a

circle which would not have been reached without it. Nor, indeed, does it appeal to the general public only; the instructed amateur and the artist himself will find it useful in refreshing his memory and maintaining his knowledge.

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**THE FOOTPRINTS OF JESUS.** By the Rev. George Albert Rogers, M.A. Pp. 120. Judd & Glass. 1858.

MR. ROGERS is a valuable clergyman of the Church of England, and the little work before us has circulated widely in the shape of separate tracts. These are entitled, "Jesus near Tyre;" "Jesus in Bethsaida;" "Jesus Transfigured;" "Jesus near Tabor;" "Jesus Paying Tribute;" "Jesus in a Village;" "Jesus and the Leper;" "Jesus near Jericho;" "Jesus Acquitting the Guilty;" "Jesus Teaching to Pray;" "Jesus Raising the Widow's Son;" "Jesus Weeping." These discourses are pointed, pious, and interesting.

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**MOTHERS AND SONS: a Story of Real Life.** By William Platt, Esq. In Three Volumes. London: Charles Skeet. 1857.

THIS is such indescribable trash that we must be spared the task of characterizing it. It is to be hoped no human beings think, speak, or act, as his characters are made to do by the author, who seems as destitute of common sense, as deficient in the Queen's English. This is one of those books which defy conjecture as to the possibility of their existence; inconceivably beneath the most indulgent criticism, and a discredit to the credulous publisher. It were waste of words to expend them upon Mr. Skeet's blotted paper.

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**JOHN H. STEGGALL: A Real History of a Suffolk Man,** narrated by himself. Edited by the Author of "Margaret Catchpole." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1857. Pp. 312.

READER, hast thou read "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye?" If thou hast not, order them forthwith, and indulge thy soul with some vigorous descriptions of low romance of the gipsy level, in delicious and classical English. And hast thou read "Margaret Catchpole," and "Mary Wellington?" If not, procure the same with all convenient speed, and trace in these simple annals of the poor, a love of adventure and a species of incident, which we are prone to suppose confined to more stirring times. If not sated with these, turn thine eye on the pages filled by a "Suffolk Man," first gipsy, then surgeon to a South-sea whaler, after that soldier, next country practitioner, and at the present writing, and for fifty years, a laborious and ill-paid curate of the Church of England. All these works exhibit an under-current of practical romance living and flowing beneath the quiet surface of English life, such as startles us every now and then by its exhibition, and enforces that recognition which we should *a priori* have denied it. They all prove, in sundry ways, and with various and very different merits as compositions, that "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

**THE OBSTRUCTIVES AND THE MAN; OR, THE FORCES AND THE FUTURE OF EUROPE.** By Integer. Stanford.

WHATEVER may be thought of this book, there can be but one opinion as to its originality. The author has compressed into its pages the results of extraordinary research and reflection, and, arranging his materials according to a somewhat eccentric plan, has produced, nevertheless, a most suggestive series of disquisitions. His writing is, in many respects, unpleasing; at times it is even repulsive in the tortuosity and violence of its denunciations; as when the author appeals to blood and ruin as among the powers of the future, which shall work out the political regeneration of the old world; but we have also found, in this unique and perplexing volume, many choice *opuscule*s carefully sifted from masses of historical and polemical literature, and not a few passages of victorious analysis under which parts of the ancient state polity of Europe crumble away, leaving only the ashes of imposture and the dry bones of tradition. Without recommending the work as a manual for the use of students, we would direct to it the attention of those who desire to investigate the power of thought, and the motives now operating upon the intelligent, although depressed, class of political revolutionists upon the Continent. The pen of "Integer," although flexible and forcible in its employment of the English language, is apparently foreign, as the theories it develops obviously are.

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**THE ATONEMENT: being Four Discourses.** By Charles Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., William Archer Butler, M.A., and Robert Hall, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

A JUDICIOUS selection of discourses upon this all-important doctrine; and it is gratifying in no small degree, to find that those eminent men, who were and are the ornaments of the sections of the Church to which they respectively belong, should manifest such an entire agreement upon the vital doctrine of their faith.

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**THE PURGATORY OF PRISONERS; or, an Intermediate Stage between the Prison and the Public; being some Account of the Practical Working of the New System of Penal Reformation introduced by the Board of Directors of Convict Prisons in Ireland.** By the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A., Deacon of the Diocese of Oxford. London: Masters. Oxford: J. H. & G. Parker.

THE system described in these pages appears to be at once humane and reasonable, and remarkably successful. Our Irish friends have unquestionably taken a large stride a-head of us in the vigour and zeal wherewith they have prosecuted a social reform, which issues in the restoration to virtuous habits, and steady industry, of ninety-seven criminals out of a hundred. A system which holds out the hope of such a result is worthy of diligent examination, and, where feasible, of honest experiment. But how much the pleasure of examining it will be marred to the readers of Mr. Shipley's work, we need not say, when we describe that volume as disfigured with a scarcely disguised Popery. The title of Purgatory is adopted in

the full recognition of the Romish purgatory after death—"an estate through which all alike, within a prison and without, must eventually pass." Romish reformatories are commended in it systematically,—“the sound basis of religion which supports” them; and Protestant ones are disparaged. The lack of confession and absolution is regretted, and a convert from Romanism is said to have “cast aside her allegiance,” and is styled a “heartless renegade.” Looking at the title of the book, and substance, together with its place of issue and date—“*Ouddesdon, Oxon, Festival of S. Michael and all Angels*”—we cannot recommend it to our readers. We are constrained to own that we regard the author as a person who has, in soul at least, passed over the “intermediate stage” between the Popish apostacy and the Protestant Church of England.

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WORSHIP GOD; an Argument and an Appeal on Reverence for the Sanctuary.  
By E. W. Shalders, B.A. London: 1858.

MR. SHALDERS has written an admirable little book on a subject about which Nonconformists think little and speak less. A superstitious veneration for the visible sanctuary is the error of Romanists, a rationalistic disparagement of the solemnities of worship is the error of Protestant Nonconformists. There can be little doubt that multitudes of good Christian people are in danger of forgetting that public worship is an imperative Christian duty, as obligatory as private prayer. Ministers who have had occasion to grieve over indications of this lamentable tendency among their own people, cannot do better than recommend their friends to read and ponder Mr. Shalders’s “Argument and Appeal.” The style of the book is as worthy of praise as its principles and aim.

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THE SHEEPFOLD AND THE COMMON; OR, WITHIN AND WITHOUT. Vol. II. London: Blackie & Son.

HAVING already characterized this work in our notice of its first volume, we have little to say regarding the second, the plan being the same throughout, save that the tales are here completed, and some new characters introduced. Deep interest, undoubtedly, attaches to some of these narratives, and the argument for the Divinity of the Bible as against sceptics, and for the evangelical system as against dry orthodoxy and Tractarianism, is logically and eloquently put. The man who makes the author’s arguments on these questions his own, will be strongly fortified against all comers, and need not fear to break a lance with infidels and formalists. There is heart in the book as well as power. The writer evidently felt the importance of the cause he was pleading. It is this fact which sustains the reader’s interest throughout, and prevents that feeling of monotony which, in some large works of this class, destroys their utility. The illustrations given of the respective systems reviewed, are vivid and truthful, and the plates are admirable.



**BIBLE STUDIES.** Conducted on the Principle of a Progressive Development in Divine Teaching. By J. H. Titcomb, M.A., of St. Peter's College, Perpetual Curate of St. Andrew the Less, Cambridge. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1857.

THE author says, "These pages are designed to meet what I have long felt to be a great want in our Biblical literature, namely, a progressive view of Divine Revelation." We cannot do more, in this brief notice, than call attention to this book of Mr. Titcomb's; for the subject presents many points of interesting inquiry and discussion. But this much we may say, that while undoubtedly all true interpretation of Scripture must proceed upon "the principle of a progressive development," it is a question, whether this development can be exhibited in such a systematic form as to include all the minor events of each succeeding age, especially in the present defective state of the chronology of the Bible. But the author deserves all commendation for the evident pains-taking labour he has brought to his task; and we believe that the hope he expresses in the preface—"that it may be found especially useful to the pupil-teachers in our training colleges, to the conductors of Bible classes in our young men's societies, and to the advanced teachers in our Sunday schools"—will be realized.

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**THE WHITE HOUSE BY THE SEA: a Love Story.** By M. Betham-Edwards. Two vols. London: Smith & Elder.

"THE White House by the Sea" is a love story of the romantic order, full of exciting interest—of the hopes, the sighs, the smiles, that make up the sum of human existence. Lindsay Jocelyn's career of deceit and subsequent repentance, Jennie's affectionate confidence and cruel bereavement, afford an opportunity for some thrilling descriptions; whilst "Chatty" presides over and pervades the whole story like a good and gentle angel. The characters, though not powerfully drawn, are well sustained; and a constant change of scene and adventure prevents the story from flagging.

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**ALMOST; OR, CROOKED WAYS: a Tale.** By Anna Leslie, Author of "Self and Self-Sacrifice." London: Groombridge & Sons.

MISS LESLIE is the authoress of "Self and Self-Sacrifice," which commanded some attention at the time of its publication, more than a year ago. "Almost" belongs to the same class of novelettes; and is a didactic exposition of a certain idea of duty, conveying an excellent moral. The motto, in fact, which might well be adopted for the present tale, "Honesty is the best policy," sufficiently explains the intention of the book. The execution of the work, however, is not equal to the ability of the writer; the characters are in many instances overdrawn and unnatural. Floreen exhibits an amount of hypocrisy and depravity, scarcely reconcilable in one so young and so carefully tended. Some of the situations, too, are forced, and the style occasionally inflated; though, upon the whole, the writing is graceful and easy. As we have said, the intention of the tale is good.



**BERTRAM NOEL: a Story for Youth.** By E. J. May. London: Marlborough & Co.

"BERTRAM NOEL" is a story intended for youth; but it would be difficult to ascertain the exact benefit the youthful reader is expected to derive from it. The character of Bertram may be natural, but it is too irritable, harsh, and impetuous, to be loved or admired; and the contest which Evelyn sustains with herself is too strained and severe to be readily accepted. On the whole, however, "Bertram Noel" is an interesting tale, spiritedly written, and calculated to while away with pleasure the hours of an idle evening.

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**THE THREE SERJEANTS; OR, PHASES OF THE SOLDIER'S LIFE,** with Details of the Battles of Quatre Bras, Waterloo, Alma, Inkermann, Balaklava, and Sebastopol. London: Effingham Wilson.

THE three serjeants who have contributed their quota of experience of a soldier's life, in the present volume, are Thomas Morris, ex-serjeant of the 73rd Highlanders; William Morris, ex-serjeant of the 63rd and 73rd regiments—these two being adorned with the Waterloo medal;—and William Morris, jun., colour-serjeant of the 63rd regiment, whose skill and courage have been rewarded with the Crimean medal with four clasps, and the French gold war medal. Such honourable marks of distinction we should have thought would have satisfied these veteran heroes, without dashing on to the battle-ground of literature, and enlisting under the banners of Captain Pen. However, having laid their sabres aside, and hung up their trophies, they felt, it appears, that there were anecdotes to be told, adventures to be related, experiences to be uttered, which might be amusing, if not instructive, to the reader in general. We heartily congratulate them, then, on the manner in which they have acquitted themselves; many a similar work, with more pretensions, has failed to do so much as theirs, and we cannot but regard them, therefore, as coming off with flying colours.

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**A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA; OR, HERBERT'S NOTE BOOK.** By William Howitt. Illustrated by Harvey. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.

THIS is a pleasing and instructive little volume, calculated to give youth an agreeable impression of our vast antipodal continent, or at least such portions of it as have been colonized by Englishmen. The tales, and anecdotes, interspersed among vivid descriptions of character and scenery, give a charming variety to the adventures and experiences of Herbert in the Australian bush, and cannot fail to be appreciated by Herbert's contemporaries. The illustrations by Harvey are commendable.

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**THE CAVALIERS AND FREE LANCES OF NEW SPAIN.** By Gabriel Ferry, Author of "Vagabond Life in Mexico," "Costal, the Indian," &c. London: James Blackwood.

MR. FERRY'S tale of the "Free Lances in New Spain" gives a vivid but sad picture of the state of things in Mexico. We can hardly

agree with the author, when he asserts in his opening sentence, that "the War of Independence has helped to form a people, at this moment more enlightened, and much farther removed by its manners as well as by its recollections, from the men who long ago stood up so valiantly for the cause of liberty in Mexico." They are still in a condition no farther advanced than on the day when their independence was proclaimed; constitution after constitution has been set up only to be beaten down; real patriots have been thwarted in their earnest attempts to improve their country by a bigoted priesthood; and even now the flames of civil war are raging throughout the land. However, out of this wild spirit, Mr. Ferry has contrived to find materials for a sparkling tale, full of "hair-breadth 'scapes and moving incidents."

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**ALL ABOUT IT; OR, THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF COMMON THINGS.** London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THIS is a valuable encyclopædia both for old and young, and contains within a few pages a very appreciable explanation of the "History and Mystery of Common Things." It embraces, in fact, a description either of the growth, formation, or manufacture of tea, coffee, fruit, spice, china, porcelain, glass, salt, cereals, cheese, narcotics, artificial light, coal, leather, textile fabrics, paper, metals, medicines, woods, sugar, fermented liquors, minerals, geology, and miscellaneous things. If we take, for example, artificial light, we are treated with an account of candles, spermaceti, oil, camphine, gas, its manufacture and discovery; old modes of lighting; lucifer matches, phosphorus, how matches are made, the history of matches, &c. Under the head "textile fabrics," a large amount of information is given about cotton and the cotton plant, the antiquity of cotton in India, &c.; its introduction into Europe, process of manufacture, calico printing, damask, muslin, cultivation of cotton, silk, silk-worms, preparation for use, velvet, ribbon, silk in ancient times, where it is now produced; linen, flax, its growth and preparation, hemp; wool, animals which supply it; woollen manufactures, broad cloths, teasels, carpets, their history and manufacture. From this specimen it will appear how fully and interestingly each article is treated.

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**ESMOND: a Story of Queen Anne's Reign.** By W. M. Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

**JANE EYRE: an Autobiography.** By Currer Bell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

**VILLETTE SHIRLEY: a Tale.** By Currer Bell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

THE cheap editions of the works of our best novelists speak convincingly of the improvement of taste among the reading public. The trash, the false sentimentality, and low standards of morality that deluged our circulating libraries twenty years ago, would not be tolerated now. And for this improvement we are indebted in no small degree to the enterprise of some of our leading publishing

houses, by which our standard works have been made accessible nearly to all classes. It is thus that a purer taste has been formed and satisfied. And hence we welcome the cheap editions of the works of Thackeray and Currer Bell—authors than whom none have attained a higher position in their peculiar province of literature. But to commend or to condemn would be out of place now, for they have won their reputation, which the present issue will do much to perpetuate. The one still lives; the other we recently mourned over, as we felt that we had sustained no common loss in the death of Charlotte Brontë.

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**SERMONS TO SCHOOLBOYS.** By the Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1858.

THESE are plain and practical discourses, well adapted for those to whom they were delivered. They possess, moreover, the merit—one, we doubt not, surpassing all others in the eyes of the schoolboys themselves—of being short, not having occupied, the author tells us, “more than seven or eight minutes in the delivery.” Were it not that Dr. Arnold’s glorious sermons in the Rugby Chapel flashed in upon one’s mind immediately after seeing the title of “Sermons to Schoolboys,” we should undoubtedly have felt that they deserved higher commendation.

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**DEVOTIONAL RETIREMENT:** or, Scriptural Admonitions for the Closet for every Day in the Year. By Thomas Wallace. London & Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co.

THIS is a work similar to the “Golden Treasury,” of Bogatzky, possessing the same general character both as to substance and form. It is equally evangelical and equally devotional, plain, unadorned, and adapted to the unlearned. To those who are tired of that popular work by long use, we can safely recommend this volume as a substitute.

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**THE HARMONY OF THE DIVINE DISPENSATIONS, &c.** By George Smith, LL.D., F.A.S., &c. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans.

THIS is one of the most valuable works on theology we have met with for a long time. The views of the author are, many of them, strikingly original. The work abounds with new ideas on the most important and vital parts of divine truth, and is adapted to shed light on some of the most difficult passages of Scripture. The author works out all his points with great sobriety of judgment, and a constant appeal to the most learned and competent authorities. His object is to show that one uniform system of revelation has prevailed from the beginning to the end—from the narrative of Genesis to the Visions of the Apocalypse. He identifies the Cherubim of Paradise with the living creatures seen by John in the Isle of Patmos; and he maintains that they and all the other references to Cherubimic figures are intended to

set forth human nature exalted and purified by divine grace. He pleads that the Edenic Cherubim not only prevented Adam from gathering the fruits of life, but that they kept the tree of life in the sense of preserving it as a sign and symbol of the Divine presence, and that it was in reality identical with the cherubim and propitiatory made by Moses in the wilderness. His remarks on the tabernacle of David, placed on Mount Zion before Solomon's temple was built, are new, striking, and, so far as we can perceive, satisfactory. In short, the whole volume is highly interesting and instructive. We think every preacher of the Gospel ought to make himself master of the views which our author so lucidly unfolds. We give the work our hearty recommendation.

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THE VOICE OF OUR CONGREGATIONS; or, Responsive Services, &c. By I. W. C. Drane. London: Snow.

IN a former article on "Liturgies and Free Prayer,"\* when suggesting a combination or intermixture of these, we remarked that the objection of some as to the *multiplication* of liturgies appears greatly overstated; that hymn-books are diverse, in churches as well as meeting-houses; but that only a few are *extensively* used; and that, if there should arise as many prayer-books as there are hymn-books, they might yet, like most of these, essentially agree. On this ground, we are glad to see the volume now under review, and any other contributions of a like kind, presented by competent labourers, towards the object of improving our method in the conduct of public worship. The volume of Mr. Drane consists of three parts, of which the first and largest is a series of "Responsive Services, in the Language of Scripture." It would seem *more* correct to have named these "Responsive Lessons," "Responsive Readings," since it is but incidentally or partially that they have the direct character of worship; they are, however, responsive services in the same sense as the Psalms, when read publicly in the Church of England. In the present responsive services or lessons, different parts of Scripture are frequently combined; the declarative or historic with the devotional; the prophetic with the narrative; these latter being illustrative or completory to the former. This, we think, is for the most part done with judgment. The readings, with a few exceptions, appear aptly chosen. We have before expressed the opinion that responses, properly so called, are in prayer desirable, and we incline to believe that responsive reading likewise tends to excite and sustain attention. Much however, as to its effect will depend on the training of the congregations, to avoid a boisterous or a monotonous utterance, and to read in a soft or gentle manner, as with subdued and reverent spirit. Part II. contains ten responsive services adapted from extant liturgies: namely, from the ancient liturgies of the Alexandrian Church; from the Liturgy of Antioch; from the Missal, with many

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\* N. S., Vol. I., April, 1857.

omissions; from the Morning Prayer of the Church of England; from its litany; from liturgical contributions (we believe American); and from the Biblical Liturgy. Part III. consists of like services "composed expressly for this work." The spirit and tendency of these are devout and good. But we confess that in our judgment, the strain of sentiment, and the turn of phrase or collocation of words, frequently too much approach the borders of verse,—not plain and simple enough for a thorough adaptedness to congregational use. In one instance this fault is carried to a degree which may provoke ridicule, when it is said:—

"Thou art worthy of all seraphic praise  
And of the mute hymnings of the God-made Cosmos."

This instance, however, stands alone; but there are others, much less singular, where yet the passage would be greatly improved (at least for its special purpose), by substituting a plainer diction. It appears to us also that some of the responsive paragraphs, marked as for "all" to utter, are too long to be so used with advantage. (See, especially, p. 191.) We do not apprehend the author's or compiler's meaning, when, in his introduction, p. 8, he says, "No made prayers." Even if it be intended to limit that remark to prayers written by the author, it seems contradicted by the heading of the third part itself, "composed expressly," &c. There may be some mistake on our part, but we fail to seize the import or reconcilableness of these phrases. On the whole, we think the attempt very commendable, and in several respects successful; but it is from a sincere desire for its greater success of utility, that we again urge the desirableness of a simplicity which is sometimes wanting. For example, the passage from the Liturgy of Antioch (p. 126) would be greatly improved by omitting the epithets, "many-eyed," "six-winged," "glorious," and the term "loud-sounding doxologies," &c., &c. So the word "thrilling" (twice in p. 167) seems inappropriate to prayer; and for the last four lines of p. 169, we would substitute the briefer and scriptural form, "My mind, O Lord, hast Thou fearfully and wonderfully made." We would also erase the preceding epithets "erect, divine." These are but specimens of the manner in which the esteemed author might be counselled to chasten and improve his work; and he must take it as a proof of our genuine wish to promote his aim, that we are at the pains to make these especial comments. It is our hope that, from the concurrence and mutual aid and emendation of such endeavours, a series of liturgical services may at length be formed which shall be of great use as *subsidiary* to those *free* prayers, which we, with this author, trust will never be disused by the churches of Christ.

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**TRUTH OUT OF PLACE THE MOST DANGEROUS ERROR.** Seven Letters to a Clergyman in reference to the Controversy between Protestants and Romanists, occasioned by the late Secessions to the Church of Rome. By W. De Burgh, D.D., Incumbent of St. John's, Sandymount. Dublin: Madden & Oldham; London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1858.

THESE are admirable letters, characterized by present pertinence,

yet saturated with unchanging truth. On the subject of "Ceremonial in Worship" (Letter IV.), the author expresses himself in a strain which ought to prove monitory to others no less than to the members of the Established Church. Of Popery, "one principal attraction is its *ceremonial*, with all its varied appliances to the senses. The lighted altars, splendidly decorated; the priests, with their variegated and gorgeous vestments; the incense ascending in clouds; the swelling peals of the organ blending in sweet harmony, together with solemn processions, beautiful paintings, &c., &c., all combine to produce an effect more easily conceived than expressed. And why, it is said, why not take a lesson from Romanism in this? Why not borrow from it some of this attraction for our services, to draw the people to the church, and, when there, to fix the gaze of the wandering eyes, and rouse and engage the attention of the drowsy and the listless? And doubtless the experiment would be successful in the one case as in the other. But what, then, would this be to do? At best it would be to bring back again the church under the 'elements,' or 'rudiments of the world;' to exchange the calling and standing of the Christian dispensation for a second childhood, and to return to the 'carnal ordinances' which once had their use, but now have no place: in a word, to enable those who knew not how to worship God 'in spirit and in truth,' to flatter themselves that they are worshippers notwithstanding, by giving them something that they can do—the religion of outward observances, of form and gesture, a worship to occupy and engage the attention of the animal man, instead of that in which, every sense closed, the worshipper in heart and mind ascends to God, and in spirit holds communion with the Father of his spirit. Grant it, then, that the want of religion among the professed members of our Church in many places is deplorable; grant it also that our liturgy is not suited to them—that it is in fact too spiritual for many of our worshippers—we must not, in our zeal for their welfare, seek to accommodate it to such. We must not 'do evil that good may come.' *This* is not the remedy; but Scripture plainly points out what is. The apostles preached to men in order to make them true worshippers: they first sought their conversion to God—that 'repentance' which is 'to the acknowledgment of THE TRUTH.' And *this* is what is needed now by those whose irreligion we deplore. Though bearing a Christian name, and consequently under the responsibilities of a Christian profession, they in fact need this conversion and repentance as much as those who never bore that name or made that profession. They require to be brought to the knowledge of the true God, that they may worship Him as He is in truth. And for this work our Church needs, not skilled ritualists or rubricians, not men who think that there is religion in decorating an altar, or changing one vestment for another, but men 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost;' men of zeal and of prayer, and a missionary spirit, who will carry the truth home to our people, and so make them Christians indeed, and true members of the Church; not lowering it to them, but raising them to it." This it will be happily



owned is no "uncertain sound;" and its decided evangelism is the more pleasing as Mr. Sidney Herbert's church, we well remember, was once supposed to echo principles somewhat different from these.

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COMMENTARIES ON THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE THESSALONIANS, THE EPISTLE OF JAMES, AND THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN. By Alexander S. Patterson, D.D. Edinburgh: J. & T. Clark. 1857.

SCOTCH preachers are in the habit of instructing their people by giving regular and continuous expositions of various books of Scripture; and in this little volume Dr. Patterson has endeavoured to give permanence to the more important points in his congregational lectures on the books named in his title-page. His learning is respectable, and quite free from ostentation; and his appreciation of the meaning of the inspired writers is generally correct. Many good people, who want a practical rather than a scholarly commentary, will read Dr. Patterson's book with interest and profit.

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## Monthly Review of Public Events.

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It is very hard to believe that a Conservative Government is still in office. During the last few weeks there has been more of real progress in the demolition of constitutional anomalies than had been accomplished during as many years of Whig ascendancy. We unfold our *Times*, at breakfast, every morning, wondering what new reform has received the sanction of an anti-Liberal Ministry, and almost expecting to discover that the good man who thanked God so fervently that "we have a House of Lords," was doomed, at last, to lose the blessing he so devoutly recognised. If, however, their lordships continue in their present mood, the most enthusiastic democrat need not wish them stript of their hereditary privileges. They intend to admit the Jews to Parliament; they have accepted one of the points of the Charter, and are prepared to cry as lustily as ERNEST JONES, "No Property Qualification;" and Sir JOHN TRELAWNEY's Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates, after a splendid victory in the Commons, has actually been read a first time in the Lords. We must beware of the innovations with which a Tory Ministry and the House of Peers threaten the Constitution. If JOHN BRIGHT were Premier, with a majority in both Houses, it would be scarcely less necessary for moderate men, like ourselves, to take good precaution against too hasty reform.

We are not unwilling to accept from Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI what Lord PALMERSTON would not or could not secure for us; but we cannot witness, without serious apprehension and concern, the deplorable absence of earnest faith in their political



creed, with which both the great parties in the state appear to us to be chargeable. Farewell to all true national greatness, when the rulers of the people care more for place than for principle, and strive for power, not that they may work out the policy which they believe in their hearts to be righteous and expedient, but to satisfy personal ambition, to enjoy the luxury of patronage, and to enrich themselves with the golden fruits of office. It would be far better to have our demands for reform refused by an honest, courageous, high-spirited Government, than granted by an insincere and timid company of time-servers.

LOCKE KING's Bill to enlarge the County Franchise passed its second reading in the House of Commons, by a majority of 226 to 168. Mr. BERKELEY's annual motion for the Ballot did not fare so well. Curious observers have noted that during the last four years the majority against the Ballot has steadily increased: in 1854 the motion was lost by 37; in 1858, by 97.

Mr. DISRAELI's rollicking and reckless speech at Slough subjected him to well-merited rebuke in both Houses. Lord CLARENDON in the Lords, Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL in the Commons, severally castigated the romancing Chancellor. His two defences were flagrantly inconsistent with each other; but the House laughed at his cleverness, and forgave his sin. *Since* his speech, the Government have fully justified, however, what, at the time, was a piece of unfounded self-glorification about their diplomatic success with Naples, by getting for the two engineers, compensation to the amount of £3,000.

One of the most remarkable triumphs of the Government—perhaps the most remarkable—has been the passing of the two most critical of their Indian resolutions: the Commons have accepted the proposition for an enlarged Council, and for the election of some of its members by a constituency to be hereafter defined. Lord STANLEY has proved himself a stout and wary champion in a very difficult controversy. His lordship has not only fought well in the battle of the resolutions, but has introduced an India Bill of his own. He proposes that there shall be an Indian Secretary, a Council of fifteen, eight of whom are to be nominated by the crown, and seven by the East India Directors out of their own number; vacancies are to be filled up alternately by the Secretary for India and the Council itself. The Bill has real merits, and we should not wonder if, oppressed by the heat, and terrified by the Thames, the House permits it to pass without much discussion.

During the month, we have heard "rumours of wars:" one week, we have feared lest an American fleet should avenge alleged infractions of the law of nations, in the exercise by our slavery cruisers of the right of search; the next week we have been threatened with the terrible vision of a French army of a hundred thousand men, landing on the coast of Sussex or of Kent. We believe that there has been much needless alarm. The American difficulty may surely be settled by frank and honourable diplomacy; indeed, already there is prospect of the question receiving satis-

factory adjustment; and although no promises, no oaths, could bind the Emperor of the French, he dare not land a single soldier on our shores. The indignant fury of a free people would drive to destruction all the legions of tyranny; and if he ventured to perpetrate the appalling crime of invading the territory of a generous and confiding ally, the stifled hatred and contempt of his own subjects would find terrible utterance, and, within a week, the ambitious hopes of the Napoleon dynasty would perish for ever.

## Books Received.

- Anti-Slavery Advocate (The), for June. Wm. Tweedie.  
 Arnold Prize Essay, for 1858. By R. Watson Dixon, M.A. Oxford: T. & G. Shrimpton.  
 Art: its Scope and Purpose. By Josiah Gilbert. Jackson & Walford.  
 Art (The) of Questioning. By Joshua G. Fitch, M.A. Sunday School Union.  
 Baptist Magazine, for June. Pewtreas & Co.  
 Bible Class Magazine, for June. Sunday School Union.  
 Cassell's Art Treasures Exhibition. Complete in One Volume. Kent & Co.  
 Child's Own Magazine (The). Sunday School Union.  
 Commentary (The) Wholly Biblical. Part XX. Samuel Bagster & Sons.  
 Confessions (The) of a Catholic Priest. John Chapman.  
 Divine Inspiration (The) of the Holy Scriptures. The Ratcliffe Prize Essay. By Edwin Godson.  
 Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.  
 Earnest Exhortation (An) to Christian Unity. By the Chief of Sinners. Partridge & Co.  
 Ex Oriente. Sonnets on the Indian Rebellion. John Chapman.  
 Gospel Unities. By the Rev. John Richardson, M.A. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.  
 India. A Periodic General Meeting of the Representatives of the Whole British Empire.  
 James Blackwood.  
 Jewish Chronicle (The). Nos. 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.  
 Landmarks of Faith. By the Rev. W. S. Lewis. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.  
 Liberator (The), for June. Society's Office. Houlston & Wright.  
 Lost Love (A). By Ashford Owen. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Luther on Genesis. Translated by Henry Coole, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.  
 Lyra Germanica.—Second Series. Longmans & Co.  
 Macaulay's History of England. Vols. VII. Longmans & Co.  
 Manna in the House; or, Daily Expositions of the Acts of the Apostles. Wertheim & Macintosh.  
 Mason's English Grammar; including the Principles of Grammatical Analysis. Walton & Maberley.  
 May Gray: or Death-bed Repentance. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.  
 M'Culloch's Fourth Reading Book for the Use of Schools. Oliver & Boyd. Simpkin & Co.  
 Mistakes (The) of Sunday-School Teachers. Sunday School Union.  
 Notes on the Scripture Lessons for July, 1858. Sunday School Union.  
 Practical Arithmetic for Senior Classes. By Henry G. C. Smith. Oliver & Boyd.  
 Prayers for Inquirers of All Classes, and for Believers in Many States of Mind. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.  
 Presbyterian Liturgies. By a Minister of the Church of Scotland. Glasgow: Myles Macphail.  
 Personal Duties (The); or, Knowledge, Thought, and Action. Illustrated with Biographical Sketches. Houlston & Stoneman.  
 Religious Revivals. By Mr. Charles Reed and the Rev. John Angell James. Jackson & Walford.  
 Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. By Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore. Vol. III.  
 James Nisbet & Co.  
 Report of the Discussion between the Rev. B. Grant and "Iconoclast." Jackson & Walford.  
 Select Discourses from the French and German. Trübner & Co.  
 Sinlessness of Jesus (The): and Evidence of Christianity. By Dr. C. Ullman. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Hamilton & Adams.  
 Slater's Sententiæ Chronologiæ. Longmans & Co.  
 Social Evil (The) Practically Considered. By J. C. Whitemore, Esq. Wertheim & Macintosh.  
 State (The) of our Educational Enterprises. By the Rev. William Fraser. Blackie & Son.  
 Strawberry Girl (The), and Other Thoughts and Fancies, in Verse. By B. H. M. Rathbone.  
 Longmans & Co.  
 Tracts for Common Things. Nos. 1 and 2. By the Rev. E. J. Moor. Wertheim & Macintosh.  
 Union Magazine, for Sunday School Teachers. Sunday School Union.  
 What is the Sanctuary and the True Tabernacle? By a Clergyman. Wertheim & Macintosh.  
 Who are to blame, the Clergy or the People? Wertheim & Macintosh.  
 Woman: her Mission and Life. By Adolphe Monod, D.D. Trübner & Co.  
 You are Forgiven; or, Words of Joy to Fallen Man. By a Lover of Light. Wertheim & Macintosh.

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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AUGUST, 1858.

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## ART. I.—HUGH LATIMER.

1. *The Sermons of Hugh Latimer.* London. 1824.
2. *Sermons and Remains of Hugh Latimer.* Parker Society, Cambridge. 1845.

THE leading clergy of the Church of England performed a noble part during the time of the Reformation under the Eighth Henry, however foul may have been some of the instruments, and unscrupulous the measures employed by other parties on the side of reform. Many, whose names remain till this day embalmed in the heart of the nation, then rose to the height of the emergency, and proved, in the midst of disastrous circumstances, lights from heaven. Of these worthies few occupy a more prominent position, and none fill a wider space in the popular recollection, than HUGH LATIMER, the *quondam* Bishop of Worcester; but at the time of his martyrdom, and for several years before, a plain presbyter, having found the episcopate a burden too heavy for him to bear. With him the fabulous *Nolo episcopari*, as with Hooper, was no formula, but a conviction, and at the first decent excuse he found for laying down his pallium and mitre, he shook himself free of the wearisome baubles. But his story is worth telling, before we enter upon an exhibition of his merits.

This preacher after the people's heart was himself a man of the people, the son of a plain yeoman of Thurcaster, in the county of Leicester—a descent of which, humble though it might be, he never was ashamed—nay, made it his boast, saying in one of his sermons at court:—

“My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he  
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had a farm of three or four pound by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath Field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He marryed my sisters with five pound, or twenty nobles a piece, so that he brought them up in godliness and the fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours. And some alms he gave to the poor, and all this did he of the said farm; where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor."

What an exquisite picture of humble farmer-life in the fifteenth century in England—its industry, its thrift, and its homely hospitality—no beggar ever turned unrelieved from the door, and his poor neighbours received with a cordial welcome to share the fruits of the husbandman's toil. What a bit for the pencil of a Gainsborough, a Constable, or a Wilson! What a genial *morceau* for the descriptive powers of the author of "The Deserted Village," and the unworldly "Vicar!" The lofty prelate, who in the high tide of court favour, could thus cherish the memory of his early home, would, in this homeliness of mood alone, apart from his attractive and entertaining oratory or other distinction, find his way to the people's heart. This is one of those touches of nature "which make the whole world kin."

The year of Hugh Latimer's birth is disputed. Some fixing it as early as 1470, others in the year 1480. The latter is probably near the correct date, as it agrees with Foxe the martyrologist's statement, that at the period of Edward VI.'s accession, which was in 1547, Latimer was above sixty-seven years old. Thus the dates are unfixed, and, we have to add, that the facts are scanty in the history of our martyr, until he becomes a public man—a circumstance the less to be wondered at, when the duration of Shelley the poet's stay at Brentford school, at Eton, and at Oxford, is not satisfactorily determined in any printed memoir to which we have had access, although the records of these several schools would determine the facts with accuracy,—although a cousin and schoolfellow has written his life,—and although hundreds of persons must still be living who knew his early history perfectly.

Another of the allusions of Latimer to his life at home, furnishes a pleasant glimpse of the recreation allowed in the

family of one who brought up his children "in godliness and fear of God :"—

"Men of England in times past," says the prelate, "when they would exercise themselves (for we must needs have some recreation, our bodyes cannot endure without some exercise), they were wont to goe abroad in the fields of shooting. The art of shooting hath been in times past much esteemed in this realme: it is a gift of God that he hath given us to excell all other nations withall. It hath been God's instrument whereby he hath given us manye victories against our enemies. In my time, my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoote, as to learne me any other thing; and so I think other men did their children. He taught me how to draw; how to lay my body in my bow, and not to drawe with strength of armes, as other nations doe, but with strength of the bodye. I had my bowes bought me, according to my age and strength; as I encreased in them, so my bowes were made bigger and bigger; for men shall never shoote well, except they be brought up in it. It is a goodly arte, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic."

Brute strength is not of such vital moment now-a-days as in those of the "Blackheath Field," when the stout yew-tree and the twanging thong tried the shoulder to the utmost; yet never can it be a matter of indifference to the man of arms, whether he be strong or weak. A campaign kills more men than a field of battle, and the men who sink under the one are ill-fitted for the stern conflicts of the other. Not the worst part of a man's education, we hold with Latimer the elder, is that in which he is taught "to shoote"—in which for patriotic, social, and personal reasons, he is trained to use that instinct of self-defence which God has implanted in his nature, not for purposes of aggression, but as a shield against wrong. We admire old Latimer's training of his son, and equally so the honest pride of the son in the wisdom of his father's plans. The preacher's whole strain of observation proves him to have practically adopted the sentiment of Horace,—

"Nil me poeniteat sanum patris hujus."

Although there were six daughters to receive their portions out of the farm of a four-pound rental, the parents of Hugh determined to make their son a scholar, and give him to the Church. It is the pride of Romish fathers of that class to make their sons clergymen, the readiest way to make them gentlemen, and the only one which furnishes an eleemosynary professional education. We think the principle wrong which furnishes a free education for the ministry alone, as it must tend to the social degradation of that profession below all

others; and we thus passingly record our disapproval of a system which probably gave, nevertheless, a Hugh Latimer to the English Church. The Grammar School at Leicester, an institution in as efficient operation now as ever, thanks to that system of literary endowment, which is something widely different from what we condemn—sheer ecclesiastical almsgiving, prepared the lad for Cambridge, where he was entered at Christ's College in his fourteenth year. A conscientious student, he acquired reputation in his university career, and was in due time ordained to the priesthood by the Bishop of Lincoln. Very much in earnest for the salvation of his soul, he had serious thoughts about enrolling himself in some monkish fraternity in order the more effectually to secure his everlasting peace. When the doctrines of Luther began to be bruited in the university, this man, so earnest and upright according to the light he possessed, set himself strenuously to oppose them, and his efforts were marked by the approbation of the governing powers at Cambridge. Many others wavered, longing for some better fare than the dry disquisitions of the Schoolmen, but Latimer seemed to be satisfied, and propounded reasons publicly why others should be satisfied with the chopped straw of Duns the Irishman, and Peter the Lombard, with the flatulent puff-paste of seraphic doctors and doctors angelic. But the leaven of research and doubt at last began to work in himself as it had wrought in others, and probably about his fortieth year he was brought to embrace the truths of the Reformation. The fidelity and forbearance of one of the English Reformers conduced to this result, for Latimer declares, after Bilney had explained to him his views, that "from that time forward, he began to smell the word of God, and forsake the school-doctors and such fooleries." True to its nature that the doctrine of faith is ever provocative of works, the great preacher and polemic adopted the practice of Bilney, and forsook disputation for visiting the sick in the hospitals, and the prisoner in his dungeon. Two hundred years afterwards, at Oxford, the doctrine of faith wrought in the same way with the Wesleys. Such is the practical reconciliation which "pure and undefiled religion" invariably, and with perfect ease, effects between the doctrines of Paul and James. Professional expositors encounter insuperable difficulties here—"the wayfaring man and the fool" find the crooked "made straight and the rough places plain." These benevolent exercises greatly helped our neophyte, invigorating and expanding his virtues and his views. So well known did the change in Latimer's mind become, that Foxe reports him to have been examined thereon along with Bilney, by an ecclesiastical commission appointed

by Tonstall, bishop of London. This is really true of Bilney, who did not acquit himself like a man on the occasion, to his own horror and regret, exhibiting the same weakness which Cranmer did afterwards; but with the same result, as in the case of the recreant archbishop, for he had the courage to endure martyrdom for the truth only four years later, being publicly burnt in 1531, in the city of Norwich, by Nix, the bishop of that see. There is no evidence beyond Foxe's report that Latimer was subjected to inquisition then, although he had become a man marked for his Scriptural zeal, and for the altered style of his preaching, which no longer denounced the Reformers, but exhibited and exalted Christ.

An anecdote is told of him about this period, which is illustrative of the spirit of these times, and of the marvellous frankness of Master Latimer with his opponents. Card-playing was a standard recreation at Christmas-tide, and our Reformer, about the Christmas of 1529, took illustrative texts out of the Sermon on the Mount, which he announced by the names and figures of a pack of cards.

A certain Dr. Buckingham, prior of the Black Friars, conceiving this an apt occasion for travestying and confuting Latimer, in the same pulpit, produced a pair of dice, and cast *cinq-quer*, for the edification of the people—the *cinq* being five places out of the New Testament, and the *quer* being the four doctors. By means of these he would prove that it was not expedient for the people to hear the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, lest the ignorant sort might be brought to misinterpret their meaning, and leave their vocation: as, for instance, the ploughman reading, "No man that layeth his hand on the plough, and looketh back, is fit for the kingdom of God," might, peradventure, cease from the plough; the baker reading, "A little leaven corrupteth a whole lump of dough," may, perchance, leave our bread unleavened; and a simple man reading, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," might make himself blind, and so the world would be full of beggars. The triumphing of the wicked is proverbially short; and this paltry friar's only lasted till the afternoon service, when Latimer, who had heard him in the morning, occupied the pulpit. Buckingham sat opposite him, enveloped in that hood, of which, as garniture for the dead and living, it has been sharply said:—

"Qui fit ut moriamur in cucullo

Cum nemo bene vivat in cucullo?"

(The monk's hood the dead can profit but faintly,  
Since the living the monk's hood has never made saintly.)

The preacher proceeded to say that such metaphors as were



alluded to in the morning were well understood in all languages, and would never be taken in a literal sense :—

“As, for example,” observed he, looking towards the place where the prior sat, “when the painters represent a fox preaching out of a friar’s cowl, no one is so weak as to take this for a real fox, but only as a figure of caution, to beware of that hypocrisy, craft, and dissimulation, which lieth hid many times in these cowls.”

The application was too pertinent to be mistaken; and Master Buckingham’s ears were so warmed for him, that he never cared to hear Master Latimer again.

West, bishop of Ely, who dropped into St. Mary’s, on purpose to hear him, was served in much the same uncere-  
monious fashion—Latimer altering his subject on the instant that he caught sight of this unfriendly prelate, into a description of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, and a contrast therewith of those degenerate pastors, who more resembled Annas and Caiaphas than Christ. But the bishop, who was present with an invidious purpose, thanked the preacher when service was over, for his faithful discourse, and begged of him to preach, in the same place, one against Martin Luther and his doctrine. To which Latimer replied: “Sure I am that I have preached before you this day no *man’s* doctrine, but only the doctrine of *God* out of the Scriptures; and if Luther do none otherwise than I have done, there needeth no confutation of his doctrine.” “Well, well, Mr. Latimer,” said the bishop; “I perceive that you somewhat smell of the pan; you will repent this gear some day;” and from that moment became the bold preacher’s declared enemy. He interdicted Latimer from preaching in the University pulpit; but as that of the Augustine Friars was out of a bishop’s jurisdiction, and the prior sympathized with the Augustinian Luther’s novelties, Latimer found an opening still left him there for his faithful and fearless expositions of the truth. Upon this, the bishop, with the leading men of the University, drew up a catalogue of complaints to Cardinal Wolsey against Latimer, as a sower of false doctrine, and breeder of discord in Cambridge. Wolsey, with all his faults, was no bigot; a clever, unprincipled, worldly man, who, if his interests had leaned towards the Reformation, would have forwarded it with all his might;—he summoned Latimer, with two of his chief accusers before him. At that interview, our fearless preacher acquitted himself so well on the score of scholarship, and acquaintance with the doctrines of the Church, that, turning to his accusers, the cardinal said: “What mean you, my masters, to bring such a man before me into accusation? I thought he had been some light-headed fellow, that never studied such kind of doctrine, as the school

authors are." After which, and more of friendly colloquy, Wolsey dismissed Latimer, with his license to preach throughout England.

This was shortly afterwards followed by a summons to deliver the Lent sermons at Windsor, before Henry VIII.; that monarch being then engaged in his project of getting rid of his first conjugal encumbrance, Catharine of Arragon. The king's zeal in gaining his unrighteous object, was quickened by the jest of Sir Thomas Wyatt, uttered in the royal presence: "Lord! what a thing is this, that a man can't repent of his sin, without the Pope's leave!" The state of feeling in the monarch's bosom was favourable to his taking Latimer under his patronage, who evidently cared, by common report, as little for the Pope as did Henry himself. The University probably displayed little readiness to comply with Henry's wishes for their decision and counsel in his favour, hence his taking a man by the hand whom the authorities of that place discountenanced as decidedly as they dared, and his relish in snubbing Mr. Vice-Chancellor. When that functionary was present at the court sermon, on the second Sunday in Lent, 1530, the self-willed monarch extravagantly praised Latimer's discourse, and added, "This greatly displeaseth Mr. Vice-Chancellor yonder," aiming his remark direct at the learned vice.

But the smiles of royalty, just as little as the frowns of pedantry or prelacy, could warp the honest Hugh from his straightforward course. This is shown in the magnificent remonstrance, addressed by him to Henry, in the shape of a letter, dated the 1st of December, in the same year, on occasion of the royal proclamation just published against heretical books, thereamong including the New Testament in the vulgar tongue. A sentence or two will show its spirit: denouncing the conduct of those who advised his majesty to oppose the circulation of such works, he says:—

"They will as much as in them lyeth, debar, not onely the Word of God, which David calleth *a light to direct and shew every man how to order his affections and lusts* according to the commandments of God; but also by their subtle wyliness, they instruct, move, and provoke, in a manner, all kings in Christendom, to ayde, succoure, and helpe them in this their mischiefe; and especiallie in this your realme, they have sore blinded your liege people and subjects with their lawes, customes, ceremonies, and Banbery glosses; and punished them with cursings, excommunications, and other corruptions (corrections, I would say), and now, at the last, when they see that they cannot prevail against the open truth (which, the more it is persecuted, the more increaseth by their tyrannie), they have made it treason to your noble grace to have the Scripture in English."

We need go no further to ascertain on which side the sympathies and convictions of the writer lay. He was now a man of mature age, fifty, had made up his mind beyond the possibility of recantation, and could do nothing "against the truth, but for the truth." Although his prospects at court were most promising, Latimer retired to a country living at West Kington, in Wiltshire, to which he was now presented, therein holding light the advice of courtier friends, who counselled him to stay; but Latimer had no ambition, as his after career proved, and his conscience would not permit him to hold a benefice without performing its duties.

Latimer's fame as a diligent preacher extended far and wide in the west country, and brought him an invitation to preach before the mayor and corporation of Bristol, at Easter, a popularity which excited the malice of one Hubberdine, and another friar, to such a degree, that they obtained an inhibition against all who would officiate without a special license. They contrived also that the obnoxious person against whom it was aimed should be summoned before the archbishop of Canterbury, to answer for his misdeeds, although he appealed to be heard before his own diocesan, the bishop of Salisbury. But the inquisition in London, which occurred in 1531—2, issued in his quiet dismissal to resume the functions of his country cure. In 1535, the see of Worcester becoming vacant, it was conferred on Latimer, through the good offices of Queen Anne Boleyn, and other friends of his at court. In 1536, the new-made bishop addressed convocation in a Latin sermon, which was afterwards translated and published in English. From this time we hear nothing particular of the prelate, till we find him preaching before the court in 1539, at the conclusion of which discourse, he was accused of having preached a seditious sermon—any sermon being so understood which simply dared to enforce the duty of sovereigns to their subjects. On the king asking "What say you to that, sir?" Latimer replied, fearing no earthly monarch, yet rendering to Henry the respect due to his dignity:—

"I never thought myself worthy, nor I ever sued to be a preacher before your grace; but I was called to it, and would be willing, if you mislike me, to give place to my betters; for I grant there be a great many more worthy of the room than I am; and if it be your grace's pleasure so to allow them for preachers, I would be content to bear their books after them: but if your grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire your grace to give me leave to discharge my conscience; give me leave to frame my doctrine according to my audience. I had been a very dolt to have preached so at the borders of your realm, as I preach before your grace."

So little was the good, honest man disposed to veil under a bushel the light he designed to flash into the consciences of men, that on a certain New Year's day, his only gift to his burly majesty was one that might fairly have given offence, if the Christian zeal that prompted the act did not plead its excuse. The bishop presented Henry VIII. with a New Testament, the leaf of which was folded down over the passage which ran: "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." But though the king was personally partial and indulgent to Latimer, the bishop himself, like the prophet of the wilderness, had no relish for the soft raiment of kings' houses, and their ceremonious ways. Just four years after his investiture, he took occasion of the infamous act of Six Articles, which he could never sanction or enforce, to shake himself rid of his episcopal fetters; declaring, as he jumped up, after doffing his rochet and lawn, "that he was now rid of a great burden, and had never found his shoulders so light before."

On his return to the country, he shortly afterwards met with an accident from the falling of a tree, which obliged him to go to London for surgical treatment. When there, on the plea of contumacious rejection of the Six Articles, he was apprehended, and committed to the Tower, where he lay in a state of great misery and neglect for six years, till the accession of Edward VI. He was then released, treated with distinction, and solicited to resume his functions as bishop of Worcester; but he steadily declined. Preaching, and not intriguing or governing, was his proper function; and to this he devoted himself with all the ardour of youth, and all the fidelity of an apostle. Although he was now so aged, he preached usually twice on Sundays; and it was his ordinary practice to rise at two o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, in order to pursue his studies. Some of the most racy and telling of his discourses were delivered in the presence of the youthful monarch, with an effect too beneficial to be questioned. The celebrated martyr, John Bradford, was converted under his faithful ministry. Latimer contributed largely to the "Book of Homilies," where the same passages are frequently found to occur, which appear in his printed sermons.

But darker days came. The sun of the Sixth Edward set. It needed the pruning process of Mary's reign to clear Protestantism of many a wilding of Popish growth, that would have continued otherwise to disfigure the garden of the Lord. But while it tended to purify the creed, the process was destructive both to the lives and goods of Protestants. And among the first sufferers was Latimer, overtaken near Coventry by a citation of the Privy Council, in 1553, when

he was engaged in his usual employment of preaching. He had several hours' intimation of his danger, during which he might have escaped; he was merely cited, not arrested; but, instead of fleeing abroad, as, perhaps, his very summoners desired, he rendered himself forthwith to the metropolis, and underwent examination, whence he was remitted to his old quarters, the Tower. Here the poor old man was treated with great brutality; for he was kept in winter without fire, till he was well nigh famished; whereon he said to the lieutenant of the Tower: "You look, I think, that I should burn; but except you let me have some fire, I am like to deceive your expectation, for I am like here to starve for cold." But even the extreme sorrows of his imprisonment were mitigated by the fellowship in sufferings of Cranmer, Ridley, and Bradford, who were confined in the same apartment with himself. That Latimer felt their society rich consolation his own words testify: "The same tower being full of other prisoners, we four were thrust into one chamber, as men not to be accounted of; but God be thanked! to our great joy and comfort, there did we together read over the New Testament with great deliberation and painful study." If these four witnesses for the truth were compared to the Evangelists, whose society lightened the bonds of their prison-house, we could not hesitate to class old Latimer with the picturesque and fervid Mark; making the grave and wise Ridley, Luke; Cranmer, Matthew; and the holy Bradford, John. Previously to this, Latimer had written to Ridley, as if in anticipation of their martyrdom:—

"All our ability, all our sufficiency is of God. He requireth and promiseth. Let us declare our obedience to his will, when it shall be requisite, in the time of trouble, yea, in the midst of the fire. When that number is fulfilled, which I ween shall be shortly, then have at the Papists; when they shall say 'Peace, all things are safe,' then Christ shall come to keep his great parliament, to the redress of all things that he sees amiss. But he shall not come as the Papists fain him, to hide himself, and to play bo-peep, as it were, under a piece of bread, but he shall come gloriously, to the terror and fear of all Papists; but to the great consolation and comfort of all that will here suffer for him. Comfort yourselves, one another, with these words."

The painful durance of the Tower was exchanged in April, 1554, for scenes scarcely less painful, at Oxford, in the enforced disputations into which the Reformers entered with some picked men of the Popish party—the cream of Oxford and Cambridge, at least fifteen learned doctors on that side, being selected to extinguish the Protestant divines.

After Ridley and Cranmer had been sufficiently baited with taunts, and worried with syllogisms of which the weakness and folly were as irritating as their falsehood, Foxe tells us they fell upon old Latimer. "There replied unto him Mr. Smith of Oriel College, Dr. Cartwright, Mr. Harpsfield; and divers others had snatches at him, and gave him bitter taunts. He escaped no hissings, and scornful laughings, no more than they that went before him. He was very faint, and desired that he might not long tarry. He durst not drink for fear of vomiting. The disputation ended before eleven of the clock." That is, the old man was subjected to their cruel inquisition for three hours. In a strain of mingled fidelity and charity, Latimer appeals to their conscience, and condemns their corruption of the doctrines of the Gospel; reminding us, in its closing words, of Luther's, "Here stand I—I can do no other—God help me."

"I hope, good masters, you will suffer an old man a little to play the child, and to speak one thing twice. O Lord God! you have changed the most holy communion into a private action; and you deny to the laity the Lord's cup, contrary to Christ's commandment; and you do blemish the annunciation of the Lord's death till he come—for you have changed the Common Prayer, called the Divine Service, with the administration of the sacraments, from the vulgar and known language, into a strange tongue, contrary to the will of the Lord revealed in his word. God open the door of your heart, to see the things you should see herein. I would as fain obey my sovereign as any in this realm, but in these things I can never do it with an upright conscience. God be merciful unto us. Amen."

After this follow a few dialogues with his opponents, in which the unseemly trifling is but upon a par with the unspiritual ignorance and coarse cruelty of the conservative party. If they cannot crush Latimer by Scripture doctrine, they hope to do so by philology and logical quibbles.

"*Dr. Weston.* Will you have all things done, that Christ did then [at the Lord's supper]? Why then the priest must be hanged on the morrow. And where find you, I pray, that a woman should receive the sacrament?"

"*Latimer.* Will you give me leave to turn my book? I find it in the eleventh chapter to the Corinthians; I trow these be the words: '*Probet autem seipsum homo,*' &c. I pray you, good master, what gender is *homo*?"

"*Dr. Weston.* Marry, the common gender.

"*Dr. Cole.* It is in the Greek *ὁ ἄνθρωπος*.

"*Dr. Harpsfield.* It is *ἄνθρωπος*, that is *vir*.

"*Latimer.* It is in my book of Erasmus' translation, '*Probet seipsum homo.*'"

"*Dr. Feckenham.* It is *probet seipsum*, indeed, and therefore it importeth the masculine gender.



"*Latimer.* What then? I trow when the woman touched Christ, he said, '*Quis tetigit me? Scio quod alius me tetigit,*' that is, 'Who touched me? I know that some man touched me.'

"*Dr. Weston.* I will be at host with you anon. When Christ was at his supper, none were with him, but his apostles only. *Ergo*, he meant no women, if you will have his institution kept.

"*Latimer.* In the twelve apostles, was represented the whole Church, in which you will grant both men and women to be."

It is amusing to observe that the Greek original referred to by the reverend disputants above, is quoted correctly by neither, a matter of little import to their argument. One of the most ingenious of their equivoques, and which would entertain one more, if it had not been ingenuity exercised at the expense of truth, is the following:—

"*Dr. Weston.* I remember my Lord Chancellor demanded Master Hooper of these questions: Whether *edere*, to eat, were *credere*, to believe; and *altare*, an altar, were *Christus*, Christ, in all the Scripture, &c. And he answered, Yea. Then said my Lord Chancellor, Why then *Habemus altare de quo non licet edere*, i. e. *We have an altar of which it is not lawful to eat*, is much to say as, *Habemus Christum in quo non licet credere*, i. e., *We have a Christ, in whom we may not believe.*"

This, it will be owned, was sharp enough on the part of Master Stephen Gardiner. But, quick-witted as was his Grace of Winchester, in clearness of faith and precision of definition, we question if he was a match for simple, honest old Latimer. We know of nothing better than this:—

"*Latimer.* Christ gave not his *body* to be received with the mouth, but he gave *the sacrament of his body* to be received with the mouth; he gave the sacrament to the mouth, his body to the mind."

This disputation, which was in point of fact a trial, was followed by sentence of excommunication. At the close of the proceedings they were asked, "whether they would turn or no; and they bade them read on in the name of God, for they were not minded to turn. So they were condemned all three." Three prelates were afterwards appointed to give them a hearing, the bishops of Lincoln, Gloucester, and Bristol, before whom they came: Latimer bending under the weight of seventy-five years and many infirmities, a sight to awaken pity in any hearts but those of ruthless bigots. He bore a hat in his hand, a kerchief on his head, a night-cap or two over this, and a great cap, with two broad flaps, to button under the chin; an old thread frieze gown on his shoulders, girded with a penny leather girdle, to which hung, by a long string of leather, his Testament and his spectacles without a case. He was so feeble

that he could scarcely walk or stand, but he had lost none of his boldness or spirit, as the occasional laughter of the audience at his pertinent and damaging replies, proved: home-thrusts which searched the very vitals of the inflated ignorance and pretension on the bench—unpremeditated sallies which did their work of exposure as effectually as malice the most virulent and prepense. Addressing himself to the bishop of Lincoln, he said :—

“ Methought your lordship brought a place out of the Scriptures to confirm the same, that there was a jurisdiction given to Peter, in that Christ bade him *regere*, govern his people. Indeed, my lord, Saint Peter did well and truly his office, in that he was bid *regere*; but since, the bishops of Rome have taken a new kind of *regere*. Indeed they ought to *regere*; but how, my lord? Not as they will themselves: but this *regere* must be hedged in and ditched in. They must *regere*, but *secundum verbum Dei*; they must rule, but according to the word of God. But the bishops of Rome have formed *regere secundum verbum Dei*, into *regere secundum voluntatem tuam*.”

But neither did reason make impression upon the judges, whose minds were made up, nor were they moved with compassion at the misery of their former associate on the bench. The contemptibleness of their powers was only equalled by the hardness of their hearts, and both are a damning evidence against a blind conservatism. The men of progress may not be always wise, but they are usually able and honest; whereas the miserable cleavers to the *status quo* find in an unreasoning conservatism a shelter for untenable claims, and a screen for palpable weakness. How unfairly it can treat its opponents hear Master Latimer say :—

“ Lo, you look for learning at my hands, which have gone so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library, keeping me so long in prison without book, or pen, or ink, and now you let me loose to come and answer to articles. You deal with me as though two men were appointed to fight for life and death, and overnight the one through friends and favour is cherished, and hath good counsel given him how to encounter with the enemy; the other, for envy or lack of friends, all the whole night is set in the stocks. In the morning, when they shall meet, the one is in strength and lusty, the other is stark of his limbs, and almost dead for feebleness. Think you, that to run through this man with a spear is not a goodly victory?”

The same iniquity governed another part of the procedure, keeping the letter which kills, and neglecting the spirit which giveth life. On his asking leave to declare in three words why he rejected the authority of the Pope, the bishop of Lincoln

said to Latimer: "To-morrow you shall have license to speak forty words." When the morrow came, and Ridley was bade by this inquisitorial prelate to use his license, the bishop of Lincoln counted the words upon his fingers. Before Ridley had finished half a sentence, the doctors cried, that his number was out, and the defence on earth was thus intercepted, but only to transfer it to a more august tribunal, and a more exalted judge—the great assize of Christ at the last day. "Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him; though he bear long with them?" Yea, saith Christ, "I tell you, that he will avenge them speedily."

It was about this juncture, that Latimer penned that most pathetic of epistles, "to all the unfeigned lovers of God's truth, out of a prison in Oxford, called Bocardo;" which one can scarcely read without tears of admiration for the constancy and singular talent of the man "imprisoned for the testimony of Christ," and ready to die rather than "play wilily," as "they do that go to mass," being only outward conformists, and "very dissimulers."

"Brethren, the time is come, when the Lord's ground will be known: I mean, it will now appear who hath received God's word in their hearts indeed, to the taking of good root therein. For such will not shrink for a little heat or sun-burning weather; but stoutly stand and grow, even maugre the malice of all burning showers and tempests. For he that hath played the wise builder, and laid his foundation on a rock, will not be afraid that every drizzling rain or mist shall hurt his buildings, but will stand, although a great tempest do come, and drops of rain as big as fir-faggots. But they that have builded upon a sand will be afraid (though they see but a cloud arise, a little black, and no rain or wind doth once touch them; no, not so much as to lie one week in prison), to trust God with their lives which gave them. For they have forgot what St. Paul saith: 'If we die we are the Lord's, and if we live we are the Lord's: so that whether we live or die we are the Lord's.' Yet we will not put him in trust with his own.

"And forasmuch, my dearly beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, as I am persuaded of you that you be in the number of the wise builders, which have made their foundation sure, by faith upon the infallible word of God's truth, and will now bring forth the fruits to God's glory after your vocation, as occasion shall be offered, although the sun burn never so hot, nor the weather be never so foul: wherefore I cannot but signify unto every one of you, to go forward accordingly after your master Christ; not sticking at the foul way and stormy weather, which you are come unto, or are likely to come: of this being most certain, that the end of your sorrow shall be pleasant and joyful, in such a perpetual rest and blissfulness as cannot but swallow up the storms which both you and they now feel, and are like to feel at the hands of those sacrificing prelates.

“ Besides this, set before you also, though the weather be stormy and foul, yet strive to go apace, for you go not alone : many other of your brethren and sisters pass by the same path, as St. Peter saith, and telleth us, that company might cause you to be the more courageous and cheerful : but if you had no company at all to go presently with you, stiek not to go still forward. I pray you, tell me, if any from the beginning, yea, the best of God’s friends, have found any fairer way or weather to the place whither we are going (I mean heaven), than we now find or are like to find. Except ye will with the worldlings, which have their part and portion in this life, tarry still by the way till the storms be overpast ; and then either night will approach that ye cannot travel, or else the doors will be shut up that ye cannot go in, and so, without, ye shall have wonderful evil lodgings ; I mean, in a bed of fire and brimstone, where the worm dieth not, and the fire goeth not out.

“ Read from the first of Genesis to the Apocalypse, begin at Abel and so to Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the patriarchs ; Moses, David, and the saints in the Old Testament ; and tell me whether any of them find any fairer ways than we now find. If the Old will not serve, I pray you come to the New, and begin with Mary and Joseph ; and come from thence to Zachariah, Elizabeth, John the Baptist, Stephen, James, Peter, and Paul, and every one of the apostles and evangelists : and see whether any of them all found any other way unto the city, whereunto we travel, than by many tribulations. Besides this, if you should call to remembrance the primitive Church (Lord God !), we should see many that have given cheerfully their bodies to most grievous torments, rather than they would be stopped in their journey. There was no day scarce in the year but, I dare say, a thousand was the fewest that with joy left their houses and lives here ; but in the city that they went unto, they found another manner of dwellings than many minds be able to conceive. Yet if none of these were, if you had no company to go with you, yet have you me, your poorest brother and bondman in the Lord, with many other, I trust, in God. But if ye had none other of the fathers, patriarchs, good kings, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, holy saints, and children of God, which in their journey to heaven found that you are likely to find (if you go on forwards, as I trust you will), yet you have your general, captain, and master, Christ Jesus, the dear, darling, and only-begotten and beloved Son of God, in whom was all the Father’s joy and delectation ; ye have him to go before you ; no fairer was his way than ours, but much worse and fouler, towards his city of the heavenly Jerusalem. Let us remember what manner of way Christ found : begin at his birth, and go forth until ye come at his burial, and you shall find that every step of his journey was a thousand times worse than yours is. For he had laid upon him, at one time, the devil, death, and sin, and with one sacrifice, never again to be done, he overcame them all. Wherefore, my dear beloved, be not so dainty to look to have at the Lord’s hands, your dear Father, that which the patriarchs, prophets,

and evangelists, martyrs and saints, yea, and his own Son Jesus Christ, did not find.

“Hitherto ye have found fairer weather and fairer way too, I trow; but because we have loitered by the way, and not made the speed that we should have done, our loving Father and heavenly Lord hath overcast the weather, and hath stirred up storms and tempests, that we might the more speedily run out the race before night come, and before the doors be barred up. Now, the devil and his ostlers and tapsters stand in every inn-door, in city and country of this world, crying unto us, ‘Come in, and lodge here; for here is Christ, and there is Christ; therefore, tarry with us until the storm be overpast.’ Not that they would not have us wet to the skin, but that the time might be overpast, to our utter destruction. Therefore, beware of his enticements.”

All this is intensely pathetic, but it is also beautifully picturesque; not the laborious picturesque of the studio, but that native grace, beyond the reach of art, which visits the pencil at rare times of inspiration, when the projection and delineation of truth are the object of some favoured son of genius. It would appeal on both grounds, that of pathos and picture, to the suffering people of God addressed, while its homely but most appropriate figure at the close, was in consistent harmony with that style of every-day illustration so habitually indulged in by the preacher of the people. It is a scene from a Pilgrim's Progress, that ante-dated Bunyan's by a hundred years. Christian is upon his way to the celestial city, running for the dear life, and the devil, a burly vintner, with his ostlers and tapsters, at many an inn, invite him to delay his journey, and refresh his weariness. We can fancy a Retzch-like presentation of the scene, wherein, with a Mephistophelean leer, the infernal innkeeper should make way into his hostel for those that accept his invitation, while he should gnash his teeth in unavailing spite against those faithful souls, who, though fainting beneath their burden, still press on regardless of his proffered hospitalities. But we must not lose sight of the martyr himself, in the imaginations conjured up by his unconsciously ingenious pen. On the last eventful scene it is not our purpose to dwell. It is too painful for repetition, and the record of these murdered men is on high; although we will say thus much of their monumental memorial in Oxford, that no structure in that city of collegiate palaces so well becomes its site as the Monument of the Martyrs. The town ditch opposite Balliol College was the spot chosen for their translation, in a chariot of fire and flame, to heaven. Ridley and Latimer were chained to the same stake: “lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.” Ridley espying Latimer with a wondrous

Cheerful look, embraced and kissed him, saying, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it." And Latimer, the venerable pilgrim, "a withered and crooked silly old man," as Foxe hath it, replied, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." That worthy death threw such a flood of light upon Protestant doctrine, that ere the ashes of the funeral pile were cold, Mr. Julius Palmer, Fellow of Magdalen, a most rigid Papist hitherto, who would have gone to the stake before for the sake of Popery, renounced everything for the faith of the Reformers, and, ere long, sealed his testimony with his blood. The light of the same pyre shone as far as Spain, for the native author of the "*Historia Pontificalis*," records with regret, "that our Catholic princes, out of the great affection which they had for England, sent thither many learned men and preachers, hoping, by their eloquence, to have converted those that were in error; but such was their misfortune, that instead of reaping fruit by their diligence, the preachers who were thus commissioned to give light to others, returned home blind themselves."

But many were faithful unto death, whose martyrdom alone has proved their fame, whereas Latimer achieved a reputation independent of his fiery *euthanasia*. He was learned, yet many too could emulate his acquirements as a scholar, perhaps some exceed him; but as a preacher he stood alone, upon an elevation which none of his contemporaries could even pretend to reach. There were grave divines and eloquent in his day, as in all days, men gifted with a copious oratory, and built up with acquisitions intellectual and spiritual to sustain its flow,—but there was none then in popular approval, and probably there have been very few since then, possessed of his peculiar aptitudes to interest, and charm, and instruct. The perfection of preaching certainly is the most exact imitation of good conversation, carried on in monologue. But a good talker is the *rara avis* of society: such a phenomenon does not appear once in ten generations. Drolls, and mimics, and *diseurs des mots*, may be encountered in any circle you please—but such a combination of rare qualities must enter into our idea of a good talker, as will not once in a lifetime be submitted to our admiration. No name occurs to us just now of the character we mean nearer than Socrates, the Greek sage, as depicted by Xenophon; and after him, in time only, for a superhuman "grace" was upon His lips, that forbids comparison with the sons of men, the holy One of Nazareth, whose conversation (and his preaching was a faithful reflex of his conversation)



was of that commingled kind, familiar, profound, full of human interest yet savouring of Divine wisdom, tender even to tears, yet stern to denunciation, which none could sleep under, none could sin under, none could trifle under. Some of the few noted preachers in the middle ages, whose traditional fame has come down to our own days, especially the French Menots and Maillards, would seem to claim this character, if their drollery did not degenerate to farce, and their simplicity to coarseness. Swift, Sterne, and South, come the nearest amongst our own countrymen to our image of what the popular preacher would be, if all these had had spontaneity and naturalness, and were men of the tongue rather than of the pen; if further, Swift had been possessed of tenderness, Sterne of purity, and South of reverence. But all these best qualities seem to have met in the *quondam* Ordinary of Worcester—the tenderness of a mother, the purity of a maiden, the reverence of a child, combined with the practical wisdom of the sage, and the courage of a hero. These were, moreover, commended to the popular regard by a shrewd, frank humour, that savoured of his yeoman birth, and told of democratic leanings and likings, tastes and talents, that claimed kindred with the people whom he addressed, and were quickened by the pulse of a common humanity. There was a prevailing strain of homeliness and simplicity, accompanied with a directness of address, which kept attention alive, and rendered evasion of self-application difficult. A thread of humour and wit, like a golden skein, pervaded the texture of the discourse, while the most unexpected turns, and quaint expressions, and telling anecdotes, added to the vivacity of the preacher's style. Like most men possessed of genuine humour, he indulged in a vein of irony which we of the present day should think scarcely compatible with the dignity of the pulpit; but it was the nature of the man, and could no more be separated from his genius than his genius from himself: it is, however, counterbalanced by passages of such earnestness and pathos, and by so devout a gravity of manner habitually characteristic of his bearing, that what might seem faulty in others was an added charm in him, like the black patch of the last century setting off a fair face. His irony and sarcasm were loudly called for by the faults of the times, and interchanged with plain and downright denunciations of every abuse and sin. And as his preaching smirched the reputations of the highest quite as freely as of the lowest classes, and as he spared no transgression for the dignity of the transgressor, the people liked him all the more, and followed him the more eagerly for the democratic impartiality of his rebukes. He shot his bolt with as much direct-

ness at the prince, the courtier, the magistrate, as at the paltry packman, and stolid tiller of the soil; and brought down the peers of the realm with his "Thou art the man," just as often as the clownish commons that grinned at his stern pleasantries. His diction is simple and idiomatic to the highest degree, characterized everywhere by that *sermo pedestris* which is most easily "understood of the common people." The dialect resembles the authorized translation of the Holy Scriptures, and is so beautifully and entirely English, that scarcely a word in a dozen sermons is found to have become obsolete, or to need a glossary. Hence Latimer can be read with perfect intelligence and great enjoyment at the present day. We observe in his pages a very early authority for the use of the word "party," to signify "person"—a use justly stigmatized by modern taste as savouring of ignorance and vulgarity. In the Letter V. given in his "Remains," Latimer says to Hubbar-dine:—"In St. Paul's time, when there was no writers upon the New Testament, but that the plain story was then newly put forth, were there not more converted by (I dare boldly say) two *parties*, than there be at this hour, I will not say Christian men, but that profess the name of Christ?" This may possibly mean *parts* or portions of Holy Scripture—we suggest the alternative—but rather seems to point to the labours of Peter and Paul.

As curious will be found the correspondence between the faults and affectations of that period, and those of our own times. Who has not heard of the clerical sore throat, to which it is hinted that divines marrying rich wives are more subject than others? We find its counterpart in the following of a contemporary in the sixteenth century, denouncing a lazy cardinal:—

"He is a brave fellow indeed, albeit he never cometh to the pulpit. His apparel is gay and costly, and he hath a comely body, and a fair complexion. But surely he hath such an impediment (which they vulgarly call the cramp) in his feet, that he is not able to go up or ascend to the pulpit; and he hath such an ache in his back, that he may not be carried to the pulpit without intolerable pain. Therefore, by reason of the cramp of slothfulness, and the ache of insufficiency, he hateth the pulpit as much as the mouse abhorreth the sight of the cat!"

Our next conformity will relate to that devil's dust or shoddy, which is the opprobrium of our manufactures, and the ruin of our commerce, wheresoever our fraudulent dealing is detected. The actual article and imposition is at least three hundred years old, for Latimer describes the process of manipulation in his Third Sermon before the king:—

"I hear say, that there is a certain cunning come up in mixing of wares. How say you, were it no wonder to hear that cloth-makers should become poticaries? . . . If his cloth be eighteen yards long, he will set him on a rack, and stretch him out with ropes, and rack him till the sinews shrink again, while he hath brought him to twenty-seven yards. When they have brought him to that perfection, they have a pretty feat to thicken him again. He makes me a powder for it, and plays the poticary; they call it flock-powder; they do so incorporate it to the cloth, that it is wonderful to consider: truly a good invention. Oh that so goodly wits should be so ill applied! They may well deceive the people, but they cannot deceive God. They were wont to make beds of flocks, and it was a good bed too. Now they have turned their flocks into powder, to play the false thieves with it. O wicked devil, what can he not invent to blaspheme God's word? These mixtures come of covetousness. They are plain theft. Wo worth that these flocks should so slander the word of God; as he (Isaiah) said to the Jews: '*Thy wine is mingled with water,*' so might he have said to us of this land, '*Thy cloth is mingled with flock powder.*'"

In such notices of the reigning customs, and arraignment of the prevalent vices, our author abounds, and to the pages of this racy divine would we lead our readers to learn the manners of the Reformation time, rather than to the historians who professedly treat of that period, or to the antiquaries who drag its curious usages to light. The works of this distinguished prelate are a repertory whence many an illustration of the contemporary annals and literature might be drawn. For example, we may urge that the Charlcote Lucys, immortalized by Shakspeare, figure more than once in his Correspondence.

Latimer's notion of law and lawyers is intensely plebeian. He loves a skit at the whole tribe; they are all vile—they are altogether gone astray, there is none that doeth good among them — no, not one. Such is the yeoman bishop's creed, frankly expressed on all occasions. Speaking of the assize, he quotes:—

"Where, as men be friended,  
So (they say) things be ended."

Again, on the same subject: "Let justice proceed in judgment; and then and there, do best, have best, for club-halfpenny." Again:

"Wo worth these gifts; they subvert justice everywhere. They follow bribes. Somewhat was given to them before, and they must needs give somewhat again: for Giffe-gaffe was a good fellow; this Giffe-gaffe led them clean from justice." "A good fellow on a time bade another of his friends to a breakfast, and said, 'If you will come you shall be welcome; but I tell you beforehand, you shall have but

slender fare, one dish, and that is all.' 'What is that?' said he. 'A pudding, and nothing else.' 'Marry,' said he, you cannot please me better; of all meats that is for mine own tooth; you may draw me round about the town with a pudding.' These bribing magistrates and judges follow gifts faster than the fellow would follow the pudding."

Bribing between judge and client he calls, on another occasion, "the walking of angels [the coin so called] between them." The evil must have been notorious, when he could speak thus of it before his majesty :—

"Cambyses was a great emperor, such another as our master is; he had many lord deputies, lord presidents, and lieutenants, under him. It is a great while ago since I read the history. It chanced he had under him, in one of his dominions, a briber, a gift-taker, a gratifier of rich men; he followed gifts as fast as he that followed the pudding, a handmaker in his office, to make his son a great man; as the old saying is, '*Happy is the child whose father goeth to the devil.*' The cry of the poor widow came to the emperor's ear, and caused him to play the judge quick, and laid his skin in the chair of judgment, that all judges that should give judgment afterward, should sit in the same skin. Surely it was a goodly sign, a goodly monument, the sign of the judge's skin. I pray God, we may once see the sign of the skin in England!"

An invincible sense of drollery is mixed up with our impressions of Latimer, yet not the drollery of a South, pun-like, pungent, and tipped with poison, somewhat irreverent withal, but the honest merriment of a homely nature, which is consistent with the utmost good humour and earnestness. His shafts of satire were meant to wound, but there was no rankling barb attached to give gratuitous pain to the sufferer, or fester the victim into death; he drew blood like a skilful leech, only with a view to future health. His stories, wherewith he interspersed his discourses, are of a droll effect, and the frank and random expressions that fell from his own lips, sometimes in the heat of opposition, but always in the heartiness and uprightness of his own soul, provoke the smile of approval or surprise,—sometimes a burst of unrepressed laughter. One cannot help smiling, for instance, when on occasion of his being reprov'd for his morning sermon before the king, because he told the monarch his duty, he should quote the prophet in the afternoon as, "Isaiah, that seditious fellow."

The four distinct passages of the mass—consecration, transubstantiation, oblation, and adoration—he calls, "the four marrow-bones of the mass." And says of the priests, "If they had a nail driven through one of their ears, every time they offer, as Christ had four driven through his hands and feet, they would soon leave offering. Yet, if their offering did not bring

gains withal, it should not be so often done. For they say, no penny, no paternoster." Writing of a certain monk of Hales who intruded his traditionary lore in a sermon in Latimer's diocese, he styles the reverend friar, "wilfully witted, Duns-ly learned, More-ly affected," after Duns, the schoolman, and More, the anti-reforming chancellor. To Cromwell, the lord privy seal, he writes: "I send you a *bullock*, which I did find amongst my bulls; that you may see how closely, in time past, the foreign prelates did practise about their prey." That is some inefficient Pope's bull out of the muniment chest of his diocese. The bishop's idea of monks was not flattering: "I fear they be exempt from the flock of Christ—*very true monks*; that is to say, pseudo-prophets and false Christian men, perverters of Scripture, sly, wily, disobedientaries to all good orders, ever starting up, as they dare, to do hurt." To the same right honourable personage, the bishop recommends the destruction of the wonder-working image of Our Lady at Worcester, in these words, together with certain of her idol sisterhood; the gist of the joke, in the case of the former, being, that when my lady's robes were taken off, the image was found to be a statue of some burly bishop of former times. No doubt it passed muster as well as Jupiter of the Capitol for Peter at Rome. "I trust your lordship will bestow our great sibyl to some good purpose, *ut pereat memoria cum sonitu*. She hath been the devil's instrument to bring many, I fear, to eternal fire: now she herself, with her old sister of Walsingham, her young sister of Ipswich, with their other two sisters of Doncaster and Penrice, would make a jolly muster in Smithfield." Rejoicing afterwards in the demolition of the image, he indulges in this innocent pun respecting his good people of Worcester: "By reason of their lady they have been given to much idleness; but now that she is gone, they be turned to laboriousness, and so from ladyness to godliness." In a letter to Morice, afterwards secretary to Archbishop Cranmer, he indulges in an elaborate joke against purgatory, which displays considerable ingenuity, and a cordial disbelief of its fabled fires. It is too long for extract, as it enumerates twenty-three reasons for preferring the prison of purgatory to that in "Lollard's Tower," called "the bishop's prison," but a sample may be given. His first reason is, that in the latter "I might die bodily for lack of meat and drink, in that I could not." Again: "in this I might be without surety of salvation, in that I could not." "In this I might be craftily handled, in that I could not." "In this my lord and his chaplains might manacle me by night, in that they could not." "In this they might strangle me, and say, that I hanged myself, in that they could not." The

conclusion of the whole being greatly in favour of purgatory : “ If the bishop’s two fingers can shake away a good part ; if a friar’s cowl, or the Pope’s pardon, or *scala cæli* of a groat, can dispatch for altogether, it is not so greatly to be cared for.” But, jocose and familiar as Latimer was used to be, there was much fathered upon him of pulpit eccentricity and extravagance, in which he had never indulged ; and one of those cases he himself reproves in his “ Sermon on the Plough ; or, the Spiritual Sower.” The preacher apologizes for the homeliness of his illustrations, taken from the offices of husbandry :—

“ Preaching of the gospel is one of God’s plough-works, and the preacher is one of God’s ploughmen. Ye may not be offended with my similitude, in that I compare preaching to the labour and work of ploughing, and the preacher to a ploughman ; ye may not be offended with this my similitude, for I have been slandered of some persons for such things. It hath been said of me, ‘ Oh, Latimer, nay, as for him, I will never believe him while I live, nor never trust him, for he likened our blessed Lady to a saffron-bag ; where indeed I never used that similitude. . . . But in case I had used this similitude, it had not been to be reprovèd, but might have been without reproach. For I might have said thus : As the saffron-bag that hath been full of saffron, or hath had saffron in it, doth ever after savour and smell of the sweet saffron that it contained ; so, our blessed Lady, which conceived and bare Christ in her womb, did ever after resemble the manners and virtues of that precious babe that she bare. And what had our blessed Lady been the worse for this ? or what dishonour was this to our blessed Lady ? But as preachers must be wary and circumspect, that they give not any just occasion to be slandered and ill-spoken of by the hearers, so must not the auditors be offended without cause. For *heaven* is in the gospel likened to a *mustard seed* ; it is compared also to a piece of *leaven* ; and, as Christ saith, that at the last day *he* will come *like a thief* ; and what dishonour is this to God ? Or what derogation is this to heaven ? Ye may not then, I say, be offended with my similitude, for because I liken preaching to a ploughman’s labour, and a prelate to a ploughman. But now you will ask me, whom I call a prelate ? A prelate is that man, whatsoever he be, that hath a flock to be taught of him ; whosoever hath any spiritual charge in the faithful congregation, and whosoever he be that hath care of souls. And well may the preacher and the ploughman be likened together. First, for their labour of all seasons of the year ; for there is no time of the year in which the ploughman hath not some special work to do. As in my country, in Leicestershire, the ploughman hath a time to set forth and to assay his plough, and other times for other necessary works to be done. And then they also may be likened together for the diversity of works, and variety of offices that they have to do. For as the ploughman first setteth forth his plough, and then tilleth his land, and breaketh it in furrows, and sometime ridgeth it up again,



and at another time harroweth it, and clotteth it [breaks the clods], and sometime dungeth it, and hedgeth it, diggeth it, and weedeth it, purgeth, and maketh it clean; so the prelate, the preacher hath many diverse offices to do. He hath, first, a busy work to bring his parishioners to a right faith, as Paul calleth it; and not a swerving faith, but to a faith that embraceth Christ, and trusteth to his merits; a lively faith, a justifying faith, a faith that maketh a man righteous, without respect of works; as ye have it very well declared and set forth in the Homily. He hath then a busy work, I say, to bring his flock to a right faith, and then to confirm them in the same faith. Now, casting them down with the law, and with threatenings of God for sin; now ridging them up again with the Gospel, and with the promises of God's favour. Now weeding them, by telling them their faults, and making them forsake sin. Now clotting them, by breaking their stony hearts, and by making them supple-hearted, and making them to have hearts of flesh—that is, soft hearts, and apt for doctrine to enter in. Now teaching to know God rightly, and to know their duty to God and their neighbours. Now exhorting them when they know their duty, that they do it, and be diligent in it, so that they have a continual work to do. Great is their business, and therefore great should be their hire. They have great labours, and therefore they ought to have good livings, that they may commodiously feed their flock, for the preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat: Scripture calleth it *meat*, not *strawberries*, that come but once a year, and tarry not long, but are soon gone; but it is meat, it is no dainties. The people must have meat that must be familiar and continual, and daily given unto them to feed upon. Many make a strawberry of it, ministering it but once a year; but such do not the office of good prelates."

This extract is long, but racy of the man; his *strawberry preachers*, gentlemen who visited their flocks only once a year, and gave them a dainty dish on that one occasion, instead of wholesome diet all the year round, must have tickled the ears of the groundlings prodigiously, while his allusion to the occupations of the husbandman in his native county, would win their regard, as claiming kindred with the class to whom his hearers would ever mainly belong.

In his Fifth Sermon before King Edward, Latimer tells a good story of the means whereby benefices were had of the patrons in those days; but the purpose wherewith he cites it is a very solemn and denunciatory one:—

"Patrons be charged to see the office done, and not to seek a lucre and a gain by their patronship. There was a patron in England, when it was that he had a benefice fallen into his hand; and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them his man to carry them to his master. It is like he gave one to his man for his labour, to make up the game, and so there was the thirty-one. This man cometh to his

master, and presented him with the dish of apples, saying, 'Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice.' 'Tush, tush,' quoth he, 'this is no apple matter; I will have none of his apples; I have as good as these, or as he hath any, in mine own orchard.' The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master said. 'Then,' quoth the priest, 'desire him yet to prove one of them for my sake; he shall find them much better than they look for.' He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. 'Marry,' quoth he, 'this is a good apple.' The priest standing not far off, hearing what the gentleman said, cried out and answered, 'They are all one apple, I warrant you, sir; they grew all on one tree, and have all one taste.' 'Well, he is a good fellow; let him have it,' quoth the patron. 'Get you a graft of this tree, and I warrant you it will stand you in better stead than all St. Paul's learning.' Well; let patrons take heed, for they shall answer for all the souls that perish through their default. These sellers of offices show that they believe there is neither hell nor heaven; it is taken for a laughing matter."

We scarcely know where to look for a companion picture to the following, for free and vigorous handling, for the exhibition of powerful ability, and genuine talent. There are very few passages in the wide circle of English literature which excel it, on purely artistic grounds, while, in adaptation to its end, it is inimitable. We may style it

#### THE INDEFATIGABLE PRELATE.

"And now I would ask a strange question: who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the devil! He is the most diligent preacher of all others; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business, ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of Popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles, away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry: censuring, painting of images, candles, palms,

ashes, holy water, and new service, of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with, than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse; up with him, the Popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent, up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's tradition and his laws, down with God's traditions and his most holy word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin; there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as '*Memento, homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteris*' (Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes shalt thou return), which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday; but it must be spoken in Latin. God's word may in no wise be translated into English.

"Oh! that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! And this is the devilish ploughing, the which worketh to have things in Latin, and letteth the fruitful edification. But here, some man will say to me: What, sir, are ye so privy of the devil's counsel, that ye know all this to be true? Truly, I know him too well; and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies; and I know him as other men do, yea, that he is ever occupied, and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St. Peter, which saith of him: '*Sicut leo rugiens circuit quærens quem devoret*' (He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour). I would have this text well viewed and examined, every word of it: *Circuit*—he goeth about in every corner of his diocese; he goeth on visitation daily, he leaveth no place of his cure unvisited; he walketh round about from place to place, and ceaseth not. *Sicut leo*—as a lion: that is strongly, boldly, and proudly; stately and fiercely, with haughty looks, with his proud countenances, with his stately braggings. *Rugiens*—roaring; for he letteth not slip any occasion to speak or to roar out, when he seeth his time. *Quærens*—he goeth about *seeking*, and not sleeping, as our bishops do; but he seeketh diligently, he searcheth diligently all corners, wheresoever he may have his prey. He rovet abroad in any place of his diocese; he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough, that it may go forward. But there was never such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching, which, every day and every hour, laboureth to sow cockle and darnel, that he may bring out of form, and out of estimation and renown, the institution of the Lord's supper and Christ's cross?"

This sermon was delivered to the people of London, in the *shrowds* of St. Paul's, that is, in a chapel beneath the choir, to which the congregation resorted in winter, when the weather forbade their assembling in the churchyard. We can readily understand that a man who preached so vigorously against the

prelates of the Church, must have been very uneasy under the yoke of restraint, which his own seat on the bench imposed upon his rebukes, nine years before, and was glad to get his tongue once more at liberty, to denounce "the lords and the loiterers," as he called them, who did the work of governing the Church of Christ carelessly. Describing the clergy under the figure of fishermen, he rebukes their negligence and worldliness in equally plain-spoken terms:—

"Most part of them set, now-a-days, aside this fishing; they put away this net, they take other business in hand; they will rather be surveyors, or receivers, or clerks in the kitchen, than to cast out this net. They have the living of fishers, but they fish not."

A further paragraph on this head we must indulge ourselves with quoting,—its sarcasm is so severe, blended with a free humour of expression, conveying a biting medicine through a honeyed spoon:—

"Oh! that a man might have the contemplation of hell! That the devil would allow a man to look into hell, to see the state of it, as he showed all the world, when he tempted Christ in the wilderness: '*Commonstrat illi omnia regna mundi.*' He showed all the kingdoms of the world, and all their jollity, and told him that he would give him all, if he would kneel down and worship him. He lied like a false harlot; he could not give them; he was not able to give so much as a goose-wing, for they were none of his to give; the other, that he promised them unto, had more right to them than he. But I say, if one were admitted to view hell thus, and behold it thoroughly, the devil would say: 'On yonder side are punished unpreaching prelates.' I think a man should see as far as kenning, and see nothing but unpreaching prelates. He might look as far as Calais, I warrant you. And then, if he would go on the other side, and show where that bribing judges were, I think he should see so many, that there were scant room for any other. Our Lord amend it."

This is like a page from Quevedo.

In the Sermons of Latimer there is a mine of wealth, of obvious but good thoughts, and vigorous natural expression, such as every preacher who aims at popular acceptance will do well to enrich himself withal. Here and there his observations are uncommon, and marked by a shrewdness that indicates a penetration which his habitual homely simplicity would not lead one to suspect, and a depth of feeling which seems at odds with the frequent sprightliness of his illustrations and the merriment of his tales. But he is ever thoroughly in earnest—terribly in earnest in denouncing the faults of sinners to their faces, especially those of sinners in exalted stations. No one

can for a moment suppose that Latimer joked for joking's sake, or sought the paltry reward of a laugh in return for his homiletic *facetiae*. But his subjects were, many of them, of a kind to excite a smile; as, for instance, whenever the misdeeds of ignorant priests and monks were the theme of discussion, it were scarcely in human nature to withstand the provocation to laughter. Such stories were common then, and were expressly made *pour rire*, but in Latimer's hands a very merry story might enforce a very grave truth, and have tagged on to it an impressive moral. Taking all his discourses into our view, we must pronounce them, in many points, unequalled in English literature, and possessed of untiring interest to the reader. What Shakspeare is among dramatists that Latimer is among preachers. We know no more healthful production to put into the hands of our sacred orators—none likelier to do their own moral nature good, and eventually to profit their hearers than these sermons of the *Quondam* of Worcester. They give a fillip to a man's spirits, and run a golden thread through the uniform texture of his graver homiletic studies. We have no space left for an eulogium on the symmetrical dignity of Howe; and on Chalmers, with his gorgeous diction, his rhetorical iterations and exaggerations; and on Robert Hall bearing us aloft to "the pure empyrean," with an eloquence unrivalled for its union of gracefulness and power: but besides these—not instead of them—we most heartily recommend the daily perusal of genial, gentle, honest, and earnest Hugh Latimer. Over the deluge of dead and dull, but doubtless very learned theological literature, flooding the earlier half of the sixteenth century, floats the golden ark of Latimer's Remains, freighted with all that was living of that day—living still, and likely to live so long as our Saxon speech is spoken, and our evangelical Protestantism is dear. It requires but little of the skill of the soothsayer to predict the immortality of a writer, who, if as widely known as Bunyan, would be as universally approved, and as richly relished. Happy were the day for England, if the sermons of this coryphæus of preachers were as familiar on the cottage shelf as in the library of the book-worm, for probably the peasant would enjoy them most, and be most directly edified by their perusal. In any case, the name of Latimer is too perdurably carved upon the world's reverence for the tide of time to obliterate the recollection. Of this magnificent preacher and character it is as true, as of the hero of song,—

"Quem referent Musæ, vivet, dum robora tellus,  
Dum cælum stellas, dum veuat amnis aquas."

## ART. II.—THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

*The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* By John Lothrop Motley. In Three Volumes. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1858.

THE traveller who, in these days of cheap fares and excursions, sets foot on the quay of Antwerp or on one of the wharves of Rotterdam, will find it difficult to realize that others than quiet, stately burghers had thronged these streets, intent on work far different from the commercial pursuits which now seem wholly to absorb the soul of the Hollander. And in part he is right. Three centuries ago, when the questions of constitutional liberty and of religious freedom, hung upon the issue of the contest carried on in these same commercial towns, the combatants on whom devolved so mighty a task, were, in reality, little different in character or disposition from the present stolid Dutch. In some respects it was their very stolidity and unimpassionateness which made the conflict so dreadful, since it was certain that a nation like that, once roused, might be exterminated but could never succumb. It is a curious fact, but one which admits of abundant demonstration, that liberty, to be lasting, must not only be of slow and gradual growth, but that it seems to thrive best, not among the enthusiasts who with one fell swoop would hew down the upas tree of abuses, but among the punctilious adherents to things as they are, among the lovers of precedent and the almost pedantic worshippers of "order." Study and compare the histories of the French and English Revolutions, or those of the Dutch States and of Germany, and this conclusion will be inborne upon you with irresistible force. In truth, it is not one man nor a set of men that can accomplish a great social revolution, either by dint of logical arguments or by stirring appeals. A nation to be free must be able to achieve and to maintain its own liberty, and this can only be done through the force of principles received, of which the importance and value is felt throughout the community. Every great revolution, if lasting, must have its moral causes and its moral aim. This was pre-eminently the case in the Netherlands.

Sooth to say, that trim, flat little country, with its canals intersecting it in every part, its antique towns, and grave population, is classical soil—much more important, so far as the great interests of mankind are concerned, than even Greece or Rome. Thence the great movement in favour of letters issued, there the great question of popular rights was contested, there



the cause of civil and religious liberty, as applying not to nations merely but to individuals, gained its first triumph. Among the lasting benefactors of the race impartial history will place William of Orange in the first rank; and long after the laurels of conquerors have faded, will the service rendered to mankind by the Dutch nation be gratefully remembered.

Few undertakings, humanly speaking, could have promised less than an attempt on the part of peaceful burghers to shake off the domination of Spain. Conceive a few provinces, unarmed and untrained, betrayed by some and deserted by others upon whose assistance they had relied, baffling the "immortals" and "invincibles" of an Alva, and ultimately not only succeeding in their object, but, for a time, rising to the rank of a first-rate power, becoming the asylum of the oppressed, the bulwark of Protestantism, and even the hope and deliverance of our own country! Who that compared these effects with the agents at work, or calculated merely according to subordinate causes, could have predicted such results? Truly, when looking upon events not isolated but in their interconnexion and ultimate bearing, do we learn the two great lessons of history—the overruling of Providence, and the moral power of man.

At the close of his days, the Emperor Charles V. had seen all his long-cherished projects defeated. He had hoped to humble France, to establish the supremacy of his house throughout Europe, and to crush that hated heresy which had sprung up in the empire. For some time his plans promised well. The Protestant powers of Germany seemed to offer an easy prey. Instead of cherishing a lively piety, the princes were often only notorious for vices too common in their age; instead of closely uniting as against a common foe, they were divided into most hostile factions; instead of broadly enunciating the great principle—that in matters of conscience man could not own a master on earth—they emulated each other and the Pope in narrow-minded and sectarian bigotry. Against rulers so selfish, weak, and even profligate, against theologians wrangling and disputatious, against peoples whose religion had to conform to the dictates of their rulers, Rome gathering her forces to a fresh contest, occupied peculiar vantage ground. But at the moment when Protestantism seemed paralyzed, if not broken, when, after the decisive victory of Muhlberg, the emperor led the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse—the only two decided champions of Protestantism—captives in his train, appeared an unexpected enemy, and the aspect of affairs wholly changed. The emperor lay sick and without an army at Innsbruck, when Maurice of Saxony, so long

his partisan, suddenly advanced against him. Charles V. was obliged to fly ; and the treaty of Passau and the religious peace of Augsburg gave legal sanction to the Reformation in Germany. True, the terms of that treaty, from the benefits of which Calvinists were entirely excluded, and which threatened effectually to arrest the progress of Protestantism, were, in many respects, humiliating. Still, it was a victory as unexpected as it was great. The fundamental principle of that pacification, "*Cujus regio ejus religio*" (whose land his creed), indicates both what it secured and wherein it came short. The rights of Protestant princes were recognised, those of Christian peoples ignored—a defect which, as a canker-worm, has ever since eaten at the root of German Protestantism. It was otherwise, as we shall soon see, with Calvinistic churches.

Broken in health by excesses, and in spirit by disappointments, Charles V., with his usual love of display, resolved on making, at least, a glorious exit. He would resign all his honours, he would retire into a convent, and without passing through the intermediate state of weakness and decadence, at once step from the palace to the church,—from being a successor of the Cæsars to the still higher rank of a Popish saint. How ill he performed the latter part of his purpose, historical researches have irrefragably shown. In St. Just the recluse indulged in the excesses of the table, at least so far as the utterly disorganized state of his health would admit, while alternating feasts with medicinal, if not with religious, penances. He that professed to be dead to the world, gave his whole mind and heart to reading and writing despatches. Yet, genuine or hollow, the spectacle had been enacted, and in solemn assembly Charles had resigned the government of the Netherlands and of Spain into the hands of his son Philip II. As usual among the speech-loving Netherlanders, there had been abundance of oratory on the occasion, and withal not a few tears. Some would have it, that the whole assembly was bathed in tears. Whether we take such expressions as figurative or as literal, there certainly was sufficient cause for weeping, although not exactly for the abdication of Charles.

The old emperor had resolved to leave his son under circumstances favourable for the extirpation of heresy. In Germany we have already seen the Protestant princes had achieved for themselves, if not for their peoples, religious liberty. Even in Austria, which, along with the crown of Germany and that of Bohemia, devolved on Ferdinand, the emperor's brother, toleration had to be extended to the new religion, while in Bohemia its influence was rapidly extending. But by vigorous measures, Spain might still be kept unsullied by the breath of heresy, and

in the Netherlands the embers be prevented from kindling into a general conflagration. Already edicts the most stringent prohibited the exercise of the reformed faith, and inquisitors were especially intrusted with the grateful task of exterminating heretics. In the Netherlands, in France, and in Britain, the religious movement was pre-eminently not the prince's but the people's. On the throne of England sat the "Bloody Mary," in this respect fit wife of Philip; in France, Catherine of Medici held the reins of government, and the Huguenots attempted a doubtful resistance, soon to terminate in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In the Netherlands, not mighty, nor learned, nor noble men, had espoused the cause of the reform. Traders and artisans, with their wives and children, devoutly listened to the unadorned eloquence of truth flowing from the lips of those who, save in the school of grace, had received no higher training than themselves, or secretly assembled to hear the glowing denunciations of unfrocked priest or monk. With these men and women religion was pre-eminently a matter of the heart and of conviction; they knew and saw that confiscation, the halter, or the stake, awaited them—in one scale lay all that is near and dear to the heart of man, in the other, religious truth—and they made their choice. Meetings were held in rooms fronting the very square, and at the very time, when some of their brethren suffered martyrdom. These witnesses and victims were numbered by thousands, and the great day alone will reveal deeds of cruelty and deeds of martyrdom which, in our days, we find it almost difficult to realize.

If Philip II. had any principle or conviction, it was that of unswerving subserviency to Rome. Far rather, he swore, would he exterminate the population of the Netherlands, or, like Abraham, sacrifice his own flesh, than tolerate heresy. Weak, suspicious, double, cruel, and grossly licentious, it may be doubted whether monarch in Christendom had ever combined more vices, or known fewer generous impulses. He was true only in his duplicity, or to the Pope; he appeared mild only when he wished to deceive; he was diligent only in petty details; he was great only in schemes of treachery or of wholesale murder. His correspondence, which after the lapse of centuries, has seen the light, must load his memory with eternal infamy. In the Netherlands his imperial father had left him an heirloom of persecuting edicts, and broken oaths to the constitution. It only required that the work thus auspiciously begun, should be continued and carried out; and if unflinching courage and earnest determination had been sufficient for that purpose, the issue could not long have been doubtful. A war

with France at the commencement of his reign was speedily terminated, not so much by the brilliant victories of Count Egmont, as through the firm resolution of Philip to conclude a peace. His troops were required, not for the conquest of France, but for the suppression of heresy and the absolute subjection of the Netherlands. But here, at the very outset of his career, he was destined to meet the great opponent of all his schemes, the liberator of his country, William of Orange.

The family of Orange-Nassau was one of the most prominent not only in the Netherlands but in the empire. William, the heir of so many honours and of such vast wealth, had been early selected by Charles V. as his confidant and almost friend. Even when a tender youth he had been allowed to be present at the most secret deliberations, and thus acquired the extensive knowledge of men and matters which, combined with extraordinary sagacity and prudence, so well fitted him for the task of his life. Under the reign of Philip II. he was also intrusted with most important negotiations and commands. At the period to which we refer he was a generous, lavish, and liberal-minded prince, but as yet a Roman Catholic in profession. He had indeed enjoyed the advantage of early religious training by a pious mother; still the protection which he afforded to the persecuted "of the religion," arose from motives far different from those of religious sympathy. When a hostage in France, Henry II., ignorant of his character, had communicated to him a scheme concerted between himself and his brother of Spain, according to which, by one blow, all the heretics in both countries were to be exterminated. For this purpose were the Spanish troops to be employed in the Netherlands. William of Orange received the communication without betraying his emotion by word or gesture—a circumstance from which he earned the title of "Taciturn,"—but from that moment his resolution was taken. He returned to the Netherlands determined, in the first place, to accomplish the immediate removal of the Spanish troops. In that resolution he had the fullest assistance of the nobles and estates. Before Philip returned to Spain, the estates, with many loyal professions, had insisted on the withdrawal of the hated mercenaries, and the enraged king not unjustly traced the bold demand to his wary antagonist.

Two great measures had Philip enjoined on Margaret of Parma, his representative in the Netherlands: the extermination of heretics, and the establishment of absolute royal power. That princess, a natural daughter of Charles V., made up by Italian arts for the want of Dutch honesty or native talent. Her chief adviser at that time, Cardinal Granvelle, was a crafty

churchman, unprincipled, but with courage and talent sufficient for any emergency. Soon, popular hatred concentrated itself upon the cardinal and the Spanish troops. After a period of vain resistance both had to be removed. But these measures of conciliation were no longer sufficient to allay the popular excitement. Despite the horrors of the Inquisition daily enacted before the people, the new opinions had spread with astonishing rapidity. Despite intrigues and kingcraft, the nobles were clamorous for such reforms as promised to preserve their constitutional rights, and the liberties of the people. Already thousands of armed burghers attended outside the various towns on the preaching of the Reformers. Monster petitions and remonstrances had been presented by the nobles to the regent; the innovators were organized into a body under the name of the "Beggars;" nay, in a paroxysm of popular fury, images and statues had been demolished throughout the chief cities of the land, and Protestant worship substituted for the rites of Rome. Terrified into temporary submission, Margaret of Parma had made religious concessions, and intrusted the popular nobles with the pacification of the country. Throughout these commotions, Orange and his friends, though entirely opposed to the religious persecution which had provoked it, had neither approved of, nor taken part in, the popular movement. Even at a later period, when ardently attached to the Reformation, that master-mind sufficiently understood the principle of religious liberty to oppose his authority to all measures of violence in matters of faith. All along he had tendered his best advice to the regent, and employed his most earnest endeavours to carry out her measures of compromise. Even more than Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn had stood aloof from the popular party. Though brave and brilliant, Lamoral de Egmont was deficient in those qualities which are necessary in a leading man. He was vain and vacillating, easily led aside by flattery, and destitute of high principle or wide sympathies. Like almost all the nobles, he had shared in the resistance to government, or at least to Granvelle, and thereby incurred the wrath of Philip, who never forgave or forgot; he had also been victorious against the French, and thereby mortally offended the envious Alva. But despite all his tergiversations he was devotedly loyal to Philip; he even took part in the subjection of rebel cities, and hanged a sufficient number of heretics to render his orthodoxy unsuspected. Count Horn was a gloomy, morose individual, who cared neither for king nor people, a good Catholic and—the best guarantee of his loyalty—hopelessly involved in debt. Such were some of the principal "*dramatis personæ*." As for Margaret of Parma, she had never been in earnest with

her concessions. As gradually she collected troops, she was able to retrace her steps. In this Egmont and most of the other nobles lent her their fullest aid. Orange alone protested, and left the country to prepare in Germany means of resistance. By measures of sharp repression the country had been almost "pacified," when Alva with his Spanish legions appeared to take fearful reprisal.

The duke had been sent from Spain, with ample instructions and a trunkful of blank death-warrants, on a mission entirely congenial to his ferocious nature. The amount of accumulated misery which his rule entailed upon the unfortunate country he was sent to govern, has given a false lustre of mildness to the administration which preceded and to that which succeeded his own. The first step was to secure Egmont, Horn, and the principal nobles. Repeated warnings and threatening appearances had been insufficient to rouse the sanguine Egmont to a sense of his danger. Taken by vile treachery, condemned in defiance of all principles of justice and of every form of law, the unhappy count and his friend Horn expiated on the scaffold their trust of Philip. These judicial murders sent a thrill of horror throughout the country; but the Netherlands were soon to become accustomed to such proceedings. The "blood-council" (as it was called) in Brussels, of which Alva was chief, proceeded to decree wholesale execution and confiscation. Property, principle, independence, or religion, became the death-warrant of thousands; in these times suspicion could not attach to a person without instant danger, nor was a man safe who had an enemy. Meantime, the first attempt of William of Orange to deliver his country, had proved singularly unsuccessful. His French auxiliaries had been dispersed, and after a short and barren triumph the national party had been routed, and Alva had amply avenged the temporary reverses of Spanish arms. It was then that the cruelties, on the taking of cities, commenced, which have so deeply stained Spanish honour. Butcheries, rape, and general plunder, attended every one of their victories. The history of one of these sacks is the history of all. Generally speaking, the patriot troops continued unsuccessful on land; it was otherwise with the flotilla which was soon organized. The "Beggars of the Sea" occupied the key of the northern provinces, which, indeed, throughout the contest, showed most tenacious adherence, and ultimately remained alone faithful to the national cause. If all other means failed, the burghers would rather break down their *dykes* and lay the country under water than surrender to such an enemy. On one occasion, at least, the boats of the nationalists were thus enabled to bring relief. In this respect, the siege of Alkmaar,



and afterwards that of Leyden, will always remain memorable. Even victories, such as the capture of Haarlem, were dearly bought by the Spaniards, and cost them fully more than the national party lost. Baffled in the northern provinces, and intensely unpopular on account of his financial measures, Alva, execrated by all, gave place to Requesens. Under the brief administration of that governor, the contest was carried on with the same results as before. The northern provinces maintained their liberty, while in the south the Spaniards kept their supremacy. Orange was still at the head of the national party, and his ingenuity and perseverance frustrated all the plans of the enemy, as his probity resisted the attempts made now and afterwards to bribe him into submission.

The unexpected death of Requesens gave rise to fresh difficulties. In the words of Motley, Philip "was angry with him, not for dying, but for dying at so very inconvenient a moment." In Spain there was indecision, in the Netherlands hopeless confusion. In the meantime the government devolved upon the council at Brussels, a conclave very incompetent to bear rule at such a period. To crown the difficulties, the Spanish troops had broken into open mutiny, clamouring for their arrears. Such outbursts were, indeed, by no means uncommon; but at this juncture the military insurrection, for such we must call it, assumed fearful proportions. With one exception, the state council was composed of Netherlanders, and was neither able nor, perhaps, very willing to meet the demands of the soldiery. The troops insisted either on immediate payment or on indemnification in the sack of some great city. Orange knew how to avail himself of this position of matters, and, for the first and last time, to unite all the provinces in common opposition. The mutineers were outlawed, and forthwith began to consider themselves, and to be regarded by all Spaniards, as the only faithful adherents of King Philip. Led by their officers, they betook themselves, after having sacked some cities, to Antwerp, the great commercial emporium of continental Europe, and, at the time, perhaps, the richest and most thriving city. Here there was enough and to spare for the cupidity of all. The burghers immediately prepared for such resistance as the desire to defend all that is most dear can suggest to untrained men, left without proper leadership, to oppose a highly disciplined and well-officered army. The consequences can readily be imagined. The victims of the "Spanish Fury" of Antwerp were more than those of the St. Bartholomew at Paris.

"The city, which had been a world of wealth and splendour, was changed to a charnel-house, and from that hour its commercial prosperity was blasted: 3,000 dead bodies were discovered on the

streets, as many more were estimated to have perished in the Scheldt, and nearly an equal number was burnt or destroyed in other ways: 8,000 persons were undoubtedly put to death. Six millions of property were destroyed by the fire, and, at least, as much more was obtained by the Spaniards."

These horrible events led to the Treaty of Ghent, in which the various provinces of the Netherlands combined to protect their civil and religious liberties, and to expel the Spaniards.

But while the patriots were gathering strength, Philip had appointed a new governor, in the person of Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., a youth celebrated from his victories in the East, and known as an enthusiastic soldier. The prince had accepted the government of the Netherlands, not for its own sake, but with the view of carrying out a favourite, but, fortunately, an impossible scheme. Don John meditated no less than an armed invasion of England, the dethronement of Elizabeth, and the establishment of a Popish monarchy! But for this purpose, it was necessary first to pacify the Netherlands, both in order not to leave an enemy behind, and to be at liberty to employ his troops in the proposed undertaking. Nor did the prince doubt his ability to perform this difficult task. Disguised as a Moorish servant, he had travelled in haste through Spain and France, and now arrived with the delusive hope of re-enacting Cæsar's "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" Armed with unlimited powers to flatter, to bribe, and to deceive, the prince was chagrined to find that the Netherlands insisted, as a first condition, on the dismissal of the Spanish troops. This was the first blow to his hopes. The next disappointment was the manifest impossibility of gaining over the prince of Orange. Gradually one after another of his dreams was rudely dispelled. Indeed, betrayed and suspected by Philip, and by his councillors in Spain; left without support in the Netherlands, Don John soon found himself engaged in an almost desperate undertaking. Meantime, an Austrian archduke had arrived in the Netherlands, in the hope of gaining, during these troubles, a crown for himself. It is not necessary to follow his course, as, from the first, he remained entirely subject to Orange, and ultimately withdrew ingloriously. In the war which was carried on afresh between the new levies of Don John and the national party, the result was very much the same as before. Broken-spirited, disappointed—if not poisoned by Philip—Don John fell into an early grave, leaving the government of the Netherlands to Alexander of Parma, who had lately arrived with auxiliaries from Italy.

The son of Margaret of Parma, who now held the reins of government, was by far the most astute diplomatist and the

ablest general whom Spain had deputed to the provinces. It was his aim to divide, and thus to conquer. If the prince of Orange could not be gained, a high price might be set upon his head; and all the bravoës of Europe be attracted by tempting offers for earth and heaven—since Philip undertook the one, the Pope the other obligation to the murderer. Again, a little prudent management showed that most of the nobles, who had never taken an interest in the religious movement, might be bought. One by one they made their submission. At the same time, apparently conciliatory measures effected a separation between the Roman Catholic provinces of the South, and their Calvinistic brethren of the North. Even in the latter states, Orange had to contend with a lawless democracy, which spurned all government and order, with niggardliness or jealousy, and almost single-handed, to resist the enemies of his country. Instead of being united against the common foe, the Netherlands were divided into three parties: the South, which adhered to Philip; a portion of the North, which, by the advice of Orange, had chosen the duke of Anjou as king; and Holland and Zealand, which would acknowledge no other lord than William. The policy of Orange, in calling in French aid, has frequently been questioned. The well-known want of principle on the part of the duke of Anjou, his cruelty to the Huguenots, and the general disposition of the French court, are held to have been sufficient objections to any such measure. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered, that at the time, such an alliance held out the only prospect of successful resistance. If the whole power of France could be enlisted in the national cause, the result would not be uncertain, while it seemed comparatively easy afterwards to keep the duke to those constitutional obligations to the country, which he had solemnly undertaken. From no other quarter was help to be expected. England, which all along had played fast and loose, now used all her influence in favour of Anjou, between whom and the Maiden Queen there was one of those love passages, with which Elizabeth amused herself, if not others. Besides, nothing could be more ample than the professions of the French court, and the promises of Anjou. For a time all promised well. Orange and Anjou co-operated with apparent cordiality. But this state of matters could not last. Impatient of the limitations to his power, Anjou resolved, by a *coup d'état*, to rid himself of all trammels. However, the "French Fury" of Antwerp proved a wretched failure; and Anjou was obliged hastily to withdraw from the country. It was impossible for Orange any longer to resist the solicitations of the northern provinces. He accepted at last the government, although with

self-imposed limitations, which left the entire rule of the United States in the hands of the representatives of the people.

The independence of Holland had been accomplished; but the great stroke, upon which the heart of Philip and of his deputies had so long been set, was now also dealt; and the man who could not be removed by fair means, fell under the hand of the assassin. Several attempts upon the life of the prince had previously been made, in one of which Orange was dangerously wounded; when a wild fanatic, Balthazar Gérard, offered himself to Parma for the accomplishment of this foul purpose. Encouraged by the priests, and tempted by the large reward of the king, the murderer took effective measures to secure his object. On pretence of being a persecuted convert to Protestantism, he gained access to the person of the prince. On one occasion, when dispatched to inform William of the death of Anjou, he received from the munificence of the prince some money, to relieve the feigned poverty, which deprived him of a suitable attire in which to appear at church. The murderer had now both the opportunity and the resources for accomplishing his design. William was singularly unsuspecting. He was wont to say: "God in His mercy will maintain my innocence and my honour during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to His service. He will do therewith what pleases Him, for His glory and my salvation." The closing scene of such a life deserves to be described with the particularity and accuracy of Mr. Motley's narrative:—

"On Tuesday, the 10th July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room; William the Silent was dressed upon that day according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars, in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals, with the motto: 'Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace;' while a loose surcoat of grey frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The prince carelessly observed that 'it was merely a person who came for a passport;' ordering a secretary at the same time forthwith to prepare one. The princess, still not relieved, observed, in an undertone, that 'she had never seen so villanous a countenance.' Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much

with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock, the company rose from table. The prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was upon the ground-floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passage-way, with the main entrance into the courtyard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase, leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half-way up the flight. The prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound: 'Oh, my God! have mercy upon my soul! Oh, my God! have mercy upon this poor people!' These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, 'Yes.' His master of the horse, Jacob von Malden, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where, in a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister."

The murderer escaped not vengeance, nor did the tyrant who had hired him secure his object. Orange had lived long enough to effect the freedom of his country, and to leave behind those who would preserve what he had gained. William the Silent had been four times married. His first wife, the Countess Van Buren, was the richest heiress in the Netherlands; his second wife was the dissolute and crazy Ann of Saxony, whose adultery with the father of Rubens led to her divorce, but whose vices and follies scarcely excused the inhuman treatment to which she was subjected by her relatives; his third wife was the Princess of Bourbon, a fugitive nun; his fourth wife was the daughter of the murdered Admiral Coligny. Our sketch of his life cannot be more aptly concluded than in the words of Motley:—

"He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, com-

mended his soul in dying to 'his great captain Christ.' The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William;' and not all the clouds which calumny could collect, ever dimmed, to their eyes, the radiance of that lofty mind, to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a great nation; and when he died, the little children cried in the streets."

Such, in its leading outlines, is the history of that memorable contest, of greater importance and interest than any other in the history of modern Europe. It only remains now briefly to indicate the manner in which Mr. Motley has performed his task as a historian, and to point the moral of his tale. Of Mr. Motley himself we cannot speak in terms too commendatory. Few works, among those which it has been ours to peruse, have given us more lively satisfaction than his volumes. Manifestly, the author has spared no pains in collecting abundant materials, both from the works of contemporary historians, from later publications, and from manuscripts in the archives of Brussels, of the Hague, and of Dresden. Every chapter, we had almost said every page, bears marks of unwearied industry; while the whole is couched in language as clear as it is pictorial. Add to this, that our author's principles are broad, liberal, and elevated; that with unswerving truthfulness, he indicates the errors and failings, as well as the constancy and the virtues of the national party; and it will be admitted that, in this case at least, the historian has fully come up to the grandeur of his subject. If any exception might be taken, it would be to the fulness of details, and the occasional minuteness of description. But, perhaps, in this case, the error has been on the safe side, as a much more truthful and vivid impression of facts, and of the characteristics of men, is gathered from a detailed account of particulars, than merely from broad outlines. We have no hesitation in ranking our author with Prescott, Macaulay, and Carlyle, among the historians of our age, whose works will continue so long as the English language is read.

All history has not only its past interest, but its present importance. The seeds sown in a former age have sprung up to be wide-spreading trees, and for good or for evil have borne abundant fruit. Since the events to which we have adverted have taken place, Spain has shrunk into a contemptible second-rate power, hopelessly torn, helplessly fallen. On the other hand, the United Provinces have enjoyed liberty, prosperity, and peace. Theirs it has been to be chief actor in many a historic drama; and the intelligence, power, and influence of their citizens have been felt throughout Europe. Can it be deemed unfair to trace these effects to the principles which guided the



respective policy of these countries—or is it narrow-minded sectarianism to point on the one hand to Rome, and on the other to the Bible, as the ultimate source of their difference? We live in a strange era of historical confusion, when men, forgetful of the lessons of the past, will rush blindfold towards a new contest, more fearful, perhaps, than any which the world has yet witnessed. It is well for us, in the midst of national struggles and aspirations, to have the great events of the past recalled to our minds, that our energies may be rightly directed, that we may learn more firmly to trust in Him who reigneth in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath, more ardently, each in his own station, to aim for the spread of genuine religious principle, and more joyfully to believe that truth and right, however opposed, will ultimately triumph. In the history of nations, as of individuals, well *doing* is ever well *being*; liberty and prosperity depend on inward and moral, not on outward and material causes. Nor must we omit, in the midst of so many wild and visionary schemes, propounded of late, to record our gratitude to the historian, who has once more shown us, in the “*Rise of the Dutch Republic*,” the reality of these principles.

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### ART. III.—ANGLICAN STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY.

*A History of the so-called Jansenist Church of Holland; with a Sketch of its Earlier Annals, and some Account of the Brothers of the Common Life.* By the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A. Oxford and London: J. H. and James Parker. 1858.

THE teaching of St. Augustin made a deep and lasting impression on the Church. All the healthy elements in the theology of the Middle Ages, and the greater part of what was genuine in its spiritual life, was to be traced to its influence. The precursors of the Reformation, also—Wycliffe, Huss, and others—and the Reformers themselves, had been deeply imbued with the fundamental principles which the Bishop of Hippo had so powerfully urged in his writings. The doctrine of the entire inability of man, of Divine grace in the election and calling of saints—of the Church of the Predestinate, as Huss was wont to write—occupied the foreground in their dogmatic statements. Against this tendency, a reaction had early sprung up; and gathering strength and developing as it proceeded, it may not inaptly be designated as constituting the distinguishing

peculiarity in the doctrinal system of Rome. The contest between the two parties, carried on through centuries, continued for a time even after the Reformation. The Dominicans represented Augustinian, the Franciscans and Jesuits the opposite views. It was as if on the issue of these questions it hung, whether the Church of Rome might still hold a leaven of evangelical truth. Both parties naturally felt the importance of their position, and their struggle was keen and protracted. It is scarcely necessary to say to which side victory ultimately inclined. As exhibiting this contest, the history of Jansenism—by which name the views of the Augustinians latterly passed—is, therefore, among the most attractive chapters in the great book of ecclesiastical events. Besides, associated as it is with the names and writings of Jansenius, of Arnauld, and of Quesnel, it claims even more than the interest which must necessarily attach to a controversy carried on under such circumstances. It was hence with peculiar satisfaction that we had read the *title* of the book which we have placed at the head of this article, and we regret to say it is with equal disappointment that we now lay it aside, as entirely inadequate to the reasonable demands an unprejudiced reader would be disposed to make, and as grossly inaccurate in many particulars. Before pointing out the special exceptions which we have to make, we shall, in a few paragraphs, compress a sketch of the history of Jansenism.

Our readers will have gathered, that the doctrinal differences between the two great parties in the Roman Church, were fundamental and vital. They concerned not merely *one* dogma, but gave colour to the entire mode of viewing the Gospel scheme of salvation. Among the various schools of theology, Louvain represented, perhaps, more than any other what, for the sake of distinction, we shall call the evangelical party. There Bains taught—whose opinions Paul V. condemned—thence, also, came both Jansenius and St. Cyran. Meantime, the Jesuits had not been idle. Their manifesto, as published by Molina, in his “Concord of Free Will with Grace and Justification,” was grossly Pelagian, and, as such, condemned even at Rome. But the “order” was too powerful to be set at nought, and the bull directed against Molinism never saw the light. Twelve years afterwards Jansenius commenced his great work entitled, “Augustinus.” It is beyond our province to trace even the outlines of this book; but we must express our astonishment that Mr. Neale, in professedly treating of Jansenism, should have given so meagre, so insufficient, and so unsatisfactory a sketch of it. The work of Jansenius was immediately attacked by the Jesuits, and condemned by the

Pope. Obligated to succumb to the sentence of Rome, the defenders of the "Augustinus," among whom we reckon the ablest and best divines in France, headed by Arnauld, confined themselves to a denial that the propositions so attainted had, in that sense, been held by Jansenius, or occurred in his work. The Pope, it was argued, might be infallible in *doctrine*, but was he not liable to error as to a matter of fact? However specious the pleading, it will readily be seen that this was merely an evasion, devised to enable the Augustinians to remain in the communion of Rome. With all the show of outward submission, therefore, the dogmatic differences remained the same as before. For a time the party of the Jansenists seemed again in the ascendant. The influence of Pascal and of the Port-Royal, court manœuvres, and the miraculous cure "of an inveterate ulcer in the left eye" by means of "a thorn from our Lord's crown" (a miracle in which Mr. Neale believes!), accomplished these results. But the triumph was brief. Innocent and Alexander VII. insisted on a general subscription to a "Formulary," in which certain propositions (five in number), professedly taken from the "Augustinus," were formally condemned. Under the administration of Clement IX. the Jansenists enjoyed their greatest, but also their last, victory. It was at that period that the admirable "Reflexions Morales" on the New Testament, by Quesnel—well known to Protestant scholars—appeared, which were so soon to evoke the terrible bull "Unigenitus." Unable to resist the fulminations of Innocent XI., Quesnel, Arnauld, and other ecclesiastics, at last withdrew to the Netherlands, where their views had found extensive sympathy. Indeed, long before Jansenius appeared, a deeply interesting movement had sprung up in the Roman Catholic Church of that country. "The Brothers of the Common Life," of whom Thomas à Kempis is popularly the best known, may properly be designated as among the last outposts of the "Reformers before the Reformation." Their history, labours, and teaching, are necessarily beyond our present limits. But certainly a party like this deserves to be characterized otherwise than by the silly extracts and anecdotes with which Mr. Neale has illustrated their history. The false humility which would induce a "brother" to commit errors in reading, in order to draw down a reproof, or the passive obedience which members of this community displayed, are surely not the essential features of such a movement. They are rather the remaining excrescences of an old and incongruous system—the old bottles which the new wine was so soon to burst. Of the same kind with this mode of representation is the assertion, so startling as coming from an Anglican minister,

that John Huss was "the mouthpiece" of "growing heresies." However, with praiseworthy caution, Mr. Neale has forbore to inform his readers in what these heresies consisted. Even the bitterest enemies of Huss have not been able to substantiate any charges against his teaching, save those connected with his Augustinian views, or with the refusal absolutely to submit to the authority of the Pope. His sentiments on the sacraments, on purgatory, and even on the saints, agreed with those of Rome; nor had he perceived the incompatibility of his fundamental views of Christian truth with the Papal system. To say the least, it argues a considerable amount of historical ignorance or presumption in a clergyman, who himself is "a schismatic from Rome," however "advanced" in "Catholicity" he may be, to accuse Huss of "heresy."

The interest which attaches to the Jansenist movement decreases as we follow its development. It was natural that the Pope should insist on subscription to the "Formulary," and submission, and that in case of opposition he should refuse to install bishops, or even proceed to excommunication. That those contests should have been aggravated by the interference and hostility of the Jesuits, appears scarcely strange. On the other hand, we cannot conceive with what consistency a party which admitted the claims and the supremacy of the Pope, should have refused to acquiesce in his decisions. A position so untenable, could only end in a gradual dereliction of fundamental principles, and must have terminated in an attempt to reduce the great questions originally at issue into points of casuistry and canon law. That such was ultimately the case, the account given by Mr. Neale abundantly shows. The Jansenist Church, which arose from the schism to which we have adverted, was continued by an act of episcopal consecration, performed by a bishop, suspended by the Pope from his ecclesiastical functions. One after another, the Jansenist bishops have since that time protested their entire adherence to Roman doctrine, practice, and discipline, save in the few objections to which we have referred, and notified their election to the Pope, begging his confirmation. Of course their applications have either been refused or left unnoticed. The sect has decreased in numbers and influence, and what Mr. Neale is pleased to call "the national Church" of Holland, is, at present, a small and insignificant body for which a glorious future scarcely seems reserved.

Without entering on a detailed explanation, the reader will readily understand the reason of the special favour with which a certain party in the Anglican Church regards the Jansenist movement. Not the great principles from which that movement

originally proceeded, but the petty details which now keep the Jansenists separate from Rome, are important in their eyes. To show that a Church may hold "Catholic views," and yet on some such ground as the bull "Unigenitus," the refusal to believe in the infallibility of the Pope, so far as *facts* are concerned, or the rights of "chapters," remain separate from Rome, and yet in that separation continue to be "*Catholic*," is an object worthy of the best literary endeavours. That withal the great principles in their history are kept in the background, that the *spirit* of the movement is entirely extinguished, that, to speak honestly, such treatment is contrary to the plainest and first rules of historical investigations—these are circumstances which, in comparison with the object in view, are but of secondary importance. In this respect, Mr. Neale has, we admit, succeeded admirably. He has studied much and laboured hard to prove, that the difference between the Jansenist and the Romish Church lies in a few points of casuistry, on which only the experienced canonist is capable of deciding. But to the title of a history of Jansenism, in the broad and true sense of that term, his book certainly cannot lay any claim.

It only remains to point out some of those startling historical assertions, into which the prejudices of our author occasionally betray him. To one of these—the charge against Huss—we have already adverted. Passing over others, such as that "the true description" of the Jesuits is furnished by the adage, "Where well none better, where ill none worse"—a statement, most Englishmen will agree, too long *by one half*—we shall briefly call attention to one or two which we hope he may be induced to retract.

With reference to the troubles in the Netherlands, during the great war between Spain and the national party, we are coolly assured: "It is probable that the palm of barbarity—it is certain that that of duplicity—must be awarded to the Protestants." Against this bold assertion let us set some facts, taken from Mr. Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic:" "Thousands and ten thousands of virtuous, well-disposed men and women," observes that writer, "who had as little sympathy with Anabaptistical as with Roman depravity, were butchered in cold blood, under the sanguinary rule of Charles, in the Netherlands." "The number of Netherlands who were burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive, in obedience to Charles's edicts, and for the offence of reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, or of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer, have been placed as high as a hundred thousand by distinguished authorities, and have rarely been put at a lower mark

than fifty thousand." Of the Edict of 1550 against Protestants, it is not necessary to say more than that it ordained that *repentant* heretics were to be beheaded or buried alive, while all others were to be burned; and that an express provision forbade any application for mercy, or for a commutation of sentence! The work, so well begun by Charles, was perfected by his son Philip II. Of the incredible cruelties committed—in defiance of every principle of justice and law—by his inquisitors, among whom the infamous Titelmann is the most notorious, it is almost needless to speak. It will be sufficient in this respect to quote a sentence from a letter of Philip to his sister, in the Netherlands: "Wherefore introduce the Spanish inquisition? *The inquisition of the Netherlands is much more pitiless than that of Spain.*" The statement speaks volumes. Of the administration of Alva, who succeeded Margaret of Parma, in the government of the Netherlands, Mr. Motley, after having summed up a catalogue of almost unheard-of barbarities, remarks:—

"The time is past when it could be said that the cruelty of Alva, or the enormities of his administration, have been exaggerated by party violence. Human invention is incapable of outstripping the truth upon this subject. To attempt the defence of either the man or his measures at the present day, is to convict one's self of an amount of ignorance or bigotry, against which history and argument are alike powerless. The publication of the duke's letters in the correspondence Samancas and in the Besançon papers, together with that compact mass of horror, long before the world, under the title of 'Sententien von Alva,' in which a portion only of the sentences of death and banishment, pronounced by him during his reign, have been copied from the official records—these, in themselves, would be a sufficient justification of all the charges ever brought by the most bitter contemporary of Holland or of Flanders. If the investigator should remain sceptical, however, let him examine the 'Registre des Condamnés et Bannis à Cause des Troubles des Pays-Bas,' in three, together with the Records of the 'Conseil des Troubles,' in forty-three folio volumes, in the royal archives of Brussels. After going through all these chronicles of iniquity, the most determined historic doubter will probably throw up the case."

We are willing to leave the charge of "barbarity," as brought against the Protestants, to be decided on this evidence. The truth of the matter is, that, although by outbursts of popular fury, inexcusable indeed, but not very unnatural in the circumstances, the Protestants occasionally violated the principles of liberty of conscience, such instances were *very rare*, they were immediately disavowed, and entirely checked. From the first, Orange and his friends asserted the right of



every individual to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience; and from the first he defended Roman Catholics in the enjoyment of rights which he claimed for himself. This, indeed, constitutes one of the noblest features in the movement. On the other hand, Rome, from the first, maintained the opposite principle—her persecutions were continuous, systematic, and unremitting. As for the charge of “duplicity,” which Mr. Neale prefers against the national party, it is too ludicrous to merit refutation. Philip, Margaret, Alva—who that has figured in history can dispute them the palm of the most masterly hypocrisy, imposition and duplicity, unless, indeed, the Jesuits, in whose school they had learned? Why, as for Philip, he systematically deceived, not one, but *every* person—his subjects, his enemies, his allies, his correspondents, his ministers, and even his secretaries. Or who would speak of duplicity, that remembers the vile treachery by which Alva lured Egmont and Horn into the snare which he had prepared for them?

These are samples, and only samples, of the historical information to which Mr. Neale treats his readers. If our space admitted, it were easy to multiply them. The terms in which he alludes to that great hero and patriot, William of Orange, the manner in which he incidentally adverts to the Reformation, and to the “apostacy” of so many monks at that time, the continual use of the word “Church,” when speaking of the Popish community, all prove—if proof were necessary—the political and religious tendencies of the party to which Mr. Neale belongs. That party, we fondly hope, is on the decline; recent disclosures will scarcely make it more popular. As Englishmen and as Protestants, it is well for us that it should be so. With reference to performances like that under review, we shall only say that they bear to the real history of that period nearly the same relation as the Puseyite travesty of the “Pilgrim’s Progress”—which has called forth the indignant rebuke of Lord Macaulay\*—does to the original work of John Bunyan.

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\* “The most extraordinary of all the acts of Vandalism, by which a fine work of art was ever defaced, was committed so late as the year 1853. It was determined to transform the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ into a Tractarian book. The task was not easy; for it was necessary to make the two sacraments the most prominent objects in the allegory; and of all Christian theologians, avowed Quakers excepted, Bunyan was the one in whose system the sacraments held the least prominent place. However, the Wicket Gate became a type of baptism, and the House Beautiful of the Eucharist. The effect of this change is such as assuredly the ingenious person who made it never contemplated. For as not a single person passes through the Wicket Gate in infancy, and as Faithful

## ART. IV.—AMERICAN REVIVALS.

1. *Revival of Religion: what it is, and how to be attained and manifested.* By John Brown, D.D. Edinburgh: A. & D. Padon.
2. *Religious Revivals; Two Papers read at the Annual Meeting of the Congregational Union.* By Mr. Charles Reed and Rev. J. A. James. London: Jackson & Walford.
3. *The New York Tribune* (Revival Number); April 3, 1858. *The New York Observer*; from January 24 to June 24, 1858.

THERE are many Churches in this country of which one might write what would be recognised as a full and impartial history, without requiring to use the word "Revival" in its technical sense at all. Every denomination, indeed, which has lasted a century, has had its ebbs and flows—its marked seasons of liveliness and inactivity: but in few of them, comparatively, is it the custom to refer in so many words to such periods of quickened life, as "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord;" and not many, therefore, would complain if we failed to speak of them in precisely that way. It would be impossible, however, to write the briefest conceivable account of religion in the United States, without constantly employing the term which has of late been so much in the mouths of all of us. How is this somewhat striking fact to be explained?

Not a few have cut the knot by summarily deciding that "the Revival" is nothing more nor less than one of the "peculiar" institutions of America. But the reader, we dare say, will hesitate about accepting this solution of the difficulty. Long before the New World was discovered, in a work dating from about the beginning of the Christian era, and written by an inspired pen, we find narratives of "great awakenings," very similar in their character to those which have been occurring on the other side of the Atlantic. What happened of old at Antioch and Jerusalem did not differ essentially from what has happened in our day in Boston and New York.

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hurries past the House Beautiful without stopping, the lesson which the fable, in its altered shape, teaches, is, that none but adults ought to be baptized, and that the Eucharist may safely be neglected. Nobody would have discovered, from the original 'Pilgrim's Progress,' that the author was not a Pædobaptist. To turn his book into a book against Pædobaptism, was an achievement reserved for an Anglo-Catholic divine. Such blunders must necessarily be committed by every man who mutilates parts of a great work, without taking a comprehensive view of the whole."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th ed. Vol. v. p. 768 (Art. BUNYAN).

Others, again, have as hastily come to the conclusion, that all is to be explained by the fact, that in the Churches of America there is a great deal more of spiritual life—of vital religion—than is to be found even in the most lively and evangelical denominations of Great Britain. We shall not formally dispute the assumption made in this theory. Perhaps it is true (though there are many things which might make us question it) that Christianity does flourish most in the American Union; but we doubt whether that circumstance alone, at least, fully accounts for the contrast we have noticed above.

The apparent diversity of experience in the two countries, appears to us to be traceable to several causes. In the first place, in order to understand why the word "Revival" should in a manner be almost the only ecclesiastical watchword of America, we need simply to glance backward on the brief history of the country. Its early settlers were, many of them, men of intense religious earnestness, who had sought in the New World a refuge from the tyranny of the Old. Left, there, in the enjoyment of absolute freedom, to frame laws and establish institutions after their own heart—with no destructive work to do in the way of clearing the ground of ancient spiritual or political despotisms—these men gave themselves up far more entirely than it was possible for the Churches here to do to the promotion simply of heart or personal religion. While their contemporaries in Europe—the Puritans in England, the Covenanters in Scotland, the Huguenots in France—were having their attention distracted by contests with usurping civil or spiritual powers, the colonists of New England were concerning themselves only about discovering the best methods of forwarding the interests of vital Christianity. Hence, while in the ecclesiastical history of the three countries we have named, we have the Black Act of Uniformity, and the Battle of Drumclog, and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; in the early ecclesiastical history of America *we find no marked outstanding incidents excepting its "Revivals."* That such happy incidents should have occurred frequently during the Colonial era excites in us no surprise. The Pilgrim Fathers had been witnesses and sufferers for the truth—they were pre-eminently men of prayer—their principal purpose in seeking a home in a foreign land was to preserve and promote the purity of religion—and some among them (those, for example, who had emigrated from the west of Scotland and the north of Ireland) had come fresh from spots which had actually enjoyed remarkable outpourings of the Spirit. In any case, it is the fact that from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the

eighteenth century, revivals, in New England especially, were occurring continually. The key-note for the American Church, if we may so speak, was then struck. It has no "Reformation" to look back upon as we have—no "times of persecution"—no Bartholomew Act of Ejection—no internecine struggles with Popery or Erastianism. *It has only its series of wonderful Revivals.* It need not, therefore, seem a strange thing to us that, in these circumstances, the word should be now so current in the American Union, or that the thing should be thought about and dwelt upon there to an extent which it is not among ourselves.

Then, in the second place, while the peculiarity we have referred to has rendered the word "Revival" a Church term of constant use in the United States—the very occupation of the mind with thoughts about the blessing has tended greatly to bring about a repetition of it. "If I were asked," says Dr. Goodrich, "why revivals are so frequent in America, and so rare in Europe, my first answer would be, that Christians on one side of the Atlantic *expect them*, and on the other they do *not expect them*." There is a great deal of point in this remark. We believe it to be the case, not only that revivals are more spoken about in America than here, but that they are also more frequently experienced. And we have no doubt whatever that this is so to a great extent for just the very reason Dr. Goodrich mentions. Circumstances have led the Americans to think much about revivals. They are always looking for them in consequence, and they often come. We, on the other hand, have not had our minds so strongly directed to the subject. It is but seldom that we speak, or think, or dwell upon them at all, and the result is, that we are comparatively strangers to such visitations.

After all, however, it may be said—and this will be our last remark in explanation of the contrast presented by the two countries—that revivals of religion have often occurred in Great Britain *when they have not been expressly published as such*. Here we do not refer so much to the fact that awakenings, when they do occur in our congregations, are not attended with the same notoriety as they are in America—although that is an element which ought to be taken into distinct account in considering this matter. We have before us now chiefly this idea, that movements have frequently taken place in Europe in connexion with which there have been most manifest quickenings of spiritual life, yet to which, as it happened, the term revival was never expressly applied. To take a single instance—a recent one. In 1843 there occurred a disruption in the Church of Scotland. That event was simply the final issue or

crisis of an agitation which had been going on for at least ten years previously. Formally this agitation was about an abstract question of Church government—the place and power of the civil magistrate in the house of God; but any one who will give himself the trouble to inquire into the origin and history of the controversy, will soon discover that the whole thing arose out of, and was, a revival of spiritual religion. From its long sleep of moderatism the Scottish Church awoke to a more adequate apprehension of the importance of divine things. Under the impulse of its quickened life it set itself to remedy existing evils; and in particular to secure to every parish the blessing of evangelical preaching. In carrying out these reforms it came into collision with the civil courts, and what began as a purely religious movement assumed the aspect of a mere ecclesiastical dispute. But the essential character of the time was not changed in consequence. The revival, as it would certainly have been called in America, went on and strengthened. And when at last the crisis came, and some five hundred ministers were set free to preach in barns and tents—on the moors and by the sea-side, or wherever they could find a place—so much interest was manifested in religion—so much willing waiting on the Word—such zeal and liveliness in the cause of Christ—that we cannot but agree with those who reckon the summer of 1843 as the season when culminated the last of the many great spiritual visitations with which Scotland has in her day been favoured. And this movement does not stand alone as proving our position. We could easily name others of the same kind which sprang out of, and were accompanied by, a decided quickening of spiritual life; but which, because their strength was spent ostensibly in the vindication of some right, or the defence of some principle, failed to be recognised as what they were, genuine, and often powerful, revivals of religion. Looking, therefore, at the matter from this point of view, we hold that the contrast which presents itself when we look at England and America, is, in great measure, more apparent than real. We might add to these explanations another suggested by the obvious difference which exists between the national and social character of the people of the two countries. But it would be difficult so to state this point as entirely to avoid misapprehension. And therefore leaving the thing as it stands, we shall proceed rather to notice some of the revivals which have actually occurred in the New World.

President Edwards says that no one could tell when awakenings commenced in New England. They appear to have been coeval with the very first settlement of the country. Many of the early ministers could go back upon the history of their con-

gregations, and speak of successive seasons of refreshing which they had enjoyed. The grandfather of Edwards himself, for example, and his predecessor as pastor of the church at Northampton—was favoured, during the forty years of his ministry, with five such times of revival—which he called his “harvests.” It was not, however, till 1735 that the first of those “great awakenings” occurred which have since formed so prominent a feature in the history of religion in the American Union. This work began in Northampton, under the preaching of Jonathan Edwards, and went on for six months with unabated power. More than three hundred were added to the Church as its fruits—making the whole number of communicants about six hundred and twenty, being nearly the entire adult population of the town. Nor was the blessing confined to this one spot. The matter, of course, was “noised abroad.” Many from a distance came to witness for themselves the strange spectacle of a whole city earnestly occupied about the things of eternity; and these, catching there some portion of the sacred fire, returned home to impart its influence to others. In one year ten of the adjacent towns in Massachusetts, and seventeen in Connecticut—besides a few remoter places in other States—were favoured with outpourings of the Holy Spirit.

In 1740, revivals commenced anew at Northampton, Boston, and many other places, very nearly at the same time, and spread, within eighteen months, through all the English colonies. In almost every village, within a stretch of five hundred miles, symptoms appeared of an unusual religious concern. And, although, in consequence of certain unhappy circumstances, the work was brought to a termination sooner than seemed likely at first, yet, on the whole, the results were wonderfully great. “Those who had the best means of judging,” says Dr. Goodrich, “estimated the number of true converts, as proved by their subsequent lives, at thirty thousand in New England alone, at a time when the whole population was but three hundred thousand.” Of this revival there are some most interesting notices in a work which deserves to be more generally read than we fear it is,—the “Historical Collections of the Rev. John Gillies.” With reference to the awakening in Boston, for example, this writer introduces to us the narrative of an eye-witness, Mr. Prince, who was, at the time, a minister in that city. The narrative throws a very full and distinct light upon the nature of the work, and the means by which it was promoted. Thus, speaking of Whitfield, who had arrived at Rhode Island in September, 1740, and who immediately commenced preaching to the colonists, Mr. Prince says:—

“Multitudes were greatly affected, and many awakened with his



lively ministry. Though he preached every day, the houses were exceedingly crowded: but when he preached on the common a vaster number attended; and almost every evening, the house where he lodged was thronged to hear his prayers and counsels." "Upon his leaving us," he continues, "great numbers in this town were so happily concerned about their souls, as we had never seen anything like it before, except at the time of the general earthquake, and their desires excited them to hear their ministers more than ever, so that our assemblies, both on lectures and Sabbaths, were surprisingly increased."

"The Rev. Mr. Cooper was wont to say, that more came to him in one week, in deep concern about their souls, than in the whole twenty-four years of his preceding ministry! I can also say the same as to the numbers who repaired to me." "There repaired to us both boys and girls, young men and women, Indians and negroes, heads of families, aged persons, those who had been in full communion, and going on in a course of religion, many years." "In the year 1741, the very face of the town seemed to be strangely altered. Some who had not been here since the fall before, have told me their great surprise at the change in the general look and carriage of people, as soon as they landed. Even the negroes and boys in the streets surprisingly left their usual rudeness. And one of our worthy gentlemen, expressing his wonder at the remarkable change, informed me, that whereas he used, with others, on Saturday evenings to visit the taverns, in order to clear them of town inhabitants, they were wont to find many there, and meet with trouble to get them away; but now, having gone at those seasons again, he found them empty of all but lodgers."

The experience of Boston exactly corresponded with the experience of other places; and from the altered aspect of things, as described by Mr. Prince, one may fancy what an extraordinary impression this revival must have produced on the whole character and complexion of the colony.

The awakening which took place in 1745, among the Indians under the ministry of David Brainerd, was the next noticeable event in this series. The work in this case was remarkable, not so much on account of its extent, as on account of its singular and interesting character.

"Old men and women, who had been drunken wretches for many years, and some children, appeared in distress for their souls. One who had been a murderer, a *pow-wow*, or conjuror, and a notorious drunkard, was brought to cry for mercy with many tears. A young Indian woman, who, I believe, never knew that she had a soul, had come to see what was the matter. She called on me on her way, and when I told her that I meant presently to preach to the Indians, she laughed, and seemed to mock. I had not proceeded far in my public discourse, when she felt effectually that she had a soul, and before the discourse closed, she was so distressed with concern for her soul's salvation, that she seemed like one pierced through with a dart."

This, however, was the last of what we may call the primitive revivals. From about the date above-mentioned, that troublous transition era commenced, which finally issued in the establishment of the American Republic. For nearly fifty years the country was in constant agitation. First, there was the struggle for supremacy, which went on for twenty years between the French and English. Next, there was the War of Independence. And, lastly, there was the business of settling the constitution, and setting agoing the machinery of the infant commonwealth. Religion was not absolutely neglected during this period, but, as might have been expected, its interests seriously suffered. Awakenings were not unknown, but they were uncommon. No season stands out clear and sharp, during that half-century, as a time of manifest refreshing from the presence of the Lord. We have to come down to 1797, before we find the recurrence of experiences similar in kind to those which we have referred to above.

From that date, however, and on to 1803, a wide-spread religious concern appears to have existed. The revival, in this instance, extended into more than one hundred towns, in the old states of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and into a still greater number of places in the new settlements of Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, and New York. The excitement even made its way across the Alleghany Mountains into the wild forests of Kentucky; and it was there and then that the system of "camp meetings" was introduced, which many were wont, most unreasonably, to regard as a necessary condition of the "getting-up" of an American revival. We have no mind to defend these gatherings. "Anxious seats," "protracted meetings," "miscellaneous assemblages collected together for days in succession in the greenwood,"—these, and all such irregularities, are almost universally given up by all the American Churches, and yet the awakenings, in which they originated, continue. The camp meeting is evidently, then, not a constituent or essential element in an American revival, and we may, therefore, freely abandon it as fair game to the novelist; whether to a Mrs. Trollope, as a field whereon to display her powers as a caricaturist, and her ignorance of, and enmity to, the truth; or to a Mrs. Stowe, as supplying illustrations of southern character, and showing, what our cousins in that quarter of the world require much to be taught, that a mere emotional religion is hollow and worthless. But while we would not feel disposed for a moment to stickle for the actual camp meeting, we have, at the same time, no sympathy with that flippant self-sufficiency which affects to laugh at it as absurd, or to condemn it as certainly fanatical. There were

circumstances which made such gatherings at times absolutely unavoidable. With a scanty supply of the means of grace, and a sparse and widely-scattered population, the converging of both to one common centre was, probably, the only way often in which reviving work could be overtaken.

From 1803, down to the present hour, there does not appear to have been a single season of any duration, during which the extraordinary influences of the Spirit have been withheld altogether from the American Churches. In proof of this, the reader will find it exceedingly useful and interesting, to read the Letters which Dr. Sprague has appended to his excellent "Lectures on Revivals." From the description given of these awakenings, they do not appear to have consisted in the mere excitement of new life in individual congregations. Their influence invariably spread, and affected appreciably the outlying community. But while, everywhere, from the beginning of the century, revivals were taking place in isolated localities, there may be said to have been only *four occasions* on which, since 1803, the Spirit has been poured out in such measure as to produce anything like general or national awakenings. These four occasions were in 1813-14, in 1820-21, in 1831-2, and 1857-8. The two last have unquestionably been every way the most remarkable. With regard to the revival of 1831, Mr. Angell James, in his admirable introductory essay to Sprague's Lectures, gives some interesting information from the "Narrative of the State of Religion," issued in May, 1832, by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

"So powerful and extensive has been the Divine influence among us," says this report, "that one district is known, where *not one adult could be found unconcerned about the subject of religion.*" "On some occasions, *a whole congregation—without one exception—*has been prostrate before God, anxiously inquiring for salvation." "From the shores of the northern lakes to the plains of Florida, from the Atlantic borders to the banks of the Missouri, we hear one united testimony, that the Lord hath appeared to build up Zion." "Probably, not less than two thousand congregations have experienced, during the last year, reviving influences; and I am, perhaps, not exceeding the truth, when I say, that not many less than a hundred thousand souls have, during the last year, been converted to God, out of a population of twelve millions."

These are striking facts. They show that the great awakening of 1831-32 was scarcely second in interest and importance to the wonderful work which is even now going on.

In offering a few remarks on the revival which is now actually in progress in the United States, we shall not occupy much of our space in describing its rise, history, or peculiari-

ties. The attention which the movement has received in this country, and the extent to which information about it has been circulated, make it needless for us to appear here as a mere chronicler of facts. We shall, therefore, devote the principal part of what remains of this paper, to some miscellaneous reflections suggested by the event.

Yet, as we should like to preserve in this journal (for the benefit of posterity at least) a brief record of what all who look at it must regard as one of the most notable religious developments of modern times, we shall preface what we have to say with a paragraph or two of simple history.

The word "Revival" occurs so constantly in the pages of American religious newspapers, that it is difficult to define the precise time when the present movement commenced. The *New York Observer* professes to have remarked decided indications of its approach, so early as in the October of last year. But, if the wave did begin to roll then, its motion was nearly imperceptible. Not till the end of January did accounts of quickened interest come in, in such numbers as to arouse particular attention; and not till the close of the following month did the idea take full possession of the public mind, that the country was again to be favoured with such a general awakening as had taken place in 1831.

The instrumental causes of the awakening are stated to have been chiefly the following: First, there was held in the end of the year, at Pittsburgh, a "Revival Convention," which contributed considerably to the excitement of a religious interest. It was attended by upwards of two hundred ministers, who, after discussing the subject in all its bearings, advised the immediate adoption of certain practical measures, with the view of re-arousing the spirit of inquiry. In particular, a pastoral letter was issued, special sermons were directed to be preached on the first Sabbath of January, and it was suggested that all should be followed up by systematic domiciliary visitation. These plans were extensively carried out, and with very encouraging consequences; all the more so, of course, because the commercial crisis, and the severe times which succeeded, rendered the hearts of the people peculiarly susceptible. The temporal distress, indeed, which prevailed so widely, may itself well be called one of the principal means of the awakening. For, apart from its direct impression upon the minds of those who experienced it, it had the effect of leading the people of God—who regarded the crisis in the light of a Divine chastisement—to pray fervently and anxiously for the sanctified use of the affliction.

We are scarcely prepared to accept the assertion of the *Tribune*, that the revival "seems to have taken its rise outside,

and to have received the Churches into itself, rather than to have been received into them." Looking at the longing manifested by Christian men, for just such a season as has come,—a longing which expressed itself in public conventions, in private prayer, and in the adoption of active measures for the gathering of the outlying population into the house of God, for the increase of Sunday-schools, and the better observance of the Sabbath,—we cannot doubt that in this, as in every other case we are acquainted with, the Spirit acted on the World, by first of all reviving His Church.

We are ready, indeed, to acknowledge, that simultaneously with the impartation of new life to the Church, there went on providential preparation of the World for the extraordinary efforts to be made on its behalf. The commercial crisis formed one element in this preparation, and perhaps the agitation on the slavery question was another; but neither of these could by themselves have brought about such results as we are now witnessing, any more than the ploughing of a field, and the breaking of its clods, could secure in the harvest time a crop of wheat.

The *symptoms* of a reviving interest were not more marked than they were satisfactory. The excitement, instead of making new and questionable channels for itself, found fitting and sufficing vent in the old and regular ordinances. The churches began visibly to fill; the neglected prayer-meetings became centres of attraction; and lastly, the attendance on the Sunday-schools grew and increased, until, in many places, it was double, treble, and even quadruple, what it had been formerly.

The final *effects* of the movement, time has yet to show. Even in regard to the conversions which are said to have taken place, we must wait to see how they stand the test of a season of reaction. It were rash, in the meantime, and while the revival is actually in progress, to speak assuredly of any of its fruits. Yet, at the same time, it may be remarked, that in one sense many of the subjects of this awakening are already "showing their deeds." Everybody knows the extent to which the business men of America have worshipped "the almighty dollar." The scramble for wealth is even more intense on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. To men engaged in the race for riches, time in very deed is money. The surrender daily, therefore, of a business hour for the sake of a prayer-meeting, must be a real sacrifice; and we hail this rising superior to the ruling passion, as one of the best proofs which have yet been furnished to us, that the revival is not merely playing superficially with the feelings, but is laying strong hold upon the conscience, and tending to change the character and life.

Among the *more striking or peculiar features* of this awakening, the *extent* of it must be noticed as something altogether unprecedented. The old states on the Atlantic seaboard, the "rising republics" in the great valley of the Mississippi, the golden regions on the Pacific shore, all have felt the same stir of quickened interest in religious things. A man, it is said, might travel from Canada to California, and find an unbroken string of prayer-meetings all the way. Other noticeable characteristics are, the quietness with which the work has proceeded; the absence of any name, such as that of Edwards, or Whitfield, or Brainerd, with which the movement might be associated; the almost unanimous approbation of the secular press; the unsectarian spirit which has distinguished the actings of the various denominations in relation to it; and the amazing effect which it seems to have had on the unhopeful classes of the community, as, for example, on the Jews, the "rowdies," the firemen, the fishermen, the sailors, &c. But, perhaps, altogether the peculiarity which stands out in the strongest relief, is the extraordinary prominence given to prayer. Mr. James, in his Introductory Essay, quotes a saying of Mr. Bruen in regard to the revival of 1831: "If it had been announced that Dr. Chalmers was to preach in the church on a week-day afternoon, and that there was to be a prayer-meeting in the court-house at the same time, the people would have gone to the place of prayer in preference." What was true of these people five-and-twenty years ago, seems true of those who have come under the influence of the awakening at the present day. Preaching appears to be comparatively little accounted of. At least the spectacle which most distinctly presents itself to the eye, as we look now across the Atlantic, is not so much that of a nation hungry for the word, as that of a nation "giving itself unto prayer."

It will be observed, that throughout we have constantly assumed that the religious awakening which has this year taken place in America, is essentially a genuine work of the Spirit of God. This is, in fact, our decided belief; although we frankly say, we are not prepared summarily to pronounce all who express a desire to suspend judgment for a time, as certainly animated by an infidel spirit. It is absurd to say that it does not require more evidence to prove the reality of an American than of an English revival. The very frequency with which religious excitements have taken place in the United States; the fact that they have occurred in connexion with almost every denomination, whether evangelical or no (the Campbellites, the Universalists, and the Chrystians—who are Unitarians—having come under their influence as well as



their neighbours), and the notoriously quick and volatile character of the people generally, form considerations which are quite sufficient to justify a man in withholding his opinion of any particular work, until he has received satisfactory information in regard to its history, nature, and fruits. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is represented as telling the thousands assembled for prayer in Burton's theatre, that New York is filled with a population "the most excitable in the world." The *Tribune* indicates, that great as has been the agitation for some time on the subject of religion, that agitation is exceeded, at once in intensity and extent, every fourth year, on the occasion of the presidential canvass. Nay, so peculiar is this people—so exposed are they to sudden gusts of excitement, that scarcely had the gravest ecclesiastical body in the Union (the General Assembly of the old school Presbyterians) finished its deliberations, and all-unconscious of the proximity of disturbing forces, had dissolved into its constituent elements, than the city in which it had met became the scene of a revolution! True, this city was New Orleans; but, when we find the *Observer* gravely discussing the question,—“Shall we follow this example in New York?” and proceeding to show that, although it would be very unwise to think of it, there is serious reason to fear the appointment of a Vigilance Committee even there; we cannot but feel that the state of society on the other side of the Atlantic, is in many respects so singular, that it would be utterly irrational to conclude that a great religious excitement must necessarily be, in the highest sense of the expression, a great religious revival. We believe the work, in the present instance, to be of God,—not because the agitation has extended itself widely, or because it has affected people in such a way as to bring crowds to mid-day prayer-meetings,—but *because, comparing it with the revivals of which we have an account in Scripture, we find that in its causes, symptoms, and effects, it generally corresponds with these.\**

At the same time, while we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that the awakening now in progress is the result of an extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit, it appears to us of some moment, we should bear in mind that in many individual places and congregations the excitement may be *purely sympathetic*. The time will soon come, probably, when the flood shall subside. Men of the world, as well as Christian men, will then begin to look everywhere for tangible and abiding fruit; and

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\* The little work of Dr. Brown will be found of great value in this connexion. It points out very carefully the leading features of a genuine revival.

should it be possible to point to a city over which the wave seemed to roll, but in which no real reformation has followed, occasion will certainly be taken to discredit, or cast suspicion on the work as a whole. We would be prepared, therefore, to anticipate this objection. We take this opportunity of saying beforehand, that we do not expect the genuine spiritual growth to be co-extensive, even territorially, with the apparent awakening. "The tree which is covered with blossoms often produces little fruit. The wind which agitates the whole forest, may tear up but few trees by the root." Of the fact symbolized by these sayings, Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, gives a striking illustration:—"I have seen," he says, "a powerful religious impression pervade a large congregation at once, so that very few remained unaffected, and most expressed their feelings by the strongest signs; and yet, as it afterwards appeared, very few of them became permanently serious." And somewhere, amid the multifarious intelligence supplied to us from all quarters on this subject, we observed the other day the following curious proof that merely natural causes have had an immense deal to do, even in producing that effect, which many are in the habit of considering the most satisfactory sign of the genuineness of the revival—the crowding of the daily prayer-meetings:—

"A young man told me that in Philadelphia, where he resides, a meeting was commenced after the example of New York, and when there was no particular feeling on the part of the people, and was a number of weeks in existence, and had at the end not much over forty attending it, until the newspapers, and especially the *Ledger*—the great business-paper—*spoke favourably of it, and then thousands thronged to it.*"

The teller of this story (a writer, we find, in the *British Messenger*) naïvely adds:—

"Were the *Times*, and all the Protestant press of London, to act in the same way, at the present time, with reference to the prayer-meetings recently established there, they could easily turn out fifty thousand persons, in the course of one week, to pour out their hearts before God."

So they could, perhaps; but "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." We should feel somewhat uncomfortable in the midst of a revival which could only boast of such an inspiration. In so far as the present awakening in America has been originated, as ordinary excitements are, by editorial leaders in business or political newspapers, it is, and must be, doubtful and unreliable. And as it is quite certain that, to a considerable extent, the agitation has been created and sustained in this way, we must,

we repeat, not look for fruit corresponding to the extent of ground over which the influence has spread.

These remarks lead naturally into an exceedingly interesting and important field of inquiry, which, however, we can do little more than enter. "What has been, on the whole, the advantage to the Church, or in other words, what have been *the nett religious results* of these periodical awakenings of unusual interest, which have been constantly recurring in America for more than two centuries?" The *prima facie* benefits which may be expected to follow, are marked enough to attract the attention of everybody. Dr. Goodrich\* indicates some of these with remarkable distinctness and effect. In a time of revival, he says, the Gospel acts under most favourable circumstances. It meets in the community, at such a season, co-operating forces from which commonly it derives no assistance; strongly awakened *desires*, lively *expectation*, a quick *sympathy*, an earnest spirit of *inquiry*, prolonged and exclusive *attention* to Divine truth, greater *accessibility* to personal appeals, an anxiety to come to a decision on the subject of religion, and a feeling of *unusual solemnity and awe*, inspired by a sense of the peculiar presence of the Spirit of God. While such a state of things exists, it may readily be believed that the Church's work will go on freely and prosperously. But, on the other hand, it is to be remembered that there is a dark as well as bright side to the picture. Religious revivals, like all excitements, are invariably followed by reactions. The intense fervour—the high-wrought feeling—which characterizes a time of extraordinary awakening, cannot be maintained for an indefinite series of years. The tension of mind relaxes, and, not unfrequently, just in proportion to the flow of the tidal wave, has been the extent of its ebb, or recession. In such a case, the question cannot but be raised—Is the Church, in the course (say) of a generation or two, a gainer or a loser upon the whole? This query becomes all the more important, when we reflect upon the universally acknowledged fact, that when a man goes through all the excitement of a revival, and yet comes finally out of it unconverted, he is in a decidedly worse—more hardened—more hopeless state than before. Besides, as every one acquainted with the history of Christianity in America is aware, it has been found an exceedingly difficult matter so to regulate things on such occasions, as to prevent the occurrence of very serious evils. Errors, for example, are then propagated with unwonted ease; the people, accustomed to many meetings,

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\* See article "On Revivals of Religion," in Baird's Religion in America.

and a peculiarly stirring style of address, become unsettled in their habits, and lose their taste for useful didactic teaching, and many irregularities being allowed necessarily to hold sway for the time, the order which ought to reign in the Church is seriously disturbed; and, when the agitation subsides, it is not always easy completely to restore it.

We desire to put these points strongly before the reader. There is not, we believe, much risk, judging from present appearances, of our failing to appreciate sufficiently this movement in America. The Christian heart of this country has met it with a most cordial and thankful sympathy. The fault of the British Churches seems to us to lie here, that while they are deeply convinced of the *desirableness* of a revival, they do not realize the *responsibilities* of one. At present a revival is "all white" to them. They think only of the dead sea of indifference which lies all around, and of the happy change which would ensue, if from its inmost depths it were moved and agitated. They do not consider whether if God were to answer their prayers, and send the blessing, they have really "room enough to receive it." An outpouring of the Holy Ghost is, in one respect, a fearful thing. The Church is not superseded in such a case. None of its functions are suspended. On the contrary, its obligations, duties, anxieties, and responsibilities, are increased many fold; and when we set our heart, therefore, upon such a visitation, and in private and public ceaselessly pray for it, let us do so with the distinct recollection that if the ministry of this country, for example, are not doctrinally sound, or are inexperienced in the, at that time, unspeakably important work, of dealing with souls seeking salvation—consequences may follow, so unhappy, as to give rise to the question: "Has the revival been, on the whole, a genuine blessing after all?" Dr. Alexander had, no doubt, such possibilities in view, when he said,—

"It has occurred to me—and I have heard the same sentiment from some of the most judicious and pious men that I have known—that there must be a state of the Church preferable to these temporary excitements, which are too often followed by a deplorable state of declension, and disgraceful apathy and inactivity. Why not aim at having a continuous lively state of piety, and an increasing progress in the conversion of the impenitent, without these dreadful seasons of deadness and indifference? Why may we not hope for such a state of increasing prosperity in the Church, that *revivals* shall be no longer needed; or, if you prefer the expression, when there shall be a perpetual revival?"

This, however, is by the way. We started with the inquiry:

—What have been, generally speaking, *the nett results* of American revivals? And to this question we must now make a direct reply. The Letters which Dr. Sprague has appended to his volume, furnish some useful materials which may be employed in this way. From one of these we shall make a significant extract. Dr. Porter, pastor of a Congregational church in Farmington, Connecticut, says:—

“It thus appears that, by these gracious visitations, during a period of thirty-seven years, four hundred and sixty persons have been added to the Church. Within the same period the whole number beside only a little exceeds three hundred, and of these more than one hundred have come from other Churches. Of the other two hundred how many have dated their conversion from seasons of revival, it is impossible for me to say; but, that a very large proportion of them have either reckoned their conversion from these seasons, or their receiving their first permanent impressions of Divine truth—I have no doubt. *In these few short seasons God has done far more for us than during all the protracted months and years that have intervened.* And, indeed, it has seemed to be chiefly in these, that the Church has so far renewed her strength, as to hold forth her testimony with any degree of success in the intervals. *But for revivals, as it seems to us, the Church would well nigh have ceased to exist, or have lost her distinctive character in the spirit of the world.*”

This testimony is fully confirmed by other ministers of equally large experience. The membership of the existing American Churches consists mainly of the subjects of extraordinary awakenings!! “Now it has come to pass,” says Dr. Sprague, “in these days in which we live, that far the greater number of those who are turned from darkness to light, so far as we can judge, experience this change during revivals of religion.” While, during the intervals between the visitations, congregations languish, and few comparatively are added to their communion; the invariable result of even a short season of refreshing is, immediately to swell the thinning ranks of the believers. But it has been often said, What although they are thus occasionally recruited? Sudden conversions are always suspicious and seldom lasting. The real question is not how many were gathered into the Church at such or such a time; but how many “continued steadfast in the Apostles’ doctrine and fellowship?”

Now this is a question which can, it appears, be answered quite as satisfactorily. “Whatever I possess in religion,” says the excellent bishop of Ohio, Dr. McIlvaine, “began in a revival; and the most precious, steadfast, and vigorous fruits of my ministry, have been the fruits of revivals.” “It has

been remarked by a minister," says Dr. Sprague, "who has probably been more conversant with genuine revivals than any other of his age, that his experience has justified the remark that *there is a smaller proportion of apostacies among the professed subjects of revivals, than among those who make a profession, when there is no unusual attention to religion.*" These statements go far, in our opinion, definitely to settle the case. Even admitting that after the excitement of a revival, the Church sinks, for a time, into an apathetic state, still, during the excitement, souls in unusual numbers, are brought out of darkness into light; and this being the case, we have no difficulty in expressing our conviction, that the nett results of the American revivals are such as to justify earnest prayers being offered here, that similar visitations should be vouchsafed to the British Churches.

There is another question in connexion with this subject, which has been asked more frequently than, perhaps, any other: "In what relation is this revival to stand to the *slavery* of America?" The same feeling which leads the world to look narrowly at the conduct of individual Christians, and to judge of their religion not by their profession, but by its fruits, has led very many to take up the position, that if the awakening does not instantly tell in the way of removing the most glaring inconsistency which can possibly disfigure the character of a professedly free and Christian nation, it must be itself a merely earthly and fanatical excitement. Now, we cannot but think that this position is a somewhat unreasonable one. A revival of religion must affect the genuine subjects of it, so as to move them to abandon their personal sins; but there is nothing in history that would entitle us to expect that the communication of new life to a large number of individuals should immediately issue in the eradication of deep-rooted and time-honoured national abuses. But, although our belief in the Divine origin of this work will not be shaken, though slavery should continue to exist; we are, at the same time, free to say, that we so far sympathize with "the world" in its way of determining the genuineness of a Christian profession—that if the American Churches persist in blowing hot and cold, in regard to this now manifestly testing question, they will only have themselves to blame, if their "good comes to be evil spoken of." Mr. James, in his excellent "Address," accounts for the frequency with which America has been favoured with extraordinary outpourings of the Spirit, by saying that it is a great nation, and has a great destiny, and stands much in need of great preparation. A glance at the existing state of society in the country will suggest a homelier reason. The Church there has a great



and difficult work to do *at once*, in meeting the evils which lie all around it; and to equip it for *this* work, may be the simple design of its being "endued with power from on high." We have been for several years a constant reader of the *New York Observer*,—a newspaper representing no particular denomination, but advocating the views of a very large and influential class, the religious and political conservatives of the "States." A very respectable journal it is, and in many respects able. It has devoted of late a large portion of its space to news of the great Revival. Reading such a paper, we feel as if moving in the very best religious society, equally removed from the unbelief of the Parkerists, and the ill-regulated zeal of Kentucky Methodists, or Shakers. Shall we say, then, what impression moving in such society for so long has had on our mind? It is this, and we state it with great regret,—*that one could hardly breathe a more unwholesome atmosphere.*

We are not among the number of those who cry out against America, because it does not emancipate its slaves immediately. We are perfectly ready to admit that "Abolitionism," technically so called, may often have injured the cause, instead of furthering it; and we cannot but feel that some of its advocates, might go about their great work with greater prudence and wisdom. But, while we make these admissions, it would not be possible to condemn in terms too strong, the conduct of those who, along with high pretensions to orthodoxy, and excessive zeal for the purity of the Church, throw the shield of their protection over, and give virtual support to the crying curse, sin, and shame, of their country. The very large, and eminently "respectable" body, represented by the *Observer*, *do this*. The refusal of the American Tract Society to meddle with the slaveholder at all, even so far as to hint to him that he has certain peculiar duties to perform, is hailed by this party as a grand moral triumph! In the very heart of the revival series, when whole columns of the paper were filled with accounts of awakenings, there appeared an article, heavily leaded, by "A Massachusetts Layman," soberly and sanctimoniously arguing that to utter a word against that innocent class of men, who hold their fellow-creatures in bondage, is to be guilty of the sin of "evil speaking!" What can be more detestable than this? In regard to this matter, darkness covers the land, and thick darkness the people. There are many bright exceptions to the rule—both as regards individuals, and as regards Churches—but as a whole, the religious sentiment of America is not sound upon this subject. And unless religion is to be divorced from morality—unless times of refreshing are to stop short of being times of refor-

motion, we must expect that one effect of the revival shall be, *the purification of the public opinion of the Churches.*

The actual emancipation of the slaves is one thing : the judgment of religious men about slavery is another thing. We shall not suspect this movement of being a spurious revival, because it does not issue in *immediate* abolition. But we do think that worldly men will have good cause to remain in doubt of the reality of the work, if many of those who have been engaged in it, continue to speak, as still writes the *New York Observer*.

Our limited space forbids our proceeding further : and now we have room only to say a single word in regard to the two books which are named, at the head of the article. There are two questions of direct interest to us at the present time. First, what are the *facts*\* of the religious revival in America ; and second, what are the bearings of the American revival on the duties and hopes of British Christians ? Both of these questions are answered in a remarkably distinct and satisfactory way, in the papers read before the Congregational Union, by Mr. Charles Reed and Mr. Angell James. We are acquainted with no small publications on the subject, which could be circulated in our Churches with greater advantage. Dr. Brown's book is a reprint, or new edition, of an address, delivered in 1839, before the United Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh. Dealing with the general and ever-important questions, "What is a revival of religion, and how is it to be obtained and manifested ;" it has not lost any of its original freshness and point. A preface, notes, and an appendix, connect it besides, directly with the present movement ; and, written as it is, in the venerable author's usual thorough and thoughtful style, it is well deserving an attentive perusal, by all who wish to form a sober, well-considered judgment of this whole subject.

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\* There is one of Mr. Reed's "Facts" which admits of a little correction. He speaks of the revival of 1801 as having taken place under Edwards. Edwards died in 1758.

## ART. V.—DOMENECH'S MISSIONARY ADVENTURES.

*Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico: a Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in those Regions.* By the Abbé Domenech. London: Longman & Co.

THE ABBÉ DOMENECH has transferred to the territories on the banks of the San Antonio and the Rio Grande, in Texas and Mexico, that interest which the Abbé Huc knew so well how to give to the scenery of, and life in, China. The work of the Texan missionary reads more like a romance than a serious and unvarnished narrative of adventure; the pictures of society and home are so rough and irregular; the miniature world there is represented so disjointed and dangerous, that we are at first inclined to imagine the author is simply testing our powers of credence, and has accordingly drawn largely upon his imagination, to fill up the outlines which simple truth had traced.

With an excusable reservation, however, we are bound to admit that this book of extraordinary travel possesses every right to our confidence; and that while tracking the footsteps of the Abbé Domenech, which he has enabled us to do in the vivid descriptions he gives us, we may implicitly rely upon the authenticity of the statements, however marvellous. It is true we can scarcely conceive how it is possible to live and be happy in a country, where every man's hand seems to be raised against his neighbour; where the law is disregarded, from the inefficiency of the central government to enforce its execution; where each member is the sentinel of his own safety; and where the shedding of blood, and even of life, is held to be a mere bagatelle. Alarm and dread, we imagine, to say nothing of those natural and physical inconveniences, arising from the ceaseless presence of mosquitoes, flies, scorpions, heat, and drought, must naturally drive us away from such inhospitable regions. But the excitement of danger, and the stimulus of privation, seem to possess a fascinating power; and the veteran, who has passed his early days in the camp and the field, finds the quietness of the barracks irksome and galling. Even the Abbé Domenech, whose six years' labours in these wild climates sufficed to destroy his health, and break up his constitution, pines after the forest and the plain, the river and the torrent, and the travellings and wanderings of former times, from his monastic solitude; and would even now rather

be traversing trackless woods, in imminent peril of life from Indian and robber, than reading his breviary in the cloistered avenues of a French cathedral.

We have been bound to make a reservation in our high estimate of the Abbé Domenech's work. It is extremely interesting in every page; but then it is essentially Catholic, and not a little French. The prejudices of the Catholic priest become eminently conspicuous, whenever the author has to refer either to the communion to which he belongs, to the character of Protestants, to the treatment of Irishmen, or the conduct of Americans, in relation to the Mexicans. On such occasions, he indulges in assertions, which are not only false but ridiculous; and he seems to take a pride in depreciating the one at the expense of the other. Is a poor Irish soldier punished, it is not because he has violated the discipline of his regiment, but because he is a Catholic; are the Mexicans compared with the United States, the character of the former is made to shine forth magnificently: order and prosperity flourish only within the Mexican frontiers, whilst that of the latter is cast into the shade, or overwhelmed with vituperation; "ants" and "Methodists" are mentioned in the same category, as noisome vermin; and Protestant ministers of all denominations are denounced, as wanting that devotion, zeal, and fearlessness, which, according to the abbé's version, is to be found only and exclusively in the bosom of the Roman Church. Some prisoners are condemned to death at Camargo.

"In the evening," comments the abbé, "the American prisoners received the tardy visit of their consul, of their minister, and of a doctor. These gentlemen brought with them coarse linen garments, that their countrymen might be decently clad for the ceremony of execution; and they returned home, after smoking cigars for an hour with the unfortunate prisoners. I could not refrain from contrasting this kind of philanthropic consolation with Christian charity."

The Christian charity being his own ministration, and kindly offer of a *viaticum*, or passport to heaven.

The work is essentially Catholic; it is also essentially French. In the narration of the different adventures which the Abbé Domenech experienced, there prevails a tone of vanity and egotism, which is peculiar to the *naïve* self-possession of a Frenchman, and which, in the present instance, we only notice to pardon. The intrusion of self is not always acceptable; but in the volume before us there is so much that is absorbingly interesting, so much that is novel and attractive, that we are not at once aware of the exaggerated proportions the narrator

assumes in the scene, until, by some national or educational prejudice, he makes us feel it; but then he as quickly sounds a retreat, and we run through many pleasant pages of description, before the abbé startles us again with the consciousness of his conspicuous presence.

Towards the end of 1845, Dr. Odin, vicar-apostolic of Texas, preached at Lyons a missionary sermon, and called upon the youth of that city, who were being educated for the ministry, to engage in missionary labour in his diocese. "I was not quite twenty years of age at the time," the Abbé Domenech writes, "nor had I entirely completed my ecclesiastical studies; still feeling myself urged forward by some invisible hand towards this unknown future of trials and sacrifices, I offered the bishop of Texas my services, which were accepted." On the 20th of March, 1846, accordingly, he embarked on board the American frigate, "*Elizabeth Ellen*," at Havre, and sailed for New Orleans, which city he reached about the middle of May. From the capital of Louisiana the abbé proceeded up the Mississippi to St. Louis, the *Queen of the West*, where he was to remain for a year or two in the ecclesiastical college to complete the theological studies interrupted by the voyage from Europe, and prepare for the apostolic life of the missions. The descriptions which the author gives of the scenery of this magnificent river are lively and charming; but we will not pause to repeat them, for how often have not they been produced by other pens? At the end of the two years the abbé descended the Mississippi to New Orleans, where he got on board the steamer for Galveston, the principal port of Texas, and the episcopal residence of that vast region. The passage across the Gulf of Mexico was not without its perils, and the vessel in which the young missionary had taken his berth encountered a storm, which at one time threatened to become fatal. A swallow had taken refuge in the ship during the tempest, and after several ineffectual efforts had been made by some of the passengers to capture it, the poor thing alighted on one of the ropes near the Abbé Domenech. "I caught it without difficulty, caressed it, and as it was wet and trembling, warmed it in my bosom. The little creature's courage seemed to revive, and I fancied it was pleased with my attention, as it manifested no desire to escape. Although not naturally superstitious, yet in this simple incident I searched for some augury, which, however, my sterile imagination failed to suggest."

The geographical limits of Texas have not hitherto been very clearly defined; we therefore extract the following statement of the boundaries and the country from the work before us:—

"Texas is an Indian word which signifies 'a hunting ground abounding in game.' Its superficial extent is about 120,000 square miles. It is bounded on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Sabina, which separates it from Louisiana, on the north by the Red River, the Arkansas, and the Indian territory, on the north-west by New Mexico, and on the west by the Rio Grande, also called Rio del Norte or Rio Bravo. The inhabitants of this country increase so rapidly that it is impossible to state their exact number. In 1848, the population was estimated at 400,000, independently of Indians, who have never suffered the census to be taken in their tribes. I am inclined, however, to think that this number is an exaggeration. The Mexicans were then the most numerous, notwithstanding all that compilers of statistics have stated to the contrary; next the Anglo-Americans, and then the Germans.

"The number of black slaves who work in the plantations is very considerable. Texas is divided into 117 counties, including the three counties of Bexar, the two of Bosque, and the two of San Patricio, each of which has a capital or chief town. The majority of their capitals scarcely merit the name of village. The principal rivers are: on the west, the Rio Grande, which is navigable for more than 200 miles, the Nueces, the Rio Frio, and the San Antonio; in the centre of the country, the Colorado and the Brazos; on the east, the Trinity, the Meches, and the Sabina; and on the north the Red River. Most of these rivers are navigable only at their mouths. They receive innumerable tributaries, which irrigate and fertilize immense prairies. The bays of Galveston and Matagorda abound with fish. In the bay of Matagorda tortoises are found weighing more than 330 lbs., also sword fish measuring more than two yards in length, and sharks in abundance. The entire coast of Texas is formed of hills of fine white sand, of slight elevation; between it and the sea is a line of long narrow islands and oyster banks, against which the waves lash themselves into foam. These islands are frequented by myriads of sea fowl, and especially by pelicans, some of which attain an enormous size.

"All the southern part of Texas extends to the sea in sandy plains and swamps, which, as they ascend towards the north, become more elevated, fertile, and undulating; and are clothed with a rich herbage which supports vast herds of cattle, sheep, and horses. The mountains appear only in the north-west, as the advanced sentinels of the Andes and the Rocky Mountains. The prairies are divided by forests which extend along the rivers. The most common trees are the cedar, the magnolia, the sycamore, the ebony, the mesquita, the sugar maple, the fir tree, the pacane, many varieties of the acacia, oaks, and palm trees, and others indigenous to hot climates. The cotton of Texas is superior to that of Louisiana. It is principally cultivated on the banks of the Brazos. The tobacco of Nacogdoches is said to be better than that of the United States. Maize grows everywhere, and the produce of the sugar-cane is more abundant than in Louisiana. The flora, though not rich, is varied. The nopal and all the many varieties of the cactus flourish here in



abundance. Few discoveries have been made in mineralogy, and metallurgy is imperfectly understood. Silver, iron, and antimony, however, have been found in the country. The climate is very hot; but it is tempered by regular breezes which come from the Gulf of Mexico, or down from the mountains."

The population of this vast region is divided by the Abbé Domenech according to their varieties of religious belief. The Mexicans and Indo-Mexicans are, it appears, Catholics; the Creoles, though not a numerous body in Texas, also profess the Catholic faith; among the Anglo-Americans, Methodism and Presbyterianism prevail; Episcopalians, Baptists, and Quakers, are greatly in the minority, and the Mormons can boast of but one establishment in the country. As to the Indians, the religion varies with the tribe. The Comanches worship the sun and the light, are very superstitious, and stand in great awe of their priests, who are their prophets and physicians, and give them amulets, to preserve them from every danger from man and beast. The other Indians worship the Great Spirit, whom they place in heaven, whence he extends his protection to them. All they pray for is success in the chase and rich booty in the pillage.

The following account of the customs of some of the aboriginal tribes is too curious to be omitted :—

" The stationary tribes do not bury their dead, but heap branches of trees and earth on the bodies to protect them from wolves and other wild animals. The bodies are heaped promiscuously one over the other, so that, should the tribe remain for any considerable time in the same place, the pile assumes the form of mounds or hillocks of dead, which the whites call *an Indian Mount*. The Lipans, on the contrary, and other wandering tribes, bury their dead here and there in trenches, generally in the depths of woods and thickets. They conceal the body under alternate layers of earth and branches, then cover the grave with green-sward, and over it interlace the boughs of trees in the most graceful manner, thus forming a kind of rustic vault, which serves to shelter and protect the lonely tomb. Notwithstanding the minute historical researches I have instituted, with a view of discovering the origin of the first inhabitants of Texas, and the first European establishments in these countries, I have failed in collecting any exact information as to events which occurred prior to the seventeenth century. Historians are either entirely silent as to the *points de départ*, the degrees and the distance, or dismiss the subject with a few vague and unsatisfactory indications. The name of the country, as well as the name of its tribes and rivers, has been changed. At the beginning of the Christian era, a colony of Fultecs seems to have settled on the banks of the Rio-Grande. Historians have often made mention of this powerful tribe; but

without any authority whatever, for it left no other trace of its existence than a vague tradition. The Toltecs, before their emigration into Mexico in the seventeenth century, had inhabited the north-western part of Texas, between the Rio-Grande, the Red River, and the southern portion of New Mexico. This tribe, the most ancient of all those of which we have any knowledge, subjected Mexico to its laws, and had some idea of the sciences and the useful arts. The spirit of their laws was mild, their customs characterized by benevolence, their religion an imperfect imitation of Catholicism. They cultivated maize, and knew the use of chocolate; and cacao nuts served them as money. There can be no doubt that that part of Texas which is so much frequented at the present day by the Comanches, and more particularly the banks of the Colorado, was peopled by the Aztecs at the beginning of the twelfth century, that is, before one of their chiefs, called Huitziton, led them to the conquest of Mexico. This was a work of no small labour, and was not accomplished until towards the middle of the thirteenth century. At that epoch the Aztecs completely destroyed the work of the Toltecs, extended their empire, and instituted the sacrificing of human victims, which increased so fearfully during the sixteenth century. This mighty empire fell, as all know, in 1551, with Quauhtemozin, their last monarch. There is no resemblance whatever between the Aztecs, a brave, spirited race of men, tall, well proportioned, and vigorous, and the two pretended Aztecs, who were lately exhibited in Europe; nor have they anything in common with the brave adversaries of Fernando Cortes, save the name, which has been given them without any historic grounds. I am disposed to believe that if the pure Aztec blood exists at the present day, it runs in the veins of the Comanches. The Aztecs were idolaters. They adored no living creature, as some historians state: the objects of their worship were various idols. The Otonites were a great and widely-spread nation in the sixteenth century. They inhabited a large territory, which stretches along the borders of the Gulf of Mexico, and extends far inland from the province of Panuco to Nueces. The Otonites were idolaters, and rose frequently in arms against their Mexican conquerors."

After giving a brief and interesting sketch of the history and struggles of Texas, as well as a picture of Galveston, its capital, the Abbé Domenech fairly commences his narrative of the trials and sacrifices he had to endure in his missionary vocation. At first he only suffered what every traveller suffers in common. At Houlston, "a wretched little town, composed of about twenty shops, and a hundred huts, dispersed here and there among trunks of trees," he has to rest for the night. It is, however, infested with "Methodists and ants;" the ants crawl along the streets and through every room in endless procession, the ceiling, the walls, the floor, being traversed in every direction by the dark and ever-moving columns of their battalions.

When he awakes in the morning he is seized with an itching all over his body, having been stung from head to foot by these lively insects. *Posting* is not so pleasant also as it might be. When the abbé wishes to set out for his destination in the interior, he finds the post a cart, a species of springless waggon, drawn by four powerful horses. Bridges constructed of a plank or two, and strewed with branches of trees span the rivers, and over these the mail-coach flies at full gallop. On crossing the Buffalo in this western fashion of travelling he is alarmed, for the bridge is not above six or seven feet in width, and the slightest accident would have precipitated cart, horses, postboy, and passenger into the water. The jumping and jolting of the vehicle was also distressing, not to say that the bounding over stumps and striking against trees was sometimes dangerous.

"In the evening I descried," such is the Abbé Domenech's own tale, "a little hill in the distance, gilded by the last rays of the sun; it was the burying place of an Indian tribe—a heap of forgotten graves bathed in a flood of light. Such was the only monument—the only trace of man's sojourn. Whilst thus lost in the depths of my own reflections, and contemplating the setting sun, my postboy fell asleep, and the horses, left to themselves, came upon a ravine, into which our waggon was thrown, as a matter of course, while the charioteer and myself were flung on the opposite bank by the shock. 'Are any of your bones smashed?' said my driver, starting from his sleep. 'No,' I replied. 'Good! then there is no harm done.' 'No harm done! Why, if this mode of travelling continued for four or five days it is impossible that I should arrived at San Antonio with an unbroken bone in my body.' "

This, however, was but an early specimen of the perils of travel in Texas. There is the raving torrent, the waterless prairie, the prowling panther, the lurking Indian, the desperate white man, converted by the ferocity of his nature into a highway robber to be guarded against; yet these pests of civilized life are all encountered as we encounter diseases of the body, and escape from them, if escape be achieved, only gives a greater zest to the adventure, whilst the dangers themselves are looked back upon with an indescribable feeling of gratification. However, notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers of the road, the Abbé Domenech arrived safely at San Antonio, of which town he furnishes an interesting and useful description:—

"San Antonio, like the majority of Mexican towns, is remarkable for a large square which occupies its centre. In the middle of this square stands the church, with its thick walls, its massive quadrangular steeple, and insignificant cupola raised over the choir.

Surrounding the square on all sides are rows of large houses built of stone, whitewashed, with flat roofs and terraces, and windows few in number, and very small. Here and there clumps of Chinese lilacs. The streets are straight, but filthy, and encumbered with oxen and waggons, either quite disabled or covered all over with mud. Courtyards or kitchen gardens, where grow, without culture or without the exhibition of any taste as to the planting, lilacs, fig-trees, pomegranates, and peach-trees. At present, in the construction of buildings, stone is beginning to replace bamboos, *adaubes*, or bricks burned in the sun, and cabins built with the branches of trees. At that time the population, which for the most part was Mexican, did not exceed three or four thousand. The dress of the men is picturesque and graceful, although not so rich as in the interior of Mexico. The broad-leafed hat is decorated with silver ornaments; the vest is short, and, when it is of buckskin, the sleeves are open to the elbow, and ornamented with silver buttons. The pantaloons, too, are garnished with buttons, and open to the hips, but buttoned from the knee upwards. They are of skin, cloth, or blue velvet, bordered with large bands of black velvet. A cincture of blue or red silk, with fringe, completes the costume. The Mexican women are scantily clad, wearing only a chemise with very low front, and a petticoat. When they leave the house, they wear a gown of thin silk, and cover the entire person with a scarf, which hangs about them in the most graceful folds.

“San Antonio is situated between the 29th and 30th degree of north latitude, and in the 100th degree of west longitude. Its position, near the north-eastern frontier of Mexico, makes it a place of great importance. It is the principal dépôt for the merchandise of the United States, which is conveyed hence to Monclova, Monterey, Saltillo, Paso del Norte, and even to San Luis de Potosi, in the interior of Mexico. Every week arrive, from different localities, long caravans of ponderous waggons with massive wheels, drawn by oxen, and superintended by rich Mexican traders, who come here to lay in a stock of muslins, cottons of all kinds, soap, sugar, flour, and coffee.”

The first experiences of the abbé on the theatre of his labours were not encouraging. The priests who served the mission of San Antonio were Spaniards, and inhabited a large dreary store-house at the western extremity of the square, in which, there being no room for the new-comer, he was lodged in a garret divided off as a store-room for culinary provisions, such as garlic, onions, pimento, and vegetables which were put there to dry. His furniture consisted of a miserable kind of camp-bed, without either mattress or palliasse, a crazy table, and two chairs, one of which wanted a bottom, the other a leg, whilst the public bier served as a sort of sofa; one small window and a dormer skylight admitted the sun, the air, and the rain; and to keep him company, dormice, rats, spiders, musquitoes,

and insects of every denomination lived and broiled in myriads, in his narrow tenement. What made the matter worse was the necessity of being kept a close prisoner within its walls, hardly able to breathe, unable to study, and dying of *ennui*, for it was impossible to walk through the town in the shelterless heat, nor outside its precincts for fear of the Indians. The parish priest, the abbé assures us, could not accompany a corpse to the cemetery, which was not more than a pistol shot from his house, without being protected by armed men.

It must be remembered, too, that at this time the abbé was unacquainted with the Spanish language, and was therefore unable to converse with those around. How sweet then must have been a *rencontre* like the following :—

“This want of air, exercise, and mental occupation brought on a very singular malady. Fainting fits, which on each occasion lasted for a considerable time, and which came on so suddenly that it was never in my power to call for assistance, seized me once or twice every day. One evening, more than usually oppressed by a host of gloomy thoughts, I sat contemplating from my narrow skylight the graves beneath me, with their rustic crosses and white head-stones scorched in the sun; my ill-defined desires and aspirations were ascending to the throne of the God of all consolation. I dared not complain somehow, and yet I suffered intensely—all at once I heard a coarse voice chant forth in French the following words :—

“ ‘ Oh ! surtout cache-lui  
D'où vient mon ennui . . . ’ ”

At a bound I was on my legs, at the aperture of my pigeon-box, to find out who it was that sung thus. I discovered that it was a mason who worked at a neighbouring wall.

“ ‘ You are a Frenchman ? ’ cried I, deeply affected by the meeting.

“ ‘ A Frenchman, without a doubt, and a Comtois too, at your service. But who are you, and what in Heaven's name are you doing at that skylight ? ’ ”

“ ‘ I, too, am a Frenchman. I am preparing for the mission of Texas. The bishop has sent me here that I might escape the fevers of Galveston; but I have no acquaintance; and I never leave my garret except to go to church; hence the voice of a countryman made me leap for joy. ’ ”

“ ‘ At that rate, with no one to speak to, your time must hang heavily enough upon you. If you think well of it, I'll come and see you after my work, and we'll have a little chat together. ’ ”

How the abbé contrived to subsist at San Antonio must always remain a mystery to his readers. His food was not only of the commonest kind, but he could procure so little of it, that he was frequently on the verge of starvation, his parish-

ioners evidently imagining that their priest needed not the same nourishment and food as themselves. The energetic priest was not alone in suffering and privation. His colleague, the Abbé Dubuis, and a friend, who shared with them their lot, were also reduced frequently to the verge of destitution. It appears that these three compatriots subsisted chiefly on what they could procure by shooting; and that on the occasion of a rambling excursion, the Abbé Domenech had managed to kill a rattlesnake, which had attacked him, and bring it home. The next day they sat down to dinner; the bill of fare, however, such was the state of the larder, included but three eggs. What was to be done? A proposition was made that they should eat the serpent. The proposition was agreed to, the Abbé Dubuis remarking, that if the flesh proved good, they would have in future wherewith to satisfy their appetite, nay, even to exceed the bounds of moderation, should they be so inclined. Accordingly, the Abbé Domenech summoned to his aid all his culinary skill to dress the serpent, and in a very short time, it appeared on the table, stripped of its skin, deprived of head and tail, cut into small pieces, gutted, and well spiced with cayenne pepper. The new dish seemed palatable enough; it tasted somewhat of frogs and tortoise, but their natural repugnance to it was insurmountable—the idea of eating a serpent shocking their stomachs. However, they afterwards found a resource in the flesh of the crocodile; but this kind of food was rarely to be obtained—the difficulty of capturing so formidable an edible animal being the chief objection. The Abbé Domenech gives an animated description of the first crocodile he caught:—

“I arrived at length at a bend of the river where the water calmly reposed under the shadow of enormous fig trees. Athwart the foliage the sun's rays gilded the parti-coloured water-lilies, which formed the framework of this sparkling mirror. The chase was soon forgotten, and whilst I stood admiring this lovely spot, the leaves of the water-lilies were agitated, and I observed them disappear, and form, as it were, a pathway under the water. It at once occurred to me that some large fish was taking his promenade through this delicious aquatic garden, when suddenly I recognised the bony, dark brown back of a crocodile.

“In general, when I apprehend even an imaginary danger, my first impulse is to avoid it; nevertheless, should any useful object be attained by confronting it, my second impulse brings me into its presence; hence I resolved on killing this amphibious creature, with a view to increase our stock of provisions. Being provided with small shot only, I charged the gun heavily with it, in the fervent hope that the animal would turn the side of his head towards me. I raised the gun to my shoulder, and stood ready to fire. But whether



it was ill-luck, or that the crocodile suspected danger, the fact is, he only exposed the front of his head. At length, however, he did make the desired move: I fired, and the animal disappeared under water. Have I missed him? No. Something comes up to the surface of the water. I leaped for joy on perceiving that it was the crocodile's belly. In truth I was very proud. This animal is so hideous that I had no pity for him. I called out to my companion with all my strength. He at the same moment was hurling anathemas against my shot, the report of which had frightened some partridges which he had kept in view for the last quarter of an hour. Still, fearing that some accident had occurred, he ran towards me in all haste, and entered into all my delight at the sight of this enormous piece of game, which floated like a quantity of wood on the surface of the water. Still our task was only half done: it remained for us to secure the prize. The river, on issuing from the basin, became very narrow and rapid. Our enormous prey floated down with the current, very slowly, to be sure, but should it once reach this narrow spot, it was entirely lost to us. The basin was very deep, so that we durst not venture in, as neither of us could swim; and although at the place where the river entered, it was shallow enough, yet there was danger of being carried into the deep water beyond our depth by the strength of the current. Quite undecided as to how we should manage, and filled with disagreeable misgivings, we followed the motion of the crocodile with anxious minds. Fortunately, a tree which floated down before it, arrived crosswise, having encountered some obstacle at the point where the river issues from the basin, stopped, and arrested the motion of the crocodile. Time was thus afforded to consider what was best to be done.

"I recollected there was a farm-house on the other side of the river, about half-a-mile distant from us. I resolved, therefore, to cross the river with my clothes on, a task of no small difficulty, a dangerous one too, as I was up to my arm-pits in water. Having reached the farm-house, I found no one there, and retraced my steps quite out of sorts. The second passage of the river was even more dangerous than the first, and I was nigh falling into a hole, into which the water flung itself with tremendous fury. What was to be done now? We cut a long thick *liane*, which was to be our harpoon; and having advanced into the water up to the waist, I cast it over the crocodile's back (for by this time his back was again uppermost), and we by this means drew him to the bank. All at once, his tail commenced to lash our legs. Off we set at the top of our speed, uttering cries of horror the while. We fancied that those jaws of eighteen inches, and armed with sixty-seven long sharp teeth, were at our heels. At length we stopped. 'Sure as a gun,' said I, 'he is dangerously wounded, and these movements of the tail are either the last convulsions of expiring life, or merely the agitation of the water which we set in motion.' This tail, too, was to me a subject of serious reflection. Report said it was excellent for culinary purposes; it would serve, therefore, to save, in a very satisfactory way, our provisions of dried and smoked meat. Having re-charged my

pistol and rifle, we returned, but the crocodile had not moved. I fired point-blank into his eye, and under the shoulder, not indeed without trembling a little. He was dead at last, there could be no doubt about it now. In length he measured ten feet, and in circumference, round the middle of the carcass, four feet."

But the kind of subsistence derived from hunting proved precarious, and the abbé was very nearly on the point of dying of starvation, notwithstanding his active ministrings amongst his congregation. This was not to be endured; and a last appeal is made:—

"The Abbé Dubuis wished to put an end to this miserable state of things, and after the sermon on the following Sunday he addressed the faithful, reminding them of the good which we had done to the colony both materially and morally.—'We teach seventy-two of your children, and yet you give nothing, not even for their books, which we often furnish gratis. We are about to build a church which will cost you scarcely anything, thanks to our collections, and still you leave us to die of hunger. Call to mind that on one occasion I was not able to preach because I had had no food for forty-eight hours; and that my first colleague, the Abbé Chazelle, died of want still more than of grief. Thus, since we are made up of bones and flesh, and cannot exist without food, we give you warning that to-morrow we shall quit this colony to seek a residence where more consideration will be shown for us, if from this day forward you do not provide us with the means of living for each mouth (and in advance), whether in money or in kind, and a half piastre over and above for each pupil attending the school (the children of widows and of the poor we except from this rule). If the first instalment is not paid in before this evening, to-morrow you will no longer see us.' The flock was ashamed of its avarice; a collection was made on the spot; and from that day forth we suffered no more from hunger."

The privations and sufferings of the missionary labourer at San Antonio told upon his health and constitution. Hunger, fatigue, cold, heat, and rain, ceaseless care, and responsibility, produced depression of spirits, and, subsequently, fever. But there was no rest for the Abbé Domenech, so long as he could crawl from his couch; and he at length determined upon returning to France. This he did, with the permission of the bishop, revisited his friends at Lyons, and proceeded as far as Rome, where he obtained an interview with the Pope, who received him graciously, and presented him with a purse of gold. But once put in a valetudinarian condition, the aching desire to return to Texas overcame every other consideration; and he once more embarked for that rude and magnificent country.

He was not, however, appointed to his old station on the banks of the San Antonio, but became transferred to Brownville, on the Rio Grande, the frontier town on the borders of the Mexican territory. There he enjoyed more of the luxuries of life; society not being so primitive and coarse; and he was never distressed for the want of a mouthful of bread. But then his duties were laborious, his time was incessantly occupied; he had to traverse vast districts by night and day, amid cold and heat, to baptize, to marry, or perform the last offices for the dying; and this once more laid him prostrate, and he was compelled to return to his native country, where, in the too quiet solitudes of his monastic home, he has written this most interesting narrative of missionary adventures in Texas and Mexico. We have been able to give but a very faint idea of the fascinating contents of the volume; but we refer the reader to its pages, satisfied that he will reap abundant pleasure and information from its perusal. We have already stated that it is deeply tinged with a Catholic feeling; that it is written with a view to exalt the character and success of Catholic missions, and to stimulate home Christians to aid in supporting the College of the Propagandists; and we have only stated it to place readers on their guard against accepting, too readily, statements, which the bias of the priest evidently lead him to misinterpret.

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#### ART. VI.—SNOW'S TWO YEARS' CRUISE OFF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

*A Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego; the Falkland Islands, &c.* By W. Parker Snow, late Commander of the Mission Yacht Ellen Gardiner; with Charts and Illustrations. In Two Vols., pp. 376 and 368. London: Longmans and Co.

WE ought to apologize to Captain Snow for allowing his interesting book to lie so long unnoticed. But the controversy in which he has engaged with the Patagonian Society respecting the *modus operandi* of their mission has been the stumbling block in our path. We have read both sides of the question carefully, and we fain would leave it where we found it. What if we should have come to the *singular* conclusion that there has been fault on both sides! No! we will keep to our resolution. Premising then that we keep out of sight altogether this unfortunate dispute, we can most heartily recommend this "Voyage to the South Seas," as one full of incident and informa-

tion. For the information of our readers we may state that the author was appointed to the command of the "Ellen Gardiner" by the Patagonian Missionary Society. The object of the mission in sending out this vessel was to establish a station and a depôt on one of the West Falkland Islands; from which attempts were to be made to evangelize the Fuegians and Patagonians—the "Ellen Gardiner" to be employed on the station as a mission yacht. It is the history of the voyage out to the Falkland Islands; touching at St. Vincent's, the Cape de Verde Islands, and Rio Janeiro, on their way, and of the various cruises to Monte Video and back, to Tierra del Fuego, &c., while on the station, altogether embracing a period of near three years, that is recorded in these volumes. Captain Snow has the rare faculty of keen and minute observation; and this combined with a power of graphic description renders him an exceedingly intelligent and interesting guide to those comparatively unknown regions. We will just give our readers an extract or two as specimens, and then we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves; promising them much valuable information, and many amusing incidents. The first relates to Jemmy Button, a Fuegian, who, it will be recollected, was brought home by Captain Fitzroy, of the Beagle Expedition, and after having been educated here in England, at the end of three years was again taken out by that officer. It was part of Captain Snow's instructions to discover this man, if possible. "The idea struck me," says Captain Snow, "that by hoisting the British colours it would be the means of inducing Jemmy Button, if he were alive and in this neighbourhood, to come off to me. When, therefore, I saw the two canoes paddling towards us, I determined to hail them and make inquiries; but I did not shorten sail until one of the canoes, outstripping the other, came near. I did not, however, do more than deaden the ship's way, as we were close in-shore, and I wanted to reach Woollya before dark; but standing on the raised platform aft, I sang out to the natives interrogatively, 'Jemmy Button? Jemmy Button?' To my amazement and joy, almost for a moment rendering me speechless, an answer came from one of the four men in the canoe, 'Yes, yes; Jam-mes Button! Jam-mes Button!' at the same time pointing to the second canoe, which had nearly got alongside. To down with the helm, throw the ship up on the wind close under the high mountains, shorten sail, call all hands upon deck, and put the vessel's head in the bay towards Button Island, was but the work of an instant. . . . Voices enough were soon heard from all quarters, on board and alongside, as the first canoe, having got abreast of us, remained at a small distance off; while the second canoe, with a stout, wild, and shaggy-looking man standing up in it, came close to. 'Jam-mes Button, *me!* Jam-mes Button, *me!*' shouted the new comer—"Jam-mes Button *me!* where's the ladder!"—Vol. II. pp. 29-30. The arrival of the Fuegian created no small astonishment which was vented by one of the sailors after this fashion: "Well, I'm blowed! What a queer thing! This beats me out and out! There's that blear-eyed, dirty-looking,

naked savage speaking as clearly to the skipper as one of us, and I be hanged, too, if he isn't as perlite as if he'd been brought up in a parlour, instead of born in this outlandish place! Well, it *is* queer; and so is the whole affair. I can't make it out. Fair winds, never any harm; lots of wild barbarians civil to us; and now one of 'em talking as plain a'most as ourselves! It knocks me down, quite!"

We have not space to follow Jemmy further. Suffice it to say, that Captain Snow was rather disappointed in him, on the whole; for he evidently had relapsed into his savage state again. We have all read of the dangers of Cape Horn,—of the vengeance which the winds and the tempests so frequently execute upon the sailor, as he attempts to "double" that far-famed cape. The little "Ellen Gardiner" had a fearful time of it in this vicinity. We again quote Captain Snow's words: "At midnight there was a thorough Cape Horn gale, and so unpleasant was the tossing about of the ship, that all of us, with one or two exceptions, were sick. About two, a.m., a heavy sea struck us abaft, and tried the vessel's strength; doing, however, no damage, except throwing the helmsman over the wheel, and deluging the decks fore and aft. Not even a portion of our bulwarks was washed away, and only a loose port and a few trifling articles were carried overboard. At three, a.m., the gale was at it its height; and so heavy was it, that I felt rather curious about our position. If I attempted to arouse myself, and take a few spasmodic steps along the deck, a sudden lift of the sea would send me flying in a frantic manner, and with bursting force, against some fixture of the ship. If I held fast by the rigging, or the bulwark rail, and glanced upon that wild mysterious sea, with its dark masses and snowy crests rolling terrifically on toward us, a sheet of spray some hundred yards in length would dash forward, and all but send me, as it did the little vessel, heeling over to the other side. Turn which way I would, look how I might, it was all the same; and no matter what the ship, or what the voyage, or what the skill, or what the advantage possessed, I will say that such an awful night as we had off Cape Horn, and such as hundreds and hundreds similarly experience, is a night as full of darkling terrors, ghostly and real, as any one can possibly conceive."—Vol. II. pp. 76-77. And so we might go on, culling striking incidents and graphic descriptions; and were it not for the unpleasantness we have alluded to, the volumes of Captain Snow would take a high rank among the literature of voyages and travels.

## Quarterly Review of American Literature.

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A SUBJECT far more interesting and important than literature appears, for several months past, to have engaged the attention of the American public. The great spiritual phenomena of the nineteenth century is the Religious Revival of 1858, which has spread over every part of the United States, and will become memorable in the history of the Church of Christ. The quietness and solemnity which have marked its commencement and progress, show that it is not a mere emotional excitement, but a genuine work of the Spirit of God. It has been confined to no section of the Church, and has been characterized by united and fervent prayer, accompanied by personal efforts to enforce upon sinners the necessity of that great spiritual change, which the Founder of Christianity declares must pass upon all men if they hope for eternal life. Several publications bearing upon this subject have issued from the press, and among others we notice "The New York Pulpit in the Revival of 1858,"<sup>1</sup> containing twenty-five sermons from as many clergymen in New York, preached during the present season of great awakening. The contents of the volume are: The Holy Flock; Religious Conversation; Past Feeling; Why will ye die? The Wise Decision; Christ at the Door; Unanswered Prayer; Man's Pride against God's Grace; Tears at the Judgment; True Repentance; Seeking the Lord so as to find Him; The War that knows no Exempts and gives no Quarter; Coming to Christ; What shall I do to be Saved; Men to be Reconciled to God through Christ; The Ancient Worthies our Example; Incentives to seek Companionship with Israel; The Cross Contemplated; The Strait Gate; Man's Perdition not of God; Duty of Repentance; Religious Insensibility; The Life Battle; True Religion a Service; Not Far from the Kingdom of God. These discourses were preached by clergymen of various denominations in the ordinary ministrations of the Sabbath, and contain such exhibitions of truth as the Holy Spirit has blessed for the conversion of many souls. They were not designed for the press, and are not published as specimens of elaborate thought and theological learning, but are plain, earnest appeals, aimed directly at the conscience.

We are gratified to find that a new, revised, and greatly enlarged, edition of Dr. Hackett's "Commentary on the Original Text of the Acts of the Apostles,"<sup>2</sup> of which we gave a favourable notice in a

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<sup>1</sup> The New York Pulpit in the Revival of 1858. Sermons preached in New York and Brooklyn, by Twenty-five distinguished Pastors. 12mo. New York. 1858.

<sup>2</sup> A Commentary on the Original Text of the Acts of the Apostles. By Horatio B. Hackett, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. A New Edition. Revised and greatly enlarged. 8vo., 480 pp. Boston. 1858.



former article, has just been published. This edition has been enriched by the author's visit to many of the places to which he refers, and by several years of additional study. We consider it the best exegetical commentary on the Acts of the Apostles in the English language.

Thompson's "Believer's Refuge"<sup>3</sup> is a neat volume, which will interest the young and old. It was published by the author as a parting gift to his congregation, when on the eve of his departure from them on a tour of health. It contains much admirable matter, and suggestive thought. Many of these "fugitive pieces" display deep and tender feeling, clothed in simple and beautiful language.

Those whose hearts and homes have been desolated by the removal of pious friends to their final rest, will derive consolation in perusing a volume entitled "Our Friends in Heaven,"<sup>4</sup> by the Rev. J. M. Killen. The author furnishes evidences that our beloved kindred in Christ are not lost to us, but that we shall hereafter recognize them in glory. He adduces arguments in support of this truth from the Old Testament, the Gospels, and the Apocalypse, and from the nature of the perfection in knowledge and happiness revealed in the Gospel.

Dr. Van Santvoord's "Discourses on Special Occasions and Miscellaneous Papers,"<sup>5</sup> deserve many appreciative readers. The discourses are far above ordinary pulpit performances, and are characterised by broad, comprehensive views, clear conceptions, and cultivated taste.

Among seventeen articles, the papers of most interest, in a literary point of view, are the discourses on John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster, the discourse on the Worth of the Scriptures, and the comparison between Robert Hall, who might be regarded as the Cicero of the English, and Thomas Chalmers, the Demosthenes of the Scottish Pulpit. At times, this gifted preacher of the Dutch Reformed Church, rises to genuine eloquence. We present a short paragraph, as a fair specimen of the paper of forty pages on Hall and Chalmers: "The world will hear the voices of these eloquent men no more. The mighty leveller consigns to the worm the strong man equally with the feeble. But the ark is safe, though the strongest arms that upheld it are paralyzed. The church and the truth live on just the same, though the brightest ornaments of the one, and the ablest defences of the other fall into the grave."

Four volumes of Dr. Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit,"<sup>6</sup> are now before the public. The first two volumes, devoted

<sup>3</sup> The Believer's Refuge; or, Meditation on Christ and Heaven. By Joseph P. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York.

<sup>4</sup> Our Friends in Heaven; or, The Mutual Recognition of the Redeemed in Glory Demonstrated. By the Rev. J. M. Killen. Philadelphia.

<sup>5</sup> Discourses on Special Occasions, and Miscellaneous Papers. By C. Van Santvoord. New York.

<sup>6</sup> Annals of the American Pulpit; or, Commemorative Notices of distinguished American Clergymen of various denominations, from the early settlement of the Country to the close of the year 1855. With Historical Introductions. By William B. Sprague, D.D. 8vo., Vols. III. and IV., pp. 1468. New York. 1858.

to the ministers of the Congregational churches, were noticed by us on their publication. The third and fourth, recently published, contain formal biographies of more than two hundred and fifty clergymen of the Presbyterian denomination, besides incidental notices of a far greater number. The sketcher of the more eminent ministers, as Brainerd, Davies, Mason, the Tenants, &c., are of considerable length. The work is written with impartiality, and will be a durable monument to the skill and industry of the historian of the American pulpit, who is now so successfully completing his Herculean labour.

Felt's "Ecclesiastical History of New England" is a volume highly creditable to the author, and will rescue many worthy names and noble deeds from oblivion. The author gives us the narrative in nearly the same form he finds it in the original records. The first volume is brought down to the year 1648, and when the work is completed, it will be an important contribution to American history.

The above works relate to theology and analogous subjects; in history, biography, science, and general literature, we notice the following: Up to the year 1834, there was no history of America, that was deserving of much praise. The incomplete work of Judge Marshall was the only one, by a native author, worthy of the name. Graham's "History of the Colonization," and Botta's "Account of the Revolution," were acknowledged to be the best histories of America for their respective periods. The first volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States" was issued in 1834, and the second and third followed, frequently appearing in new editions. The fourth, fifth, and sixth were soon published, the last of which brings the narrative to the commencement of the American Revolution. The entire work bears ample testimony to the learning and industry of the author, and, when completed, we believe, will place him in the very front rank of contemporary historians. We have now the pleasure to announce to our readers that the seventh volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent,"<sup>7</sup> has been issued. It embraces the period between May, 1774, and June, 1775, from the closing of the port of Boston to the battle of Bunker Hill. "This volume, while it forms the continuation of the history as already published, is the first of four volumes, embracing the period of the American Revolution, from the Blockade of Boston, to the Treaty of Peace at Paris, in 1782, and will contain, *in a great degree from manuscript and unpublished sources*, the history of the nation during the first portion of this eventful period, including the blockade of Boston harbour, the general organization of the country, the alteration of the charter of Massachusetts, the resistance of the people of Massachusetts, the spirit of the South, the Congress of 1774, the progress of measures in

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<sup>7</sup> The Ecclesiastical History of New England; comprising not only Religious, but also Moral and other Relations. By Joseph B. Felt. Boston.

<sup>8</sup> The History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. Vol. VII., 8vo., pp. 435. Boston. 1858.

England, France, and elsewhere, the battles of Lexington and Concord, the siege of Boston, the Congress of 1775, the choice of Washington as Commander-in-Chief, the battle of Bunker Hill," &c., &c. These four volumes will also be published separately, as the "American Revolution," independent of the preceding volumes of the work. During Mr. Bancroft's residence here as Minister-Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, the records of the State Paper Office, the records of the Treasury, and the most interesting manuscripts in private and public collections were freely placed at his disposal. Similar courtesies were extended to him in Paris. Of the use which Mr. Bancroft made of these valuable opportunities, his library gives proof. The collection of manuscripts on American history is contained in between two and three hundred bound volumes, in which are copies of important unpublished documents. Many of these are copies of records in the public archives of England, France, and Holland, while others are taken from private collections, including those of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Carlisle, the Duke of Grafton, and several hundred notes which passed between George III. and Lord North. Mr. Bancroft's history is based on contemporary documents, his statements are founded on the most thorough investigation, his details are minute, and his reflections philosophical. In his pages the worthies of old time live and act before us, and he often cites the very words they uttered, which gives to the narrative the thrilling interest of a well-constructed drama. His style has not the smooth and easy flow of Prescott, but his sentences are terse, pointed, and elaborate, and well-suited to his matter. Mr. Bancroft's history has been translated into several foreign languages, and republished in the original in London and Paris.

Holland's "Bay Path"<sup>9</sup> is a historical tale of considerable interest. The characters are fresh and well-drawn, and the descriptions of scenery those of a careful observer. The plot is simple, and the attention of the reader is never diverted from the principal personages of the story. Most of the facts are found in the Colonial Records of New England. The opinions, religious differences, manners, and conversation of the early settlers are, in general, well described.

Elder's "Biography of Dr. Kane"<sup>10</sup> is a handsome volume, neatly illustrated, and presents the subject of the memoir in pleasing and vivid colours. It describes Dr. Kane's early thirst for perilous adventures, his indefatigable application to the study of medicine and natural science, his mental power, and moral worth. It is, however, marked by faults of style, and the last hundred and thirty pages are occupied with too minute details of the funeral honours rendered to this illustrious Arctic discoverer.

<sup>9</sup> The Bay Path. A Tale of New England Colonial Life. By J. G. Holland, Author of the "History of Massachusetts," &c. 12mo., 418 pp. New York. 1857.

<sup>10</sup> Biography of Elisha Kent Kane. By William Elder. 8vo., pp. 416. Philadelphia. 1858.

In this intellectual age, every one is expected to be acquainted with the new discoveries in science. Professor Porter, in his "Principles of Chemistry,"<sup>11</sup> has added increasing interest to one of the most attractive sciences, by preparing a text book adapted to the wants of students, illustrated by numerous experiments. His arrangement is lucid and systematic, and the principles and facts of the science are distinctly stated. The study of chemistry is an important branch of practical education, and of great value in developing the mental energies of youth. The work of Professor Porter will be useful to all classes, and especially to those engaged in manufactures and the arts. The author is an eminent and successful professor in one of the most distinguished colleges in the United States.

Dr. Gordon's "Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism"<sup>12</sup> is a record of facts, and contains a vast amount of curious knowledge. Intelligent persons differ in opinion as to the manner in which modern spiritualism or necromancy should be treated. Some consider it should be regarded with that contempt in which transient delusions are usually held; others think it should be boldly denounced as a subtle and dangerous enemy to truth; others again, consider it deserving of investigation on scientific and religious principles, in order to expose its fallacies. The author of this volume is one of the latter class, and he records its heterogeneous phenomena impartially, just as they are reported by those who believe in it, and convicts it of deception by its responses. The first chapter contains copious specimens of the facts on which the spiritualists establish their system, and the author demonstrates that the professed ability of the spirits to answer *mental* questions is without the least foundation in truth. The second chapter unfolds the *first test* of modern spiritualism, derived from the author's own experience, in which he gives an account of fifteen sittings, with their questions mentally asked, and the answers rapped out. The third chapter contains a statement of "parallel manifestations among the heathen," in which Dr. Gordon endeavours to prove that modern spiritualism is ancient heathenism revived. The *second test*, which is drawn from the nature of the communications furnished by the spirit-literature, is very convincing as proving a negative. No person whose brain is not palsied, or his conscience seared, can believe that such communications as are there exhibited, could be uttered by wise or good spirits. The *third test* is that derived from the Bible, in which all sorts of necromancers, as well as those who consult them, are condemned. The utterances of modern mediums are shown to differ from those of the holy oracles, as Satan differs from God. The reader who may not agree with Dr. Gordon's view of the causes of

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<sup>11</sup> Principles of Chemistry. Embracing the most recent Discoveries in the Science, and the Outlines of its Application to Agriculture and the Arts. Illustrated by numerous Experiments, newly adapted to the simplest apparatus. By John A. Porter, M.A., M.D., Professor of Agricultural and Organic Chemistry in Yale College. 12mo., pp. 477. New York. 1857.

<sup>12</sup> The Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism. By William R. Gordon. 12mo., pp. 404. New York.

these phenomena, or on other points, will find in this elaborate work much that is amusing and suggestive, ingenious and discriminating. The book would have been more readable, if the matter had been greatly compressed.

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## Brief Notices.

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**THE DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT**, deduced from Scripture, and vindicated from Misrepresentations and Objections. Six Discourses, preached before the University of Dublin, being the Donnellan Lectures for the year 1857. By John Cotter Macdonnell, B.D., Vicar of Laracor, Diocese of Meath. London: Rivingtons. Dublin: Hodges & Smith. 1858.

FROM a successor of Swift in the Vicarage of Laracor, and a grandson of *Pentateuch* Graves, both literature and divinity might fairly expect some offering of worth to be laid upon their altar; and in the present case we venture to affirm that that expectation will not be disappointed. It is now nearly sixty years since Archbishop Magee published his great work on "Atonement and Sacrifice." The controversy which prompted its publication, and which had previously called forth the excellent Bampton Lectures of Mr. Veysie, after smouldering for half a century, has again burst out with renewed violence; and the doctrine of Atonement is now assailed, not by Socinians only, but by members and ministers of the Anglican Church. Mr. F. D. Maurice, and other writers of note, have taught their followers to regard everything, which had been generally considered essential to this doctrine, as the idle inventions of a semi-heathenish priestcraft; and Professor Jowett's book on the Epistles of St. Paul has boldly adopted statements and arguments which were before considered peculiar to the Unitarian and the Deist. The publication of his work seemed suddenly to wake up the University of Oxford to a sense of the perils, from the side of Rationalism, which were gathering round her ancient faith. But, up to the present crisis, the University of Magee has done nothing till the appearance of Mr. Macdonnell's book, for the vindication of a truth of which, when assailed by Socinians, she produced by far the ablest defence. The lack of service she has now supplied in the present production of one of her not least worthy sons, of which production it is little to say that it is learned, thoughtful, transparently clear, and greatly to the purpose. That purpose is at once limited and comprehensive. The author says: "The lectures are not meant to be a complete treatise on the Atonement; nor yet are they intended merely to answer the objections peculiar to the present day. They were written, indeed, with a special reference to these objections, and particularly to the works of Jowett and Maurice; but my object has been rather to restate the doctrine and the Scriptural evidence on which it rests, in such a form as to exhibit the futility of these attacks, than to review the objections

themselves in detail." It is not to be expected that while these discourses exhibit mainly the same views as *THE ECLECTIC* recently advocated in its notice of Dr. Wardlaw's theological lectures, there should not be many statements put forward in them on which divines will be found to disagree. The author himself presupposes and admits that there are "differences of opinion" amongst those who hold the doctrine of an objective Atonement, on "essential points." These he has left untouched as far as possible, and confined himself to a treatment of "the doctrine as a whole"—vindicating it as salutary, Scriptural, and Divine. Along with Dr. Lee's exhaustive and very erudite volume on "Inspiration," Mr. Macdonnell's valuable treatise will go far to prove how undeserved is the reproach of the Dublin University as the silent sister of her English academic kindred.

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**APOSTOLIC MISSIONS ;** or, *The Sacred History Amplified and Combined with the Apostolic Epistles, &c.* By the Rev. J. H. Barker, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. London.

THIS little volume, entitled, "Apostolic Missions," has for its object to present a "continuous history under the form of a paraphrase of the Acts of the Apostles, combined with, and illustrated by the Epistles of Paul, and also contemporaneous secular history." This paraphrase is divided into sections, and interspersed with historical and geographical information, and practical reflections. We are not disposed to look with much favour upon paraphrases in general, as the effect, in our estimation, is to weaken the force of the sublime language of the Bible. But we think, in this instance, that the author has at least succeeded in the design which he proposed to himself for execution. The historical and geographical information is exceedingly valuable, and in this degree helpful to the study of this important portion of Holy Writ. The practical reflections, compiled chiefly from commentators, admirable for the devout spirit they breathe, are too ejaculative and "sermonified," to suit the character of the book itself; this defect, however, arising from the author's attempting to combine two almost incompatible things—to fit the book, at the same time, for instruction and family worship. The value of the volume is enhanced by a map and a chronological table.

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**THE AGE OF LEAD :** a Satire, in Two Books. By Adolphus Pasquin. With an Introduction, by the Rev. George Gilfillan. London : Judd & Glass. 1858.

"*THE Age of Lead*" is, of course, the present age, which is dull and dark; but the author admits that "the partial obscuration is happily redeemed by the presence of some brilliant constellations, particularly in the walks of science;" an admission for which these constellations in their scientific promenades will, we trust, show themselves sufficiently grateful. The best sentence in the author's book is appended as a note on the aforesaid walking stars: "We also



gladly make an exception in favour of our *periodical* literature. The critical reviews (quarterly and monthly), magazines, and journals of Great Britain, at the current era, are to the glory of the nation, and immeasurably surpass those of other realms and times." Although our hebdomedal Reviews and Journals are quite as strikingly beyond comparison, on the part of any other country or age, the author pronounces a tacit opinion to their discredit, for reasons best known to himself. The note we here give is, notwithstanding, the gem of the volume. The next best thing in it is Mr. Gilfillan's Introduction, in which there is much ability displayed, but in which we object to the apologetic tone adopted with respect to Christianity,—a very serious drawback upon the pleasure of reading this, as well as others of this learned gentleman's works. The least satisfactory portion of the volume is the Satire itself, in which the whole drift of the author appears to be to expunge, if possible, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and Dr. Mackay from the book of the living, and to write up certain small celebrities, such as "Genesis" Howard (between whose poem and "Paradise Lost," the *Athenæum* exhibited most suspicious resemblance), "Beelzebub" Goodrich, and men of equal renown. The versification of the poem is respectable.

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**WILLIE'S REST:** a Story for Young Readers. By the Author of "Round the Fire," &c., &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

THIS is a very sweet little story on the duty of keeping the Sabbath; including two extremely pretty parables for the young.

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**THE ELEMENTS OF MORAL SCIENCE,** with Questions for Examination. By Francis Wayland, D.D. With Notes and Analysis, by Joseph Angus, D.D. London: The Religious Tract Society.

DR. ANGUS is doing good service to students, and to readers in general, by editing such works as these. While we may not entirely agree with him as to the value of Dr. Wayland's contribution to our literature upon ethics, we accord to him our most hearty commendation for the manner in which he has executed his portion of the work. The notes and analysis are admirable. Moreover, we have reason to know that Dr. Wayland himself is gratified to find that his book has fallen into such editorial hands. If, therefore, the author himself is satisfied with his editor, who else has a right to complain? We feel sure that, with such helps as Dr. Angus has supplied, and published under the auspices of the Religious Tract Society, Dr. Wayland's book will become far more widely known, and be more thoroughly studied than ever.

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**THE CONFESSIONS OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST.** London: John Chapman. 8vo. 1858.

THIS is a fiction of the same class as Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," but lacks the marvellous talent which armed the Protestant onslaught upon the creeds of Christendom, with its greatest power of mischief.

This popish priest is a poor creation, poorly put on paper. But the confessions may have some foundation of truth, as the weaknesses and follies of the hero so candidly proclaimed, bear a certain resemblance to the conceivable fortunes of a Hungarian renegade priest. The voyage to Australia, we presume, is entirely due to the inventive faculty of the author and editor; the visit to Tahiti in 1854 proclaims the incident unreal. As strict an observance of decency of costume and etiquette governs the small court of Queen Pomare, as that at Windsor or Buckingham Palace, so that it is a gratuitous falsehood to represent either her chamberlain, or ladies in waiting, as wearing the dress of Eden, or being in a state of nature. The best part of the story is that which relates to the insurrection in Hungary, as we can attest, who were in Vienna when Arad fell. But even this portion may be the product of Brummagem manufacture, aided by the pseudo-Baroness Von Beck's Memoirs, and other obvious sources. The chief interest of the book, nevertheless, centres in its title.

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**THE GOLDEN LAMP:** an Exposition of the Tabernacle and its Services. By Ridley H. Herschell. London: Nisbet.

**MR. HERSCHELL** dedicates this little book to the congregation at John Street, where he preaches the Gospel, remarking that it contains the substance of much that they have heard from the pulpit. We wish the practice were more common among ministers of expounding Jewish ceremonies in the light of Christianity, as we are sure it would greatly increase the intelligence of congregations. This exposition of the typical meaning of the tabernacle and its contents will greatly assist the student of the Old Testament Scriptures. With much clearness and beauty, the symbolic character of the ancient service is pointed out, and we need not say how refreshing it is to hear a descendant of Abraham according to the flesh, placing under the strong light of the Gospel the leading features of the Levitical economy. He finds our blessed Saviour prefigured in them all. Would that all his countrymen saw as he does!

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**ZAPHNATH-PAANEAH;** or, The History of Joseph, viewed in Connexion with Egyptian Antiquities, and the Customs of the Times in which he lived. By the Rev. Thornley Smith. Third Edition. London: Snow.

This is a book of no ordinary merit, a fact of which the public have judged correctly. Nor will its third edition be its last. Let it not be supposed that this is a mere book of homilies to young men, of which the illustrious Joseph is both the text and the exemplar. It is far more than that, justifying its title in relation to the antiquities of Egypt and its social customs at the time to which the biography refers. Mr. Smith is a man of undoubted ability, but no amount of ability could produce a work of this character, without patient research and much reading, and we are obliged to the excellent author for giving us the results of his research and reading in this very interesting work.

**SERMONS.** By the Rev. W. T. Mandson, M.A., Incumbent of Beresford Chapel, Camberwell Gate, and Assistant-Precacher of St. George's Chapel, Albemarle Street. London: Wertheim. 1858.

**THESE** are sensible and good sermons, which must have been effective in delivery. We quote one sentence from a sermon on all things working together for good to them that love God: "All things work together.' God is both the Great Designer and Mainspring of this moral mechanism; and, therefore, O ye of little faith! what reason can ye have to doubt either the continuance or the correctness of its movements? In the orderings of a providential system, everything tends, in its proper place and measure, to the bringing about of one grand and mighty result; and though we are apt to be perplexed by the number of the wheels we see, wheel revolving within wheel, yet, if we wait and watch (as did Ezekiel in his mysterious vision), anon, we shall hear their *unity* proclaimed; and a presiding voice shall emphatically address them *all*, and say 'O Wheel!'" (Ezek. x. 13.)

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**DEATH SCENES OF SCOTTISH MARTYRS.** By Henry Inglis. Edinburgh: Constable; London: Hamilton.

**THIS** book consists of ballads, or sketches in verse, of the death scenes of some of the Scottish martyrs, the text of which appears in the form of notes, in the latter part of the volume. As befits the tragic character of the poems, the descriptive and the pathetic are finely blended in them, and though, in pieces so short, it was impossible for Mr. Inglis to do full justice to his powers, we see enough to satisfy us that he is no pretender, but a genuine bard. We like the book chiefly, however, as a contribution, in an unexpected form, to the glorious cause of Protestantism. It is a volume to attract the eye by its old-fashioned type, and to touch the heart by its tales of woe.

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**A COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF PSALMS;** Critical, Devotional, and Prophetical: with the Text of the Authorized Version, metrically arranged according to the original Hebrew. By W. De Burgh, D.D., late Donnellan Lecturer in the University of Dublin, &c. Part I. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1858.

**DR. DE BURGH** has the reputation of being a good Hebrew scholar, and the work of which we give the title is a fair specimen of his ability, and of the usefulness of his designed publication. The portion before us is a sample containing only the text of the first two Psalms. In defence of his plan of giving the authorized version of these inspired songs, reserving his critical emendations for the notes, he says, quite correctly: "A close examination of the new translations that have been set forth from time to time of this and other books of Scripture will show that the real differences are but few, and that the *newness* consists, for the most part, of renderings supposed to be more elegant and expressive, or founded on conjectural criticism, and generally anything but alterations for the better." The author's short note on Psalm i. 5, will explain his manner:

"*Shall not stand, or shall not rise*, as *𐤓𐤓* also signifies. So the Sept. *ἀναστήσονται*, Vulg. *resurgent*." This probably refers to some peculiar notions of Dr. De Burgh respecting the resurrection. Students will not expect to find in this forthcoming serial the extensive scholarship of an Ewald, or a Gesenius, or that of a Lee and a Henderson, amongst ourselves, yet will they receive in a convenient form much that is calculated to render the thoughtful perusal of this part of Scripture intelligent and instructive. The author's confidence in Horsley and Parkhurst is not to be commended: nevertheless, his publication has our best wishes.

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**THE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY DURAND.** With a Biographical Preface by the late Professor A. Vinet, of Lausanne. Translated from the French by the Rev. R. A. Blomefield. London: William Lay.

THESE productions of a Swiss poet, who died at the early age of twenty-three, are full of interest, even though read through the unsatisfactory medium of a translation. Their inspiration arises direct from the glorious scenery and the legends of his native country, and exhibit a truly poetic spirit, proving their author to have been a man of high promise. Keenly should we regret that Henry Durand was called away before our atmosphere was filled with his song, if we did not believe that the mission of the poet-mind has yet another and a higher sphere than earth. It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the Biographical Preface by Professor Vinet, himself, alas! likewise departed. It is extremely beautiful, rich in suggestion, and brings the reader into close acquaintance with the amiable, noble, and religious character of Durand,—a character which must have been also one of great power, judging from the deep emotion which his death called forth in the extended circle in which he moved.

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**PRAYERS FOR THE CHAMBER OF SICKNESS.** By T. B. V. London: Wertheim. 1858. THESE are beautiful and appropriate prayers for private devotion in a sick chamber, and there is a sick chamber in every house. They may be very properly put into the hands of an invalid to awaken those feelings of devotion which they help to express. The prayers are short, simple, and expressive. There needs be nothing better of its size.

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**GEMS FROM SPURGEON:** Being chiefly Extracts from his Authorized Sermons. London: Partridge & Co.

THOSE who admire Mr. Spurgeon, and they are many, will find some of his best things in this neat volume.

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**NAPLES AND KING FERDINAND:** an Historical Sketch of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, with Biographical Notices of the Neapolitan Bourbons. By Elizabeth Dawbarn. London: L. Booth.

As the interest excited by the perverse policy of Naples continues to increase, so will be the desire of the British public to know some-

thing of the events distinguishing the reigning dynasty, and especially of the present sovereign of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Miss Elizabeth Dawbarn has, therefore, opportunely presented this rapid sketch of Naples, and the political acts of Ferdinand II. To those who wish to obtain, at a rapid glance, a casual knowledge of the past and present history of the country, we can safely recommend this work. However, the reader must not expect a profound or elaborate narrative; it is, as we have said, a rapid skeleton sketch, but well serves the purpose of giving, in a panoramic view, an outline of the events connected with the Neapolitan people. The anecdotes introduced give life and animation to the work, whilst the character of King Ferdinand is ably and faithfully portrayed.

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## Monthly Review of Public Events.

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THE season is flickering out like a candle which has burnt down to the socket. London has been so hot, and the Thames so nasty, and Parliamentary business, for the most part, so formal and uninteresting, that we do not wonder that honourable gentlemen and noble lords should have been unusually dull. Lord PALMERSTON has left off joking, and Mr. DISRAELI has become prosaic.

The most important events of the month have been of an ecclesiastical character. Lord LUCAN's bill, which the Lords have accepted, permits the House of Commons to omit from the Parliamentary Oath, the critical words, "on the true faith of a Christian;" but, with extraordinary folly and inconsistency, their lordships inform the Lower House that, in their judgment, a Jew is incapacitated by his religion for legislating for a Christian nation. They give up the key to let the intruder in, but pass a formal resolution against admitting him. The political services in the Prayer Book having been abolished, his Grace, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH was anxious to have in their place some service commemorating in a less objectionable manner the great "national mercies" which the lost treasures celebrated, but the Peers showed no favour to his Grace's devout proposal. With their lordships' violent "casting out" of the Church Rate Bill our readers must all be familiar. Of course the powerful muster of the noble defenders of Church and State, and the heavy majority by which the Upper House proved its incorruptible fidelity to the interests of the Establishment, were intended to strike awe into the hearts of all the Nonconformists in the realm, and to convince them of the folly and futility of their enterprise. We decline to receive the lesson. Nay, we venture to draw a very different inference from the proud array by which we are driven from their lordships' presence. The battle has evidently become serious, and the unostentatious labours of the Liberation Society are beginning to tell in that sphere which must be the very last to feel their influence.

Another noteworthy ecclesiastical event of the month, is the commencement of the Exeter Hall services, under the auspices of those members of the Church of England whom Mr. EDOUART check-mated a few months ago. But that gentleman has lost none of that power before which Lord SHAFTESBURY and all his party were compelled to bow last winter. His lordship's "Special Services Bill," and that of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, have both come to an untimely end; so that the services are now being conducted in defiance of the traditionary principles of the Establishment.

But for the recent and more terrible horrors of Cawnpore and Delhi, the story of the massacre of the Christians at Jeddah, by the Mussulman population, would have made us thrill with agony and indignation. A more barbarous outrage, and one with less provocation, we scarcely remember to have heard of, and we trust that the Government will compel the Porte to inflict rapid and severe punishment. It is of infinite consequence that the name of England should be terrible enough all along the route to the East, to render such cruelties impossible for the future. There can be little doubt, that the same Mahometan fanaticism, and the same wild hope of reviving the ancient triumphs of the Koran, which engendered the insane, but disastrous mutiny of the Bengal army, have had to do with the Jeddah massacre; and it is on that account important that an instant blow should be struck, the remembrance of which shall paralyze the arm and appal the heart of every Mussulman who shall henceforth dream of attacking a Christian.

France is still an object of intense interest and anxiety all over Europe: the tremendous preparations at Cherbourg are still a mystery; and while they are unexplained, it would be folly and treachery for our own Government to leave our coasts unprotected. The downfall of the Spanish Ministry and the elevation of O'DONNELL to the premiership, strengthens LOUIS NAPOLEON in the Peninsula, and multiplies the reasons for watching his policy with the keenest attention. Yet it is hard to believe that LOUIS NAPOLEON can dream of breaking with England: the very hour that witnessed the first demonstration of his treachery would witness the unfolding of the red flag in every great city between Paris and Naples; and we believe that with the present Ministry in power, England would be speedily allied with the heroes and patriots, with whom Lord PALMERSTON has shamefully trifled, and every lover of freedom on the Continent would fight under our standard, and call us blessed.

The Government have resolved to commit the purification of the Thames to the Metropolitan Board of Works, guaranteeing £3,000,000 for the expense; so that, in due time, we hope that Father Thames will find himself somewhat cleaner and more wholesome. We rejoice that Mr. HURT's proposal to abandon our measures for the forcible repression of the Slave Trade was rejected by a large majority; instead of terminating the watch, we would make it more effective.

The failure of the attempt to lay the Atlantic wire has been a



severe disappointment to multitudes, but to many it was no surprise. We earnestly hope that the third attempt may be more successful, but we confess to serious doubts: a lighter wire could, we are persuaded, be deposited, with far less risk of fracture. The very disasters of the expedition, however, which no doubt partly account for the failure, served to display the profound devotion to the great enterprise of the scientific men who had charge of the cable, and the indomitable courage of our British sailors. There is heroism in the old blood yet.

## Books Received.

- Appeal (An) for Royalty: a Letter to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. W. Freeman.  
 Baptist Magazine, for July. Pewtress & Co.  
 Bateman's Hymns, for Devotion and Duty. Routledge & Co.  
 British Evangelist, for July. Partridge & Co.  
 British Quarterly Review (The), for July. Jackson & Walford.  
 Canto (A) on Cant. By a Cantab. J. R. Taylor, Chancery Lane.  
 Chaplain's (The) Narrative of the Siege of Delhi. With a Plan of the City. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Christianity in the Business of Life. No. VI. of the Excelsior Library. John F. Shaw.  
 Commentary (The) Wholly Biblical. Part XXI. Samuel Bagster & Sons.  
 Confession: a Tale of the Stars and Clouds. By S. Hancock. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.  
 Correspondant (Le), for June and July. Paris: Librairie de Charles Duniol.  
 Crisis (The) in the Punjab, from the 10th of May until the Fall of Delhi. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Eight Months' Campaign against the Bengal Sepoy Army. By Colonel Bouchier. Smith & Elder.  
 English Girl's (An) Account of a Moravian Settlement in the Black Forest. Hall, Virtue, & Co.  
 Englishwoman's Journal (The), for July. Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.  
 Evangelical Christendom: its State and Prospects, for July. The Evangelical Alliance.  
 Evangelical Magazine, for July. Ward & Co.  
 Evangelical (The) Preacher; or, Studies for the Pulpit. Vol. III. John F. Shaw.  
 Fragments touching the Divine Life for Sinners and Saints. A. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate Street.  
 Fulton's Facts and Fallacies of the Sabbath Question. John Chapman.  
 Hillworth; or, Omissions Rectified. By Theophilus Hortentio. Judd & Glass.  
 History of German Literature. By the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe, M.A. Longmans & Co.  
 History of Wesleyan Methodism. Vol. II.—The Middle Age. By G. Smith, LL.D. Longmans.  
 Home Islands (Our): their Productive Industry. By the Rev. T. Milner. Religious Tract Soc.  
 Homely Rhymes. Burns & Lambert.  
 Homilist (The), for July. Ward & Co.  
 Jewish Chronicle (The), for July. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.  
 Journal (The) of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology. New Series, No. XI. J. Churchill.  
 Journal (The) of Sacred Literature, and Biblical Record, for July. Alexander Heylin.  
 Leisure Hour (The). Part LXXIX. Religious Tract Society.  
 Life in Italy and France in the Olden Time. By John Campbell Colquhoun. Wertheim & Macintosh.  
 Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck. Two Vols. (Portrait.) Longmans & Co.  
 London Diocesan Church Building Society. Fourth Annual Report. Office: 79, Pall Mall.  
 London University Magazine, for June. Hall, Virtue, & Co.  
 Mark Wilton, the Merchant's Clerk. By the Rev. C. B. Tayler. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.  
 Memoirs of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Samuel Marsden. Religious Tract Society.  
 National Review (The). No. XIII. Chapman & Hall.  
 New Englander (The), for May. Trübner & Co.  
 Nightshade. By Wm. Johnston, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.  
 Ophthalmoscope (The). By James Hogg. John Churchill.  
 Philip Paternoster: a Tractarian Love-Story. Two Vols. By an Ex-Puseyite. Bentley.  
 Reaction (The) of a Revival upon Religion: a Sermon. By G. E. Ellis. Boston, U.S.: Crosby & Co.  
 Record (A) of the Patriarchal Age. By Rev. D. L. Heath. Longmans & Co.  
 "Religious Difficulty" (The) in National Education. By Benjamin Templar. Simpkin & Co.  
 Sabbath Question (The) considered Scripturally. By Henry Fulton. John Chapman.  
 Sacrifice (The) of the Lord Jesus, in Type and Fulfilment. Nisbet & Co.  
 Second (The) Vision of Daniel: a Paraphrase, in Verse. Longmans & Co.  
 Sermons. By the Rev. John Caird, M.A. W. Blackwood & Sons.  
 Small Boy's (The) Mythological Primer. In Rhyme. By E. A. Wyand & Son.  
 Sunday (The) at Home. Part LI. Religious Tract Society.  
 Supplement to Mr. Goode's Work on the Eucharist. Thomas Hatchard.  
 Traits and Stories of Anglo-Indian Life. By Lieutenant-Colonel Addison. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Travels in Central Africa. By Dr. Barth. Vols. IV. and V. Longmans & Co.  
 What is a Boy? and What to do with him. By Thomas Morell Blackie. Simpkin & Co.

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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SEPTEMBER, 1858.

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## ART. I.—THE DRAINAGE OF THE METROPOLIS.

1. *Report by Messrs. Galton, Simpson, and Blackwell, to Sir B. Hall, on the Main Drainage of the Metropolis.* Parliamentary Paper, Second Session, No. 232 (House of Commons). 1857.
2. *Report by Messrs. Bidder, Hawksley, and Bazalgette, to the Metropolitan Board of Works, upon the Main Drainage of the Metropolis.* Printed by order of the Board. 1858.
3. *Report of Select Committee of House of Commons upon the State of the Thames.* Not yet Published; but Noticed in the Daily Papers.
4. *Metropolitan Sanitary Commission.* Report and Evidence. 8vo. 1847.
5. *Report of Commissioners upon the State of Large Towns and Populous Districts.* With Appendices.
6. *Government by Commissions, illegal and pernicious.* By J. Toulmin Smith. 8vo. London. 1849.

THERE was an incidental phrase in the speech uttered from the woolsack, at the close of the last session of Parliament, to which very little attention has yet been called; but which, if uttered sincerely, and properly taken up by the public of our favoured islands—for favoured, indeed, we are, in comparison with other countries, whether aristocratic or democratic—may be rendered indicative of a perfect revolution in the opinions of those “drest in a little brief authority.” The expression we refer to, was contained in the second paragraph of the concluding part of the Royal Address to the Legislature, and it derived additional importance from the paragraph immediately preceding it, in which Her Majesty was made to express her satisfaction at the passage of a measure for the improvement

of the river Thames. According to the daily papers, the expression, thus referred to, really was to the effect that the Government regarded with satisfaction everything which tended to the wide extension "of the advantages of municipal self-government."

Now, it ought to be a matter of surprise, thus to find the recognised leaders of the ruling party, in a country which has for so many ages prided itself upon the extensive character of its municipal institutions, taking to themselves any merit, on the score of their having still further extended the advantages of a system, admitted by all to be at the very root of our civil and religious liberty. The first inquiry such a boast ought, therefore, to excite, is, whether the municipal institutions we formerly, as a nation, esteemed so highly, were, in truth, of any real value? and that question solved, as by the consent of all inquirers it must be, by the conviction of the importance and the efficiency of the ancient organization of the local government of England, we are then naturally led to ask, whether the ministry of the day intended to insinuate that the "advantages of municipal self-government" had been of late years curtailed? This is a very serious question, and it is one which, in the present comparatively quiet state of political affairs, Englishmen would do wisely to examine with earnest care and attention; for it is, indeed, and emphatically, upon the truthfulness and efficiency of the municipal institutions of a nation, that its happiness and comfort mainly depend, whilst the assemblies, and the business of local governing bodies, form the best school for those who may aspire to the higher offices of the state. Within the last twenty years, much has been said and written, and many laws have been passed, for the express purpose of regulating the numerous details, which are usually considered to lie within the sphere of local government. The administration of the poor laws, the municipal corporations, the mode of executing sewerage, drainage, or other sanitary works, have all, from time to time, occupied the attention of our law-makers, and of the "fourth estate." What have been the actual results of this great social movement? and how comes it now that the ministry of the day still feels that it is justified in speaking as though municipal self-government were only in its infancy? Still more important is it to inquire why the term *municipal* self-government has been used instead of the more general one of *local* self-government? We live in times when words are things; and it behoves us seriously to examine what hidden meaning there may be, even in the substitution of one word for another.

Yet important as is the subject thus suggested, and anxious as we are to see it fairly and philosophically discussed, we do not propose to dwell on it now, or to do more than incidentally allude to some of its bearings on the subject of the great technical question of the drainage of London. That question is sufficiently complicated in itself, without being at the very threshold mixed up with any political question; yet the solution of the numerous engineering problems of that great operation has been so sorely hindered by the tampering of recent administrations with the independence of local authorities, that frequent reference to the proper principles of municipal government must be made. Singularly enough, also, it has happened, that they who have, as we believe, attempted to vitiate the proper municipal organization of the country in general (including that of the metropolis itself), have also compromised themselves to a set of dogmas, with respect to engineering details, which are notoriously false. It thus happens that it is more than usually difficult to separate the discussion of the social, and of the scientific principles of the new school of municipal reformers; but we will endeavour, in this article at least, to deal only with the technical question, lately so prominent.

At the commencement of this century London was a populous and wealthy city, no doubt; but it was very far indeed from being the mighty agglomeration of men and houses it now is. Its population had increased, in the hundred and forty years, from the date of the great fire, from about 460,000 to 840,000; and at the peace of 1815, it had nearly reached a million. At the present day, London is supposed to contain 2,800,000 inhabitants, in round numbers; and the houses and dwellings of this marvellous aggregation of human beings have gradually extended themselves over so wide an area, as to justify, in sober sadness, the saying of the French traveller: that London was "a province covered with houses." And it is to be observed, that whilst the population and importance of the metropolis were thus rapidly increasing, its municipal organization remained for a long time stationary; or rather the only shadow of municipal self-government granted to the inhabitants of London was the narrow, and gradually expiring, corporation of the district specially styled "the City." The various parochial vestries, indeed, transacted the business connected with the formation, maintenance, lighting, and watching of the parish roads; and there were a number of heterogeneous commissions, named for the purpose of carrying into effect the ædility of the suburbs, besides which, a number of turnpike trusts were created, for the erection of bridges, and

the formation of the great lines of thoroughfare. Until within a very recent period, the Commissioners of Sewers confined their attention to the special object for which they were incorporated, and limited their operations to the defence of the districts under their charge from the "raging waters" of the sea and of the rivers. The drains they formed to carry off the upland waters were only subsidiary parts of their works, and the very name of "*shores*," or "*sewers*," may be referred to, as an illustration of the manner in which words change their signification, or in which secondary duties at times may absorb those originally supposed to be primary. So, at least, it has happened in London, and in proportion as the ground behind the shore wall became covered with houses, did the importance of the function discharged by the surface, or by the underground, drains increase. About 1800, moreover, the introduction of the water-closet system gave rise insensibly to another change in the use of "*shores*," as the sewers were still commonly called; for previously to the universal application of that system, the *excreta* of the dwellers of London were received into cesspools, just as they are in most Continental cities at the present day. For some time, the municipal authorities strove to resist the extended application of this water-closet system, by forbidding, under heavy penalties, the communication between the cesspools, or the water-closets, and the "*shores*;" but the advantages of the system were too great to allow of its use being thus limited,—and before 1840, it may be considered that the complete change in the nature of the functions to be performed by the *shores* had been established. The name of the underground drains soon also became changed; and so rapidly did society forget the real derivation of the new term "*sewer*," that positively no reference, of a clear distinct nature at least, was made in the Metropolis Local Management Act to the maintenance of the river walls in the metropolitan districts, although the original sewers commissions were avowedly instituted for their special defence.

In all large towns, with whatever jealousy the fœcal matter from houses may be excluded from the drains, it is known that the waters which find their way into the subterranean channels are nearly as impure as those which would flow from any water-closet. It is, of course, impossible to prevent the inhabitants from casting their waste waters into the kennels; and when these foul liquids come in contact with the waters which permeate the subsoil of town roads, charged as the latter waters must be in modern cities with the gases escaping from gas-pipes, or those furnished by the decompositions which must always be going on in such situations, they assume a very repulsive and

dangerous character. It was, in fact, principally on account of the conviction to which practically the French engineers were led, to the effect that town drainage was as noxious in every respect as town sullage, that they were induced of late years to modify their regulations, and to allow the overflows of cesspools to communicate at once with their drains. We, in England, had arrived at this conviction long before our neighbours; and, between 1820 and 1840, the ancient drains, or "shores" of London, were converted under the different local commissions to their new use. As might naturally have been expected, great differences of opinion prevailed amongst the members of these various commissions (who were rarely selected, be it observed, on account of their professional acquaintance with this particular branch of hydraulic engineering) with respect to the proper mode of constructing sewers and house drains; and as the districts of the original commissions had been defined with a view to the fulfilment of another public duty than the one they were thus called on to perform, it also often happened that there arose inconvenient discussions as to the limits of jurisdiction of the various bodies. Unquestionably, therefore, about 1840, a revision of the municipal government of the metropolis was required, to remedy the then existing complications, and to prevent their future development.

Instead, however, of reverting to the Anglo-Saxon principle of intrusting the management of local affairs to the freely and openly elected representatives of the parties directly interested, the Government of the day endeavoured to extend the influence of the Crown, by transferring all the powers exercised by the former unsatisfactory local commissions to a still more unsatisfactory nominee commission. This took place about the year 1844; but so badly did the new system work, that it was necessary to dissolve and remodel the executive commission, thus nominated, not less than six times between 1844 and 1856, when, finally, the principle of "local self-government" was, in name at least, applied under the clauses of Sir B. Hall's Metropolis Local Management Act. We are far from thinking that this act merited the applause it received at the time of its becoming law, nor can we regard it as a sincere application of the great constitutional principle on which it professes to be based; for the mode of election to, and the renewal of, the Metropolitan Board of Works appear to be ingeniously devised to render the responsibility of the members of that board to its constituents illusory. But the most mischievous part of the act was the one in which the First Commissioner of Works practically reserved to himself a veto upon all the important proceedings of the board; and it is necessary to relate some



details of the actual operations of some of the Crown-appointed commissions, before the whole force of this objection to the act of 1855 can be understood.

The inquiry into the working of the local commissions of sewers antecedent to 1840, instead of having been conducted openly and before Parliament, had been intrusted to a secret, Crown-appointed commission, and that commission was composed of men who notoriously entertained very peculiar opinions with respect both to administrative organization, and to engineering operations. In those days the public was not so well aware as it is now, of the shameless effrontery with which recent royal commissions falsified, tampered with, or suppressed, the evidence given before them; and, as the proceedings of those bodies took place with closed doors, no opportunity was afforded of contradicting their assertions, or of explaining anything which might have been said before them. The proceedings of the commissions for inquiring into the state of the metropolis and of large towns were especially liable to this accusation; and it would be difficult to find, in all the range of blue books, a publication more full of errors, or more liable to the accusation of bad faith, than the ponderous tomes which were supposed to contain the elements requisite to enable Parliament to form correct opinions on the various questions thus discussed. There was, however, no one able to contradict, authoritatively, the assertions of the men whose duty it had been to ascertain the truth; and, though Mr. Toulmin Smith even then protested against the fashionable mode of "cooking" reports, and against much of the legislation founded upon them, he was barely listened to by a few deep-reasoning lovers of our ancient municipal system. As a natural consequence, the measures which were presented to Parliament for the purpose of remedying the evils said to have existed, were designed to effect the objects of the men who presented them, and were drawn up in accordance with their theories. One of the most vital points of those theories was that local administration ought not to exist without the concurrent action of a strong central authority to guide and control it; and, therefore, the leading principle of the Public Health Bill and of the Metropolitan Sewers Acts of this period, was to throw the effective control of all sanitary works (as it then became the fashion to call sewerage, drainage, and water supply works) into the hands of the very men who had originated the cry against the former organization of the country. Thus it happened that the first Metropolitan Commission of Sewers was almost entirely composed of the friends of the men who originated the attack upon the former commissions of sewers!

However, the first Royal Metropolitan Commission of Sewers

was composed almost entirely of the persons who espoused the peculiar doctrine that the smaller a sewer was, provided it could discharge the total quantity of water it was likely to receive, the more certain it was of performing the duty it was designed to fulfil. In order to ensure the acceptance of this paradoxical dogma, it was essential to impugn all the received opinions on the subject of hydraulic science, and a Committee of Works was named for the purpose of collecting evidence to overthrow the philosophy of ages. Were it not that this committee wasted a very large sum of money in carrying on its experiments, this part of the history of the metropolitan administration might be regarded as a magnificent joke. It is a positive fact that an ordinary clerk of the works, a man who had been, it is said, a mere journeyman bricklayer, and who subsequently became a publican, was delegated to make experiments for the purpose of upsetting the hydrodynamical science ascertained by the practical and theoretical reasoning of such men as Galileo, Bossut, Dubuat, De Prony, Eytelwein, Young, Playfair, Navier, D'Aubuisson, Webster, &c. The result was as might have been expected, and the world was startled with the official announcement that in fact three-inch pipes were more fitted for house drainage purpose than four-inch ones, and that nothing was gained in the discharging power of a pipe by increasing its inclination beyond one in sixty.

These were the extreme illustrations of the fashionable theory of the early days of the "new lights" of engineering; but, unfortunately, they proceeded to apply their newly-discovered dogmas on a large scale. All the old-fashioned sewers were held up to public scorn, under the title of "sewers of deposit;" and the new-fashioned pipe sewers were by contradistinction called "self-cleansing sewers." Of course many of the old sewers were in a bad state when examined by the men who were so anxious "to make a case" against them; for they had been established with reference to an essentially different state of things to the one existing even in 1840, and the effects of time had not been favourable to them. But it must ever remain one of the inexplicable mysteries of the present age, that, with all our boasted march of intellect, we should have seen our Government actually endeavour to enforce the absurd and illogical doctrine that any description of pipe could be "self-cleansing." That doctrine is as ridiculous, if considered as a mere verbal or logical proposition, as it has proved to be false in fact. A pipe is not an active agent, and it is, therefore, physically impossible that it (the pipe) can be "self-cleansing." Practically, the small pipes introduced by the new

commissioners have proved failures, and they have been in almost all cases removed, after causing serious loss, and great inconvenience, to all the communities which were foolish enough to yield a blind adhesion to "authority" in engineering.

It required some years to convince the public that the parties who thus pretended to "revolutionize" the whole science of hydraulics, under the direct sanction of the Government, were themselves perfectly ignorant of the subject on which they pretended to dogmatize. But before this very desirable consummation had been attained, a series of squabbles (for it would be ridiculous to employ a higher or nobler word) had broken out amongst the selected representatives of the Crown. One royal Commission after another was dissolved, notwithstanding the character and the social influence of the men composing them. Unfortunately, it happened that Lord Palmerston, under the mischievous guidance of some of his irresponsible advisers, had adopted the peculiar views of the "new lights" of engineering; and thus it happened, that though everybody, who had an opportunity of watching the application of the new doctrines, had become convinced of their mischievous falsehood, the advocates of those doctrines were constantly able to upset any body of men who impugned their dicta, or departed from their practice. Every doctrine when attacked has a tendency to fall into exaggeration, and so it happened with that of the "new lights," until at last they propounded, under the very doubtful authority of Lord Palmerston, the startling proposition that a separation ought to be effected between the sewerage and drainage waters of the metropolis, properly so speaking, and that two sets of pipe drains ought to be laid down throughout London for this purpose. "The force of humbug could no further go;" and Sir B. Hall was keen enough to see that the remedy to the long saturnalia of Crown-appointed royal commissions of sewers lied in the transfer of the duties of the metropolitan ædileship from those nominees of the central administration, to the representatives of the ratepayers themselves. It was avowedly upon this principle that the liberal member for Marylebone introduced his Metropolis Management Act; but, unfortunately, he was not able to grasp all the true bearings of the principle he appealed to, and, though the Crown-nominated commissions were superseded by his new legislative enactment, the real representative system was ingeniously smothered by the provisions introduced in the act stated to affirm and apply it. Sir B. Hall inserted a clause in his very equivocal measure, by which the whole of the proceedings of the Metropolitan Board of Works, as the new *quasi-municipality* was to be

called, were subjected, in fact, to the approval of the First Commissioner of Works; and as he himself, shortly after that measure had become law, passed to the office of First Commissioner, he practically became the dictator of the board he had called into legal existence.

This false piece of diplomacy has led to much of the dissatisfaction and heart-burning, of the uncertainty and delay, in the proceedings of the Metropolitan Board of Works; for it opened the door to the intervention of private feeling, and soon brought the passions of influential individuals into collision. It so happened that the Metropolitan Board selected for its chief officers men who were unquestionably the most fitted amongst the candidates for the post to which they were respectively appointed, but who were not acceptable to the First Commissioner. When, therefore, the Metropolitan Board subsequently presented the scheme it had prepared, for the purpose of complying with the clause of its act imposing upon it the duty of preventing the future contamination of the Thames, the ill feeling which had been excited by the pretensions of the board thus to act independently was displayed. The first scheme of the intercepting sewers was rejected by Sir B. Hall, on the technical ground that it did not comply with the letter of the act, though it would have been extremely easy to have altered that letter had any sincere desire to co-operate with the Board existed in high official quarters. A long time was thus wasted, and then a second scheme was presented to the controlling power. This was referred to the examination of the hydrographical department of the Admiralty, who deputed Captain Burstal to make the necessary inquiries and reports. After going through the farce of making a few worthless float tests (to be noticed hereafter), Captain Burstal reported that the points of outfall proposed were too near London, and that the sewerage matters would be carried by the flood tides into the portions of the Thames within the boundaries of the metropolis. The second scheme was therefore rejected; and the Metropolitan Board, in despair, endeavoured to propitiate the autocrat of the Works and Works by presenting a third scheme, modifying their original propositions so as to incorporate the opinions of Captain Burstal with those of their own engineer. Sir B. Hall, however, was not yet disposed to allow the representatives of the ratepayers London to exercise their judgment in a matter so important to them. He proceeded to refer the third scheme of the Metropolitan Board for the sewerage interception to three engineers selected by himself; and they naturally set aside the project their patron was so anxious to find fault with, suggesting in its stead a monstrous scheme of their own. Of course

the Metropolitan Board, in its turn, referred this substantial proposition from Sir B. Hall to its own engineer, assisted by the two most eminent men of the day; and the result was, as everybody must have foreseen, that not only was the project of Sir B. Hall's referees laughed out of court, but that several of the blunders of Captain Burstal were exposed, and a new or modified scheme, substantially like the second one presented by the Metropolitan Board, was recommended for final adoption.

Now we would observe that the most able observers have long since arrived at the conviction, that in funnel-shaped estuaries of tidal rivers (especially when those estuaries are situated at the confluence of great tide streams), there is a much more marked tendency on the part of the flood-tide to carry alluvial matters into the upper reaches of the river, than there is on the part of the ebb to remove those matters seaward. It has been proved that in the tidal portions of the rivers falling into the British Channel, for instance, the mud in the upper reaches was derived from the sea, not from the land; and when we reflect that the matter brought down from the upper basin of the Thames must be detained by the weirs and locks of that district, it must be more than usually evident that the tendency of the alluvial matters of its embouchure must be to move upwards. All the float tests in the world—that is to say, as float tests were conducted by our governmental authorities, or by the engineers of the Metropolitan Board—prove nothing in this matter; for the floats are, for the most part, designedly put in the mid-stream, whilst the movement of the alluvions can only be observed on its edge, or in the slack water—at the bottom, not on the top, or on the centre of gravity of the tide. Had Sir B. Hall's advisers known anything of the true philosophy of the business they were consulted upon, they would at once have told him, and the public, that it was a matter of indifference where the outfall of the London sewerage might be, if it were proposed simply to discharge that sewerage into the river as it usually arrives at the mouths of the sewers. Had they admitted the discharge, even within the area of the metropolitan district, on the condition of an effective disinfection of the waters, they would have suggested a practical and a reasonable course. But that course did not suit the peculiar views of the then "lord of the ascendant;" and it was, therefore, set aside, whilst the most absurd scheme that ever has been presented for the interception of the sewerage of London was submitted for the approval of the representatives of the ratepayers by the very man who was assumed to be capable of guiding and controlling them. Of course the Metropolitan Board refused to have anything to do

with the ridiculous nonsense thus attempted to be forced upon it, and there seemed to be every probability that the whole business of the Board would be brought to a dead lock, when, fortunately, a change of ministry occurred; and, what was more fortunate still, a period of intense heat set in. During the years between 1844 and 1858, every means had been tried, and with success, to enforce the substitution of water-closets for cesspools in the metropolitan district, the consequence being that year by year the Thames became fouler and fouler. At length, when the legislative enactments of Sir B. Hall and his friends had come to a dead lock, as we have seen above, the river, under some peculiar physical conditions, assumed a state so disgustingly repulsive, that even a reformed Parliament was obliged to make a show of acting vigorously in defence of the public interest.

It is essential to bear in mind that the state of the river Thames, bad as it was, by no means surpassed the state of many other rivers which had been made to receive the foul sewerage of large town populations. We ourselves happen to have examined, professionally, many towns and rivers, both at home and abroad, within this last twelve months; and most distinctly do we assert, that the difference between the foul smell of the rivers of Paris, Brussels, Gand, Antwerp, Liege, Rotterdam, the Hague, Amsterdam, Lyons, &c., and that of the Thames, was not greater than might have been expected from the arithmetical proportions of the populations living on their banks. Nay more; we know that in such towns as Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, where there actually exists no sewerage properly so speaking, the natural water-course of the valley is, comparatively, as foul as the Thames ever was, all things considered. In fact, the drainage, or sewerage, waters of a town, ought always to be disinfected before being cast into the natural water-courses; and the great defect of all recent agitation on this subject has been precisely in the neglect of this precaution of the simplest kind. The debate in London has of late turned principally upon the number of inhabitants to be provided for, and the dimensions and point of outfall of the intercepting sewers; but it is more than questionable whether the interception will not, even upon the most moderate calculation, be carried into effect on a scale far greater than is necessary, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to the question of disinfection. Other towns should take warning by what has happened in the metropolis, and before urging the adoption of measures which, directly or indirectly, must lead to the increased pollution of the natural outfalls of their district, they should take care to apply a system of disin-



fection to their sewerage. The result of the operations at Leicester has certainly been such as to prove that it is possible, practically, to remove the foulest matters so brought down; but it is essential to add that, commercially, these operations have been failures. Disinfection at present must cost a great deal of money; and the impudent quacks who have so long dinned into the ears of the public, that "thousands of tons of town guano are annually cast into the sea," have carefully kept out of sight the important considerations of the commercial value of that guano, and of the cost of obtaining it. Cost what it may, however, the obligation upon every community to do its utmost to prevent the discharge of its sewerage from becoming a nuisance, must be the same; and it becomes, therefore, the more urgent to direct attention to this branch of the inquiry.

In the course of the discussions which have taken place, either at the Metropolitan Board of Works, or in Parliament (for the dispute between the First Commissioner of Works and the newly constituted municipal body had arrived at such a point as to render it necessary to appeal to higher arbitration), very little was said with respect to the disingenuous attempt which had been made by those who had originated the Metropolis Management Act, to vitiate the principle on which that act was founded. But unquestionably the delay in the commencement of the London intercepting sewers was solely attributable to the attempt to enforce the submission of the Metropolitan Board to the control of the central Government; and without dwelling for the moment on the technical part of the dispute, we cannot but rejoice that the legislature should at length have retraced its steps in this matter. In fact, the representative character it had been intended to give the board, ought to have ensured its independence in technical matters of the control of a particular minister, who, be it observed, is rarely selected on account of his knowledge of business, but rather on account of his political influence. The municipal organization so much talked of, either meant something, or it meant nothing; and in either case the anomalous state of affairs produced by Sir B. Hall's act and his subsequent conduct, must have been put an end to. Fortunately the new ministry determined to make the powers of the Metropolitan Board realities, and in the act they passed last session, and to which they referred in the Queen's speech, the whole question of dealing with the ædility of London was handed over to that board, with full authority to act upon its own responsibility to its constituents, and to raise the necessary funds for the execution of the works it might consider requisite. It is for the inhabitants of London now, to select proper representatives,

and to call for the modifications which experience may dictate in the election and renewal of the board charged with the defence of its interests, and the discharge of the municipal functions of this wonderful agglomeration of houses.

Since the Metropolitan Board has thus become substantially independent, it has settled the manner in which the intercepting sewers are to be designed, by adopting the scheme contained in Messrs. Hawksley, Bidder, and Bazalgette's report upon the counter-project of Sir B. Hall's referees. And here we cannot but remark, that it is strange that the economical members of the House of Commons should not have protested against the payment of more than £8,000 for the latter document, which proves to be so utterly beneath contempt, that none dares to utter a word in defence of its mathematical and engineering blunders.

However, the Board have finally decided to revert as nearly as possible to the scheme originally submitted to Sir B. Hall two years ago, adding simply the works necessary for constantly disinfecting the sewerage. This is the common sense of the whole business; but it is mortifying to find, that, after two years' delay, and a great number of elaborate and costly investigations, the public should find itself just where it started. Perhaps the destruction of the controlling power of the central Government may be cheaply purchased at this rate; but evidently that is all we have gained by the delay in remedying the foul state of our river.

In the above remarks nothing has been said about the "manias"—for they are not worthy even of the name of "fancies"—of those who talk of disposing of the London sewerage by means of absorbing wells, or, in prettier terms, of "the sewerage being due to the land, and the water to the river." Absurd as these manias are, they have been adopted by persons whose position has given their opinions undue weight, and so it may be worth while alluding to them. Now, as to absorbing wells, the answer is,—that, firstly, the effect of pouring the London sewerage into any of the absorbent strata near London, would be to contaminate all the deep-seated wells; and the importance of these wells may be judged of by the fact, that they are supposed to yield twenty million gallons of water a day for the use of the metropolis. Secondly, the answer would be, that the practical result of the working of all large absorbing wells is, that they rapidly choke up; and Mr. Leslie's assertions on this subject are directly in opposition to the facts of the case. Then as to "the sewerage being due to the land," the answer is, will the land pay for it? Hitherto, sewerage irrigation has failed; but even had it succeeded in

small country districts, the case is very different with the metropolis. Where is the London sewerage to be used? Who is to pay for applying it? Until these questions be solved, it would be absurd to make arrangements for pumping the sewerage over lands; yet, meanwhile, we must keep it out of the Thames, as we value our lives. With respect to the diversion of the rain water, we would simply observe, that the proportion borne by the total rain-fall of the metropolitan area in the course of a whole year, would be so insignificant, in comparison with the quantity of water brought into the tidal part of the Thames by the flood-tides, as to render its presence, or its absence, a matter of the most utter indifference. But the finally adopted intercepting scheme in no wise proposes to divert the rain-fall from the river, it only pours it into the Thames a little below London, in such a state as to be practically innocuous. On some future occasion we may revert to the consideration of the modern system of town drainage; but, at present, it may suffice to state, that the result of the countless experiments, and the costly failures of late years, has simply been to confirm in the minds of all honest, capable inquirers, the doctrines of the ancient professors of hydraulic science, and to remove the crude fancies of the new school of amateur engineers to the limbo of still-born theories, and of mischievous quackery. The report and evidence upon Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's scheme for cleansing the Thames, has not indeed been yet officially published; a notice of it will enable us to discuss many questions of detail we have been compelled to dismiss here in a very summary manner.

It only remains for us to add, that the various official publications we have referred to at the head of this article, must be consulted with great suspicion. The covers of books issued by authority unfortunately inspire great confidence in the theories those books may contain; but the first lesson to be learnt from the perusal of modern blue books, especially, is that the mere fact of anything being contained in them is *a priori* evidence against its correctness. It would be impossible to appreciate the mischief done by recent publications of this description; and for the credit of the scientific reputation of the country, some vigorous measures ought to be adopted to check such a wholesale system of propagation of error. The inhabitants of London have, fortunately for themselves, shaken off the incubus of official science and official guidance. Those evils still subsist for country districts, in the shape of boards of health, registrars, committees of Privy Council, &c.; and we may witness a renewal of the past follies of the extinct General Board of Health, if the public should not insist on the return to the

ancient system of local self-government, and to the old law of the land, instead of the centralizing measures, and the empirical legislation of late years. As to the fate of the river Thames, we have a firm conviction that, if the Board of Works fearlessly carry out the system of intercepting sewerage it has adopted, it will ultimately solve the great problem proposed for its consideration—at what cost we do not pretend to say. It must be frightful; but whatever it may be, it must be met, nor can the dwellers of London expect to enjoy the advantages of their wonderful state of civilization without supporting its charges.

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## ART. II.—DR. BARTH'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

*Travels in North and Central Africa; being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of H.B.M.'s Government in the years 1849—1855.* By Henry Barth, Ph.D., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, &c., &c. In Five Volumes. London: Longman & Co.

MUCH of what is contained in the capacious volumes of this elaborate but absorbing work, has already appeared in fragments from time to time, either in the journals of the Royal Geographical Society, or in the pages of favoured English and German periodicals. Dr. Richardson's journal, too, details more copiously than the present work the events connected with the expedition as far as Tagelel, the point at which the travellers separated. But it is only within the last few weeks that the entire set of volumes have been published, and these contain a body of information, for extent and variety, unsurpassed by the narratives of any previous explorer. Instead, therefore, of offering a comparative review of the work, we think we cannot do better than give a rapid analysis of Dr. Barth's journey, and fill in occasionally the scanty outlines with ampler descriptions of the natural features of the countries Dr. Barth passed through, and of the habits, customs, religion, and industries of the races which inhabit them.

In the year 1849 the British Government determined upon sending an expedition into Central Africa for the purpose of exploring the country, and at the same time establishing friendly intercourse with the chiefs and rulers of its different territories. At the head of the expedition was placed Mr. Richardson, a gentleman who had acquired considerable expe-

rience of African travel, having penetrated into the interior as far as Ghât. The Government also signified their wish that two foreign gentlemen should join in the hazardous enterprise, and Drs. Barth and Overweg having volunteered their services, both were accepted. Perhaps the reputation which the former had won in Europe as an explorer of the territories lying along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, might have influenced Lord Palmerston, the organizer of the expedition, in his selection. Already the German professor had travelled around the Great Syrtis—had visited the picturesque little kingdom of Cyrenaica—had traversed the waste-howling wilderness beyond towards Egypt—had wandered in the desert valleys between Aswân and Kaser, and had pursued his way by land through Syria and Asia Minor to Constantinople. These were arduous and perilous exploits, and it would have been difficult to have refused to so adventurous a knight-errant the privilege of joining an expedition fitted out under the auspices of the British Government, and destined to enjoy that protection which the British name can confer upon British subjects, even in the remotest parts of Central Africa. A boat, with a sailor to manage it, was also attached to the expedition, in order to give full scope to the object of exploration. The mariner, however, did not seem to relish the “ship of the desert;” he became troublesome to the mission, and was accordingly sent back before he had traversed the kingdom of Fezzan. The little craft, though somewhat unmanageable on the backs of camels—it was divided into four parts for facility of conveyance—was carried throughout the difficult and circuitous road by Murzuk, Ghât Air, and Zinder, exciting the wonder and astonishment of all the tribes of the interior, and ultimately reached its destination, having been launched on the lake Tsad, whereby its director, Dr. Overweg, was enabled to make more effectually the survey of that extensive and interesting sheet of water.

The starting point of the expedition was Tripoli, which, it will be seen, on looking at a map of Africa, ensures the least breadth of country, and is the most direct road into the interior; and everything being ready on the 29th of March, 1850, the expeditionary party commenced its journey southward, accompanied for some distance by the British and American consuls, and several hospitable Englishmen, residents in that Mussulman city. Although previous travellers had shorn the adventure of much of its mystery and peril, yet there was sufficient danger in the excursion to make the parting friends shake hands warmly, and even to look wistfully into each other's face as though for the last time. There were trackless deserts to be

traversed ; mountain-ridges to be crossed ; torrents to be waded through ; sand-storms to be dreaded ; a sultry climate to be guarded against ; and above all, there were hostile and treacherous tribes to be encountered. To these physical dangers might be added the constant vigilance, which would have to be maintained, and the mental anxiety arising from the difficulties of the journey, and the responsibilities of the undertaking.

However, in the highest spirits, and with the most lively hopes, the little caravan set out. From Tripoli to Murzuk and beyond as far down as the territory of Aïr, the features of a rocky and sandy desert, full of ruin and desolation, with occasional patches of verdure and shady palm-groves, prevailed. Here and there the signs of former greatness and prosperity were visible in the existence of a sculptured stone or a floriated frieze ; and it was not until the company had arrived as far south as Ugrefe, that the last Roman monument, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and covered with Tefinagh or Berber writing, was left behind. It is a remarkable fact, that several years before the Christian era the Romans had extended their empire in every part of this region—a dominion which was not merely of a transient nature, as the monuments above mentioned clearly prove. But the real difficulties of the journey were first experienced below Murzuk. The Azkar, who inhabit these districts, are by no means inclined to allow the traveller to pass unmolested ; in fact, they often throw themselves into a most unpleasant and menacing attitude ; and in proportion as they are influenced by fanaticism are they intolerant and persecuting. The monotony of the passage across stony plains was sometimes, however, relieved by the meeting of a caravan, principally of slaves, trudging northwards to the markets of Fezzan and Tripoli ; or by the sight of a talha-tree, or a dum-palm, or a flock of blue-eyed gazelles, or singular sculptures cut in the rocks of the desert. A scarcity of water, the fatigue consequent on threading a mountain pass, the rumour of danger, also diversified the dreary sameness of the journey ; whilst the explorer would now and then wander astray in search of new scenes and undiscovered views, and risk, by way of excitement, the chance of retracing his steps to the tents of his companions. On more than one occasion Dr. Barth was on the point of dying from exhaustion in the desert, having in the heat of his zeal pushed forward alone until he failed to trace back the route he had pursued. Valleys, oases, and villages were also passed, enlivening the sight ; chieftains had to be saluted and propitiated with gifts ; manners and customs of the various tribes, encountered at long intervals, had to be studied ; the height of hill-ranges had to be ascertained ; notes of the day to be entered ; the camels and



their drivers to be looked after ; quarrels to be adjusted ; the preparations for the morrow attended to ; and a variety of other duties performed daily before the caravan could be started in the morning, or repose obtained in the evening.

In this way did Dr. Barth and his companions journey on for two months. At length the town of Bârakat, with its date groves, contented inhabitants, and its plantation of dukhn, or Guinea corn, seemed to indicate the closer and more intimate connexion of the region with Negroland ; of a transition from the north to the south. In fact, this little capital exhibited signs of tranquillity and consequent prosperity, which the travellers had scarcely witnessed before. The houses, which numbered about two hundred, were all of two or three stories high, built with great regularity, and presented a neat and pretty appearance, the clay of which they were constructed being nicely polished. The interior was decorated with palms, whilst in the neighbourhood vegetables were cultivated, and the gardens carefully fenced in with the leaves of the same tree. Happiness seemed to reign, with every necessary comfort, in this delightful little grove. Cottages built of palm-branches and palm-leaves, and containing several apartments, formed a kind of suburb, in which dwelt Imghad or Meràtha, a subjected tribe, somewhat similar to the Helots of Sparta. A great many of the men at the time of Dr. Barth's visit seemed to be busy elsewhere ; but the huts were full of children, and almost every woman carried an infant at her back. The inhabitants are all black, but well-formed, and infinitely superior to the mixed race of Fezza. The men wore in general blue shirts, and a black shawl round the face ; the women were only dressed in the turkedi, or sudan-cloth, wound round their body, and leaving the upper part uncovered.

As the travellers descended farther south, the dangers of the road seemed to increase. The Azkar, a warlike and predatory horde, pressed upon their track, and threatened to assault them. The native servants belonging to the mission, instead of resisting, encouraged their insolence, until at length, when the caravan had reached as far as the defiles of the mountains of Asben, it appeared as though the last hour of the three travellers was at hand. Everywhere blackmail had been levied upon them by the frontier tribes, and now they were to be still further sacrificed.

"The whole affair had a very solemn appearance from the beginning ; and it was apparent that this time there were really other motives in view besides that of robbing us. Some of our companions evidently thought that here, at such a distance from our homes and our brethren in faith, we might yield to a more serious attack upon

our religion, and so far were sincerely interested in the success of the proceeding; but whether they had any accurate idea of the fate that awaited us, whether we should retain our property and be allowed to proceed, I cannot say. But it is probable that the fanatics thought little of our future destiny; and it is absurd to imagine that, if we had changed our religion as we would a suit of clothes, we should have thereby escaped absolute ruin.

"Our people, who well knew what was going on, desired us to pitch only a single tent for all three of us, and not to leave it, even though a great many people should collect about us. The excitement and anxiety of our friend Annur had reached the highest pitch; and Bóro was writing letter after letter. Though a great number of Merábetin had collected at an early hour, and a host of other people arrived before sunset, the storm did not break out; but as soon as all the people of our caravan, arranged in a long line close to our tent, under the guidance of the most respected of the Merábetin as Imám, had finished their Mughreb prayers, the calm was at end, and the scene which followed was awful.

"Our own people were so firmly convinced that, as we stoutly refused to change our religion, though only for a day or two, we should immediately suffer death, that our servant Mohammed, as well as Mukni, requested us most urgently to testify, in writing, that they were innocent of our blood; Mr. Richardson himself was far from being sure that the sheikhs did not mean exactly what they said. Our servants, and the chiefs of the caravan, had left us with the plain declaration that nothing less than certain death awaited us; and we were sitting silently in the tent, with the inspiring consciousness of going to our fate, in a manner worthy alike of our religion, and of the nation in whose name we were travelling among these barbarous tribes, when Mr. Richardson interrupted the silence which prevailed, with these words: 'Let us talk a little: we must die; what is the use of sitting so mute?' For some minutes death seemed really to hover over our heads; but the awful moment passed by. We had been discussing Mr. Richardson's last propositions for an attempt to escape with our lives, when, as a forerunner of the official messenger, the benevolent and kind-hearted Slimán rushed into our tent, and with the most sincere sympathy stammered out the few words, 'You are not to die.'"

At length, after being plundered on the road, which reduced considerably the property they were carrying with them as gifts for the various petty sovereigns of these regions, the expedition arrived at Tintellust, a city in the southern districts of Aïr. Now the travellers began to breathe freely; their letters home assured their friends that most of the difficulties likely to oppose their progress had been overcome, and that they had every reason to hope that the objects of the expedition would be ultimately obtained. Dr. Barth, anxious to explore the country towards the south-west, separated from his companions, and

made for the town of Agades, the residence of the sultan El Bákirí. The first part of the journey was performed on the back of an ox, but this kind of riding being novel and perplexing, Dr. Barth was glad to purchase, on his arrival at the village of Tiggererasa, a camel, with which he proceeded more at his ease.

Agades is a somewhat important town, the Tawátiye being, like their ancestors three hundred years ago, the chief merchants of the place. Speculation in grain is now the principal business transacted, other branches of commerce having been diverted into other channels. To Dr. Barth, however, on entering, the place looked deserted; the streets and market-places were empty; the dwelling houses in decay; whilst numbers of large vultures, distinguished by their long naked neck of reddish colour, and their dirty-greyish plumage, were sitting on the pinnacles of the crumbling walls ready to pounce upon any kind of offal. The house of the sultan was of a different stamp; it had a neat and orderly appearance; the walls were nicely polished; the gate made of planks of the dúm-tree had been covered in, and a new door had recently been supplied. The interior of the house is well described by Dr. Barth, on the occasion of his interview with the chief:—

“We seated ourselves apart on the right side of the vestibule, which, as is the case in all the houses of this place, is separated from the rest of the room by a low balustrade about ten inches high. Meanwhile Maggi had announced us to his majesty, and, coming back, conducted us into the adjoining room, where he had taken his seat. It was separated from the vestibule by a very heavy wooden door, and was far more decent than I had expected. It was about forty or fifty feet in every direction, the rather low roof being supported by two short and massive columns of clay, slightly decreasing in thickness towards the top, and furnished with a simple abacus; over which one layer of large boards was placed in the breadth, and two in the depth of the room, sustaining the roof, formed of lighter boards. These are covered in with branches, over which mats are spread, the whole being completed with a layer of clay. At the lower end of the room, between the two columns, was a heavy door giving access to the interior of the house, while a large opening on either side admitted the light. Abd-el-Kaderi, son of the sultan El Bákirí, was seated between the column to the right and the wall, and appeared to be a tolerably stout man with large benevolent features, as far as the white shawl wound round his face would allow us to perceive. The white colour of the litham, and that of his shirt, which was of grey hue, together with his physiognomy, at once announced him as not belonging to the Tawarek race.”

The sultan of Agades exercises but a precarious power, and is subject to the caprices of the Tawarek chieftains, under his

sway. However, in addition to a common prison in which he can confine rebellious princes, he possesses a terrible dungeon, bristling with swords and spears standing upright, upon which he has the privilege to throw any offender he pleases. The inhabitants of the place, who number about seven thousand, belong to the tribe of the Igдален or Eghedel, and differ from the Tawarek in several particulars. They are tall, with broad coarse features, and with long hair hanging down upon their shoulders and over their face. Their mode of buying and selling is also peculiar, for the price is neither fixed in dollars nor in shells, but either in merchandise of various descriptions, such as calico, shawls, tobes, or in negro millet, which is the real standard of the market of Agades, while, during the period of its prosperity, the standard was apparently the gold of Gággho. The town possesses a vegetable, meat, and miscellaneous market. In the first, cucumbers and molukhia are amongst the staple provisions sold, whilst in the last, called Katángá, beads, necklaces, sandals, small oblong tin boxes for carrying charms, small leather boxes of peculiar shape and all possible sizes, and saddles, are exhibited for sale.

After a sojourn of nearly three weeks in this town, Dr. Barth prepared for his return, and, retracing his steps, eventually joined his companions again at Tin-Teggana, on the high road to Katsena. On their arrival at Tágelel, however, the travellers once more separated, and proceeded on their adventurous, but now apparently not perilous, journey, alone.

Beyond the inhospitable territory of Damerghu, the road lay through valleys, clad in rich vegetation; through dense forests, pasture-lands, and plains, abounding in wells. The villages also wore a more interesting and cheerful aspect; the enclosures of the huts being neatly fenced in, the majestic tamarind and tulip trees spreading their ample branches towards the sky, and plantations of cotton giving an air of industry and security to the surrounding country. The following extract will give the reader a fair idea of the character of one of these villages:—

“Thus we reached Gozenákko; and while my servants, Moham-med and Gatróni, went with the camel to the camping-ground, I followed my sturdy overseer to the village, in order to water the horse; for though I might have sent one of my men afterwards, I preferred taking this opportunity of seeing the interior of the village. It is of considerable size, and consists of a town and its suburbs, the former being surrounded with a ‘kiffi,’ or close stockade of thick stems of trees, while the suburbs are ranged around, without any enclosure or defence. All the houses consist of conical huts, made entirely of stalks and reeds, and great numbers of little granaries were scattered among them. As it was about half-past two in the afternoon, the people were sunk in slumber or repose, and the well was left to our disposal; afterwards,

however, we were obliged to pay for the water. We then joined the caravan, which had encamped at no great distance eastward of the village, in the stubble-fields. These, enlivened as they were by a number of tall fan-palm, besides a variety of other trees, formed a very cheerful open ground for our little trading party, which, preparing for a longer stay of two or three days, had chosen its ground in a more systematic way, each person arranging his 'takruja,' or the straw sacks, containing the salt, so as to form a barrier, open only on one side, in the shape of an elongated horseshoe, in the recess of which they might stow away their slender stock of less bulky property, and sleep themselves, while, in order to protect the salt from behind, a light stockade of the stalks of Guinea corn was constructed on that side; for having now exchanged the regions of highway robbers and marauders for those of thieves, we had nothing more to fear from open attacks, but a great deal from furtive attempts by night."

Being now left alone to follow his own course, the object of Dr. Barth was to reach Kano, the centre of trade and industry in the Hausa country; and for that purpose, it was necessary to pass through Gazawa and Katsena. From Gazawa, however, he deviated a little to the north-west, to the important town of Tasawa, where he again met with his friend Overweg, and had an interview with the chief Annur, their former protector, who had arrived from Zinder. Of the moral character of the people of the district, a very unfavourable picture is drawn, though their dress was simple, and their habits cleanly. At Ktsena, an attempt is made by the governor, Mohammed Bello Yerima, to detain the stranger in his town; and however unpleasant the delay was to Dr. Barth, it enabled him to study more accurately the manners of the people, the character of the town, and the history of the country; which he has ably described in the narrative of his travels. He here felt the full discomfort of being in the hands of an unscrupulous and extortionate prince, and he only escaped by the intervention of some influential citizens, whose friendship he had acquired by the sacrifice of valuable gifts.

On February the 2nd, 1851, Dr. Barth entered Kano, a name that had been sounding in his ears for more than a twelvemonth; as it was regarded, not only as the centre of commerce, and a great storehouse of information, but as the point from which more distant regions might be successfully attempted. In fact, Dr. Barth's hope was, that he should be capable of penetrating from this grand *entrepôt* of trade and manufacture, in the direction of Adamawa, and that he might come upon some large stream, which would enable future expeditions to ascend by water into the heart of the country. This hope, we may venture to say at once, was fully realized.

Kano, as we have already remarked, is a place of great trade; and when the enterprising traveller passed through its streets, the sun, still tempered with morning freshness, shining overhead; the whole scene, with its vast variety of clay houses, huts, sheds, green open spaces, affording pasture for oxen; horses, camels, donkeys, and goats, in motley confusion; deep hollows, containing ponds, overgrown with water-plants, or pits, freshly dug up, in order to form the material for some new buildings; various and most beautiful specimens of the vegetable kingdom, particularly the fine symmetric gonda, or papaya, the slender date-palm, the spreading alléluba, and the majestic rimí, or silk cotton tree; the people in every variety of costume, from the naked slave up to the most gaudily-dressed Arab—all formed a most animated and striking scene.

The first visit was paid to the gado, or lord of the treasury, who had agreed to act as mediator between the traveller and the governor.

“His house was a most interesting specimen of the domestic arrangements of the Fúlbe, who, however civilized they may have become, do not disown their original character as ‘berroroji,’ or nomadic cattle-breeders. His courtyard, though in the middle of the town, looked like a farmyard, and could not be conscientiously commended for its cleanliness. Having, with difficulty, found a small spot to sit down upon without much danger of soiling our clothes, we had to wait patiently till his excellency had examined and approved of the presents. Having manifested his satisfaction with them by appropriating to himself a very handsome large gilt cup, which, with great risk, I had carried safely through the desert, he accompanied us on horseback to the ‘fáda,’ ‘lámórde,’ or palace, which forms a real labyrinth of courtyards, provided with spacious round huts of audience, built of clay, with a door on each side, and connected together by narrow, intricate passages; hundreds of lazy, arrogant courtiers, freemen, and slaves, were lounging and idling here, killing time with trivial and saucy jokes.

“We were first conducted to the audience-hall of the Ghaladíma, who, while living in a separate palace, visits the ‘jáda’ almost every day, in order to act in his important and influential office as vizier; for he is far more intelligent, and also somewhat more energetic than his lazy and indolent brother Othmán, who allows this excessively wealthy and most beautiful province, ‘the garden of Central Africa,’ to be ransacked with impunity by the predatory incursions of the Serkí Ibam of Zinder, and other petty chiefs. Both are sons of Dabo and Shekara—the latter one of the celebrated ladies of Háusa, a native of Dáura, who is still living and has three other children, viz., a son (Makhmud) and two daughters, one of them named Fatima Záhar, and the other Sáretu. The governor was then eight-and-thirty, the Ghaladíma seven-and-thirty years of age. They were both stout and handsome men, the governor rather too



stout and clumsy. Their apartments were so excessively dark, coming from a sunny place, it was some time before I could distinguish anybody. The governor's hall was very handsome, and even stately for this country, and was the more imposing as the rafters supporting the very elevated ceiling were concealed, two lofty arches of clay, very neatly polished and ornamented, appearing to support the whole. At the bottom of the apartment were two spacious and highly-decorated niches, in one of which the governor was reposing on a 'gado,' spread with a carpet. His dress was not that of a simple Púllo; but consisted of all the mixed finery of Hausa and Barbary; he allowed his face to be seen, the white shawl hanging far below his mouth over his breast."

Dr. Barth, although suffering from weakness, yet now, having the anxiety of his mind calmed by the reception he had met with from the governor of the town, felt himself strong enough to sally forth through the different inhabited quarters on horseback, under the protection of a guide, and to enjoy from the saddle the manifold scenes of public and private life, of comfort and happiness, of luxury and misery, of activity and laziness, of industry and indolence, which were exhibited in the streets, the market-places, and in the interior of the courtyards. Here was a row of shops stored with articles of native and foreign produce, there a large shed, like a hurdle, in which were penned, as if they were sheep, half-naked, half-starved slaves, torn from their native homes, staring desperately upon the buyers, and anxiously watching into whose hands it should be their destiny to fall. In one place were to be seen all the necessaries of life, the wealthy buying the most palatable things for his table, the poor stopping, and looking ravenously upon a handful of grain; in another, a busy "máriná," or open terrace of clay, where was collected a number of dyeing pots and people busily employed in various processes of their handicraft: here a man stirring the juice, and mixing with the indigo some colouring in wood in order to give it the desired tint; there another drawing a shirt from the dye-pot or hanging it upon a rope fastened to the tree; there two men beating a well-dyed shirt, singing the while and keeping good time; further on, a blacksmith, busy with his rude tools in making a dagger, a barbed spear, or the more estimable and useful implements of husbandry; elsewhere might be seen men and women making use of an ill-frequented thoroughfare, as a "kaudi tseggenabe," to hang up along the fences their cotton-thread for weaving; close by might be seen a group of indolent loiterers lying in the sun, and idling away their hours. Caravans laden with natron, the kola nut, or the luxuries of the north and east, would also be wending their way to the quarter of Ghadamsiye, or a troop of gaudy,

warlike-looking horsemen galloping towards the palace of the governor to bring him news of a fresh invasion by one or another of the hostile neighbouring tribes. No town north of the Mediterranean could be more lively and active than Kano during the *season*.

But we must hasten from this scene of activity and bustle for the south, if we would make the circuit of the route accomplished by Dr. Barth. Before arriving at Kuka, or Kukáwa, the capital of the Bornu empire, the mournful intelligence reached him of the death of Mr. Richardson, the head of the mission. Independently of the sorrow he naturally felt for the loss of a comrade so far away from home, Dr. Barth had reason to fear that this untoward event would seriously affect the mission itself, and perhaps altogether break up the expedition, and this would certainly have been the case had the British Government not very properly recognised the services of Dr. Barth and his companion, Dr. Overweg, and authorized the former formally to continue the exploration. At Ngurutuwa, Mr. Richardson lies buried, and many a European pilgrim will doubtless, in years to come, step aside to visit the spot where the distinguished and chivalrous traveller breathed his last.

Kukawa had been made the first distinct object of the mission, and, therefore, Dr. Barth's safe arrival within its walls was naturally a subject of self-congratulation. From this central point he would be able to penetrate eastward, along the northern shores of Lake Tsad, and examine into the nature of the country and the character of the native tribes and their masters; he would perhaps be able to enter Wadai and Darfúr, and study the warlike habits of those two Soudan kingdoms; or he could continue his journey southward into the district of Adamaw, and examine into the water-courses which intersect that country.

But many matters had first to be arranged at Kukawa, and whichever route he resolved upon considerable preparations had to be made previous to his departure. However, Dr. Barth found, in the Sheikh Omar, an amiable and upright man, who steadfastly became his protector, assisted him when he had need of assistance, furthered all in his power the plans which he wished to carry out, and beguiled, in the spirit of a true friend, on many occasions, the hours which would otherwise have dragged wearily their slow length along. The aspect of the town of Kukawa, according to Dr. Barth, is far from being uninteresting,—the arrangement of the capital contributing greatly to the variety of the picture it forms. It is laid out in two distinct towns, each surrounded with its wall—the one occupied chiefly by the rich and wealthy, containing very

large establishments; the other, with the exception of the principal thoroughfare, which traverses the place from east to west, consisting of rather crowded dwellings, with narrow, winding lanes.

"These two distinct towns are separated by a space about half a mile broad, itself thickly inhabited, on both sides of a wide, open road, which forms the connexion between them, but laid out less regularly, and presenting to the eye a most interesting medley of large clay buildings and small thatched huts, of massive clay walls surrounding immense yards; the light fences of reeds, in a more or less advanced state of decay, and with a variety of colour, according to their age, from the highest yellow, down to the deepest black. All around these two towns there are small villages of clusters of huts, and large detached farms surrounded with clay walls, low enough to allow a glimpse from horseback over the thatched huts which they enclose.

"In this labyrinth of dwellings, a man interested in the many forms which human life presents, may rove about at any time of the day with the certainty of never-failing amusement, although the life of the Kanúri people passes rather monotonously along, with the exception of some occasional feasting. During the hot hours, indeed, the town and its precincts become torpid, except on market days, when the market-place itself, at least, and the road leading to it from the western gate, are most animated just at that time. For, singular as it is, in Kúkawa, as well as almost all over this part of Negroland, the great markets do not begin to be well attended till the heat of the day grows intense; and it is curious to observe what a difference prevails in this, as well as in other respects, between these countries and Yóruba, where almost all the markets are held in the cool of the evening.

"The daily little markets, or durriya, even in Kúkawa, are held in the afternoon, and are most frequented between the áser (lásari) and the mughreb (almagriba), or sunset. The most important of these durriyas is that held inside the west gate of the Billa Futébe; and here even camels, horses, and oxen, are sold in considerable numbers; but they are much inferior to the large fair, or great market, which is held every Monday on the open ground behind the two villages, which lie at a short distance from the western gate. Formerly it was held on the road to Ngórnu, before the southern gate; but it has been removed from thence, on account of the large pond of water formed during the rainy season close to this gate.

"I visited the great fair, 'kasukuleteninbe,' every Monday immediately after my arrival, and I found it very interesting, as it calls together all the inhabitants of all the eastern parts of Bórnu, the Sháwa, and the Koyam, with their corn and butter; the former, though of Arab origin, and still preserving in purity his ancient character, always carrying his merchandise on the back of oxen, the women mounted on the top of it, while the African Koyam employs the camel, if not exclusively, at least with a decided preference; the

Kamembú, with their butter and dried fish; the inhabitants of Mákuri, with their toles (the kóre berné); even Budduma, or rather Yedina, are very often seen in the market, selling whips made from the skin of the hippopotamus, or sometimes even hippopotamus meat, or dried fish, and attract the attention of the spectator by their slender figures, their small, handsome features unimpaired by any incisions, the men generally wearing a short black shirt, and a small straw hat, 'suningawa,' their neck adorned with several strings of kúngona, or shells, while the women are profusely ornamented with strings of glass beads, and wear their hair in a very remarkable way, though not in so awkward a fashion as Mr. Overweg afterwards observed in the island Belárigo."

A great deal of business is carried on at Kukawa, although it is not a manufacturing town like Kano. In one part of the market the materials for house, or rather hut-building, are sold; in another, leathern bags containing corn, horses, camels, and asses; in a third, the merchandise of native and foreign manufacture, as the "amagdi" or tob, from Uje; the kóre or rébshi, the farash or "fetskema," the "selláma," as well as cloths, shirts, turkedis, beads of all sizes and colours, leather work, coloured boxes of different shape and size, very neatly and elegantly made of ox-hide. "Marketing" in Kúkawa, however, is a fatiguing and embarrassing matter. This is owing to the defective currency of the place, there being at the present moment no standard money for buying and selling. Anciently a pound of copper was the standard, then cotton-strips, and recently shells or cowries have been introduced, perplexing the inhabitants, as much as a change from the present to the decimal coinage would puzzle many an English accountant. We can, however, scarcely form an idea of the arduous task of calculating by cowries, 100,000 of this circulating medium going to make an equivalent of £8 in our money. What makes the counting of this money still more tedious is, that in all the inland countries of Central Africa the cowries, or kurdi, are not, as is customary in some regions near the coast, joined together in strings of one hundred each, but are separate, and must be counted one by one. Even the "takrufa," or sacks made of rushes, containing 20,000 each, as the governors of the towns are in the habit of packing them up, no private individual will take without first counting them out. The examination of 500,000 cowries—a task in which Dr. Barth once discovered his friend El Wakhshi engaged, at Tasawa—may be regarded in a heroic light as equal to one of the labours of Hercules.

Everything being in readiness for departure, Dr. Barth left Kúkawa for the south, and proceeded through the province of

Ghamergher, and the pagan districts of Marghi, densely inhabited by independent tribes, to Sulleri, the last halting-place before arriving at the "meeting of the waters :"—

"It happens but rarely that a traveller does not feel disappointed when he first actually beholds the principal features of a new country, of which his imagination has composed a picture, from the description of the natives; but although I must admit that the shape and size of the Alantíka, as it rose in rounded lines from the flat level, did not exactly correspond with the idea which I had formed of it, the appearance of the river far exceeded my most lively expectations. None of my informants had promised me that I should just come upon it at that most interesting locality—the Tépe—where the mightier river is joined by another of very considerable size, and that in this place I was to cross it. My arrival at this point, as I have stated before, was a most fortunate circumstance. As I looked from the bank over the scene before me, I was quite enchanted, although the whole country bore the character of a desolate wilderness; but there could scarcely be any great traces of human industry near the river, as, during its floods, it inundates the whole country on both sides. This is the general character of all the great rivers in these regions, except where they are encompassed by very steep banks.

"The principal river, the Bénuwé, flowed here from east to west, in a broad, majestic course, through an entirely open country, from which only here and there detached mountains started forth. The banks on our side rose to twenty-five, and, in some places, to thirty feet, while just opposite to my station, behind a pointed headland of sand, the Fáro rushed forth, appearing from this point not much inferior to the principal river, and coming in a fine sweep from the south-east, where it disappeared in the plain, but was traced by me, in thought, upwards to the steep eastern foot of the Alantíka. The river, below the junction, keeping the direction of the principal branch, but making a slight bend to the north, ran along the northern foot of Mount Bágelé, and was there lost to the eye, but was followed in thought through the mountainous region of the Báchama and Zína to Hamárruwa, and thence along the industrious country of Korórofa, till it joined the great western river, the Kwára, or Niger, and conjointly with it, ran towards the great ocean.

"On the northern side of the river another detached mountain, Mount Taife, rose, and behind it the Bengo, with which Mount Furo seemed connected, stretching out in a line towards the north-west. The bank upon which we stood was entirely bare of trees, with the exception of a solitary and poor acacia, about one hundred paces further up the river, while on the opposite shore, along the Fáro and below the junction, some fine clusters of trees were faintly seen."

The valuable information which Dr. Barth was enabled to collect on the direction, depth, and breadth of these two fine

streams was forwarded by him to the home Government, with a recommendation that an expedition should be sent out in a small steamer to verify his suppositions. This recommendation, it will be remembered, was attended to; and we already have had published the results of the survey.

After having visited Yola, the capital of Adamama, although in the face of many obstacles and much danger, Dr. Barth returned to Kukawa, to attempt, with his friend Dr. Overweg—who had been here some time exploring, with the little boat brought with so much trouble from England, the creeks and backwaters of the Lake Tsad—a journey round this splendid inland sea. The great object of this trip was to penetrate as far as Wadai, and ascertain how far the road might be open through Darfur to the sources of the Nile. But although under the friendly protection of the sultan of Kukawa, and escorted by the tribe of the Welad Sliman, a marauding set of freebooters, who roam about the territory of Kanem as a kind of mercenary horde, ready to enter the pay of any potentate who outbids his neighbour, it was found impracticable, owing to the hostile spirit of the Wadaïans, to penetrate farther east than the valley of Waghda; during the excursion, however, much valuable and interesting information was gleaned, which supplies materials for several very pleasant chapters in the present work.

A more difficult and even dangerous journey was undertaken by Dr. Barth on his return to Kukawa. This enterprising traveller, having been baffled in effecting the circuit of the lake on the north, determined to advance into the Musgu territory on the south side, and gain if possible the region of Bigarmi. The journey was successfully accomplished as far as Logón Birni on the banks of the Shari, but no sooner had Dr. Barth crossed the river than he found himself in a suspicious and inhospitable territory, the authorities of which regarded him as a Christian with fanatical aversion, and during the absence of the sultan, who had gone out on a military or slave-hunting expedition, not only treated him harshly—refusing to allow him at his request to leave the country—but confined him to his house, and even went so far as to put him in irons. This indignity was removed after three days' endurance by the timely intervention of some influential friends who had come from Bornu, and on the return of the sovereign prince, he was not only permitted to proceed to Másená the capital, but was admitted to an audience.

“ I had just sent word to Sambo, begging him to hasten my departure, and had received a visit from some friends of mine, when Gréma Abdú came, with a servant of the sultan, in order to conduct me into his presence, whereupon I sent to Sambo, as well as to my host



Bu-Bakr of Bákadá, who was just then present in the town, inviting them to accompany me to the prince. On arriving at the palace, I was led into an inner courtyard, where the courtiers were sitting on either side of a door which led into an inner apartment, the opening or doorway of which was covered by a 'kasár,' or, as it is called here, 'párpara,' made of a fine species of reed, as I have mentioned in my description of the capital of Logón. In front of the door, between the two lines of the courtiers, I was desired to sit down, together with my companions.

"Being rather puzzled to whom to address myself, as no one was to be seen who was in any way distinguished from the rest of the people, all the courtiers being simply dressed in the most uniform style, in black, or rather blue tobes, and all being bare-headed, I asked aloud, before beginning my address, whether the sultan 'Abd-el-Káder' was present; and an audible voice answered from behind the screen, that he was present. Being then sure that it was the sultan whom I addressed, although I should have liked better to have seen him face to face, I paid him my respects, and presented the compliments of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, which, being one of the chief European powers, was very desirous of making acquaintance with all the princes of the earth and of Negroland also; in order that their subjects, being the first traders in the world, might extend their commerce in every direction. I told him that we had friendship and treaties with almost all the nations of the earth, and that I myself was come in order to make friendship with them; for, although they did not possess many articles of trade to offer, especially as we abhorred the slave-trade, yet we were able to appreciate their ivory; and even if they had nothing to trade with, we wanted to be on good terms with all princes. I told him, moreover, that we were the best of friends with the sultan of Stambál, and that all who were acquainted with us knew very well that we were excellent people, trustworthy, and full of religious feelings, who had no other aim but the welfare of mankind, universal intercourse, and peaceable interchange of goods. I protested that we did not take notes of the countries which we visited with any bad purpose, but merely in order to be well acquainted with their government, manners, and customs, and to be fully aware what articles we might buy from, and what articles we might sell to them. Thus, already, 'Ráis Khalil' (Major Denham) had formed, I said, the design of paying his compliments to his (the sultan's) father, but that the hostile relations which prevailed at the time between Bagirmi and Bórnu, had prevented him from executing his plan, when he had reached Logón, and that, from the same motives, I had now come for no other purpose than the benefit of his country; but that, nevertheless, notwithstanding my best intentions, I had been ill-treated by his own people, as they had not been acquainted with my real character. I stated that it had been my ardent desire to join him on the expedition, in order to see him in the exercise of his power, but that his people had not allowed me to carry out my design.

"The whole of my speech, which I made in Arabic, was translated,

phrase for phrase, by my blind friend Sambo, who occasionally gave me a hint when he thought I spoke in too strong terms. The parcel containing my presents was then brought forward, and placed before me, in order that I might open it myself, and explain the use of each article.

“ While exhibiting the various articles, I did not neglect to make the watch strike repeatedly, which created the greatest astonishment and surprise among the spectators, who had never seen nor heard anything like it. I then added, in conclusion, that it was my sincere wish, after having remained in this country nearly four months, confined and watched like a prisoner, to return to Kákawa without any further delay, as I had a great deal of business there, and at the present moment was entirely destitute of means; but that if he would guarantee me full security, and if circumstances should permit, I myself, or my companion, would return at a later period. Such a security having been promised to me, and the whole of my speech having been approved of, I went away.”

Dr. Barth had scarcely returned to his quarters, when the two relations of Maina Belademi called upon him, and with a grave countenance and some circumlocution, asked if he had in his possession a cannon; and being answered in the negative, inquired, if he could not manufacture one? To this also only a negative could be returned. In gratitude for the presents already received, the sultan pressed on the acceptance of Dr. Barth a handsome female slave, of whose charms a glowing and eloquent description was at the same time given. This was not the first time a similar gift had been tendered to the traveller, no less than six having been offered by one African prince. The doctor urged the impossibility of his accepting the present, and only pressed for permission to return to Kúkawa. At length his request was granted, and he set out for the north, having had considerable opportunities of surveying the general condition of the country and its inhabitants, and describing their language, dress, arms, and government, as well as the vegetable productions of the soil. But the most important discovery made was the connexion of the river of Lagón with the Shari, which will, doubtless, hereafter prove one of the means of conveying the inestimable blessings of European civilization into the heart of Africa.

The return of Dr. Barth to Kúkawa was, however, to be attended with melancholy circumstances. At Ngornú, a short distance from the town, he was met by his friend Overweg, “ but looking more weak and exhausted than I had ever seen him.” Change of air and repose were prescribed for him. The former was sought for on the shores of the lake; but the latter, the restless spirit of the young adventurer repelled, and

within a week or so after Dr. Barth's return from Bagirmi, he died at Máduwári.

"In the afternoon I laid him in his grave," writes his companion, "which was dug in the shade of a fine hazilij, and well protected from beasts of prey. Many of the inhabitants of the place, who had known him well during his repeated visits to the village, bitterly lamented his death; and, no doubt, the 'tubib,' as he was called, will long be remembered by them. Dejected and full of sad reflections on my lonely situation, I returned into the town in the evening, . . . determined to set out as soon as possible on my journey towards the Niger—to new countries and new people."

Dr. Overweg was only thirty years of age when he died.

The last, though not the least, important expedition which Dr. Barth undertook in Central Africa was now to be performed. Left to himself, he determined to carry out the wishes of the British Government, and penetrate, if possible, as far as Timbaktu, with a view to establish friendly relations with the sultan of Sokoto, and procure admission for European trade in the south-eastern districts of Africa. To gain this point he had to return as far north as Katsena, owing to the unsettled state of the country on the direct route between Kukawa and Sokoto; and to avoid giving offence to his friend the sultan of the capital of Bornu, who was at enmity with the sheikh of Kano, he had to leave that African Manchester on the left, and proceeded by way of Zinder, the capital of Western Bornu. Accordingly, with a train of seven servants, and an agent, he commenced his journey in November, 1852. The situation of Zinder, the first important station between Kukawa and Katsena, is peculiar and interesting. A large mass of rock rises abruptly within the area of the town on the west side, and, with some minor ridges which range outside, forms the sides of a capacious basin, in which water collects at a short depth below the surface, fertilizing a good number of tobacco fields, and giving to the vegetation around a richer character. This luxuriant picture is farther enhanced by several groups of date-palms, while a number of hamlets, or zangó, belonging to Tawarek chiefs, add greatly to the interest of the scene.

On setting out from Katsena our traveller had to make a great detour on account of a hostile army known to be on the road; but, by keeping a good look-out, marching at night, and sometimes showing a determined front, or diving deep into the forests of Gúndumi, he arrived, without further incident than the excitement of alarm, at Sokoto, where he visited the house in which Clapperton died, and obtained some interesting particulars respecting the unfortunate captain's death.

"It was the great market day, which was of some importance to me, as I had to buy a good many things, so that I was obliged to send there a sum of 7,000 shells; but the market did not become well-frequented or well-stocked till between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, when I myself proceeded thither. I had taken a ride in the morning through the eastern quarter of the town, proceeding through the Kofa-n-Atiku, thence along the wall towards the west, and re-entered the town by the Kofa-n-Ali Jedu, where the quarter is very desolate, even the wall being in a state of decay, and the fine mosque built by the gedádo during Clapperton's stay here, fallen entirely to ruins. But even in the present reduced condition of the place, the market still presented a very interesting sight, the numerous groups of people, buyers as well as sellers, and the animals of various descriptions, being picturesquely scattered over the rocky slope. The market was tolerably well attended and well supplied, there being about thirty horses, three hundred head of cattle for slaughter, fifty takerkereing, or oxen of burden, and a great quantity of leather articles, especially leather bags, cushions, and similar articles; the leather dressed and prepared here being very soft and beautiful. A good many slaves were exhibited, and fetched a higher price than might be supposed—a lad of very indifferent appearance being sold for 33,000 shells; I myself bought a pony for 30,000 shells. It being just about the time when the salt caravan visits these parts, dates also, which usually form a small addition to the principal merchandise of those traders of the desert, were to be had; and I filled a leather bag for some 2,000 shells, in order to give a little more variety to my food on the long road which lay before me. I took another interesting ride through the Kófa-n-Dúnday, not following the direct road to that village, which is close to the junction of the Gulbi-n-Rima with the Gulbi-n-Raba, but not far from the decayed northern wall, and thus crossed a considerable channel, a branch of the river, full of water, being even at the present time about fifteen yards wide, and a foot and a half in depth, and then keeping away from the village reached the other branch, which was narrower but more richly bordered by bushes, and following it up in an easterly direction, reached the point of junction, or 'megangamu.' The whole valley here formed one uninterrupted rice-field."

Dr. Barth's object was now to reach the Niger at Say, and after visiting Gando, passing through the province of Kebbi, crossing its river, and pushing up the fertile but distressed valley of Fogha, where there are numerous salt lakes, he arrived on its banks on the 20th of June, 1853, and saw a noble unbroken stream seven hundred yards broad, gliding along in a north-easterly direction, with a moderate current of about three miles. Say is a great mart, and exhibited to the casual observer no small degree of industry in small handicrafts, and in the arrangement of the interiors of households. But it was a dear

place. Butter could scarcely be procured, while the black cloth of Gando, of which female apparel is made, realized a profit of eighty per cent.

Other manufactured articles, except those of Kano, were sold in the same proportion. This high rate of charge, however, depended on the state of feeling between Say and Haúsa; and it so happened that at the time of Dr. Barth's visit the communication between the one town and the other had been interrupted by hostile demonstrations. "For the English or Europeans in general," observes Dr. Barth, "Say is the most important place in all this tract of the river, if they ever succeed in crossing the rapids which obstruct its passage above Rabba, and especially between Busa and Yaúri, and reaching this fine open sheet of water, the great high-road of Western Central Africa."

Crossing the Niger, which here makes a considerable bend northward, Dr. Barth directed his course through the provinces of Gurma, Yagha, Libtako, Arabinda, and Tondi, to the Fatta branch of the river, which joins that majestic stream a considerable distance above Kábara, the port of Timbuktu. In the territory of Yagha, Dr. Barth saw the rude smelting furnaces of the natives. They were very primitive, wood ashes being laid upon the iron ore, and a slight trough dug to receive the metal when melted. Signs of industry were here and there visible, as at Say, in the neatness of the huts, some of which had sticks suspended from the roof for weaving. The inhabitants also offered leather writing-cases and baskets for domestic purposes for sale. As he continued his journey, he found that there was danger to be apprehended from the fanaticism of the people, and as soon as he entered the territory of Songhay, he represented himself, at the instigation of an Arab under whose protection he had placed himself, to be a sheriff carrying books from the East to the sheikh. This stratagem succeeded, and the points of one hundred and fifty spears, which had been raised against him on the rumour that he was a Christian, were dropped, and in turn his blessing is begged for by the bearers. However, his race and religion were still occasionally suspected, and he had on one occasion to repeat the first verse of the Koran to avoid the storm that was brewing. However, he escaped fortunately all these perils, reached the branch river at Fatta, rejoined the Niger at the extensive island of Kora, lying at the confluence of the two streams, and entered Timbuktu in September, 1853. Dr. Barth was destined, however, to experience in this city trials even more depressing and harassing than those he had experienced in the Bagirmi territory, which he attributes to the want of a sufficient firman from

the sultan of Stamboul. Whilst protected by one chief, he is threatened with death by his rival, whilst, after a time, the berabish, who had murdered Major Laing, spread the rumour about that he was thirsty again for the blood of the white-faced stranger. The fact is, that the Arab under whose guidance he had placed himself proved treacherous, and the day after his arrival at Timbuktù, Dr. Barth learned to his surprise that Hammadi, the rival of the sheikh, had proclaimed to the Fulbe that he was a Christian, and they accordingly resolved to kill him.

"I was not allowed to stir about, but was confined within the walls of my house. In order to obviate the effect of this want of exercise as much as possible, to enjoy fresh air, and at the same time to become familiar with the principal features of the town, through which I was not allowed to move about at pleasure, I ascended, as often as possible, the terrace of my house. This afforded an excellent view over the northern quarters of the town. On the north was the massive mosque of Sankoré, which had just been restored to all its former grandeur, through the influence of Sheikh el Bakay, and gave the whole place an imposing character. Neither the mosque Sidi Yahia, nor the great mosque, or Jingeré-ber, was seen from this point; but towards the east, the view extended over a wide expanse of the desert, and towards the south, the elevated mansions of the Ghadamsyé merchants were visible. The style of the buildings was various. I could see clay houses of different characters—some low and unseemly, others rising with a second story in front, to greater elevation, and making even an attempt at architectural ornament, the whole being interrupted by a few round huts of matting. The sight of this spectacle afforded me sufficient matter of interest, although, the streets being very narrow, only little was to be seen of the intercourse carried on in them, with the exception of the small market in the northern quarter, which was exposed to view, on account of its situation on the slope of the sand hills, which, in course of time, have accumulated round the mosque. But while the terrace of my house served to make me well acquainted with the character of the town, it had also the disadvantage of exposing me fully to the gaze of the passers-by, so that I could only slowly, and with many interruptions, succeed in making a sketch of the scene thus offered to my view."

Although confined to his house, Dr. Barth made such observations as enabled him to take a good survey of the town, which subsequent investigation served to confirm. The number of the population the learned traveller estimates at 13,000; but this refers simply to the regular residents of the place, and does not include the casual thousands, whom trade and commerce attract to its gates. A circumference of two miles and a half, or three miles, taking into consideration the projecting angles, for the city forms a triangle, embraces the



whole town, which, unlike many other African places of importance, is built principally of clay, there being 980 clay houses, and about 200 conical huts of matting. The interior is laid out partly in rectangular, partly in winding, streets, or, as they are here called, says Dr. Barth, "tijerátén," which are not paved, but for the greater part consist of hard sand and gravel; and some of them have a sort of gutter in the middle. Besides the large and small market, there are few open areas, except a small square in front of the mosque Yahia, called Tumbutubottéma. Small as it is, the city is tolerably well inhabited, and almost all the houses are in good repair. It is situated only a few feet above the average level of the river, and at a distance of about six miles from the principal branch.

We should fail in our duty were we to close a notice of this description without alluding in some degree to the trade and commerce of a town like Timbuktu.

"The great feature which distinguishes the market of Timbuktu," to make use of the words of the original narrative, "from that of Kano, is the fact that Timbuktu is not at all a manufacturing town, while the emporium of Hausa fully deserves to be classed as such. Almost the whole life of the city is based upon foreign commerce, which, owing to the great northerly bend of the Niger, finds here the most favoured spot for intercourse, while, at the same time, that splendid river enables the inhabitants to supply all their wants from without; for native corn is not raised here in sufficient quantities to feed even a very small proportion of the population, and almost all the victuals are imported by water carriage from Sansandi and the neighbourhood. The only manufactures carried on in the city, as far as fell under my observation, are confined to the art of the blacksmith, and to a little leather-work. Some of these articles, such as provision or luggage bags, cushions, small leather pouches for tobacco, and gun cloths, especially the leather bags, are very neat. . . . The people of Timbuktu are very expert in the art of adorning their clothing with a fine stitching of silk, but this is done on a very small scale, and even these shirts are only used at home. There is, however, a very considerable degree of industry exercised by the natives of some of the neighbouring districts, especially Fermagha, who produce very excellent woollen blankets and carpets of various colours, which form a most extensive article of commerce with the natives. The foreign commerce has especially three great high-roads: that along the river from the south-west, which comprises the trade proceeding from various points, and

two roads from the north—that from Morocco on the one hand, and that from Ghadames on the other. In all this country, gold forms the chief staple, although the whole of the amount of the precious metal exported from this city appears exceedingly small, if compared with a European standard. It, probably, does not exceed an average of £20,000 sterling a year. The gold is brought either from Bambuk or Buré, but from the former place in larger quantities. . . . The next article that forms one of the chief staples in Timbuktu, and in some respects even more so than gold, is salt, which, together with gold, formed articles of exchange all along the Niger from the most ancient times. The trade in salt, on a large scale, as far as regards Timbuktu, is entirely carried on by means of the ‘turkedi,’ or the cloth for female apparel, manufactured in Kano, the merchants of Ghadames bartering in the market of Arawan six ‘turkedi,’ or ‘melhafa,’ for nine slabs, or ‘hajra,’ of salt, on condition that the Arabs bring the salt ready to market, or twelve, including the carriage to Taödenni. . . . The guro or kóla nut which constitutes one of the greatest luxuries of Negroland, is also a most important article of trade. Possessing this, the natives do not feel the want of coffee, which they might so easily cultivate to any extent, the coffee plant seeming to be indigenous to many parts of Negroland. The chief produce brought to the market of Timbuktu consists of rice and negro-corn, but I am quite unable to state in what quantities. Besides these articles, one of the chief products is vegetable butter, or maikadéña, which, besides being employed for lighting the dwellings, is used most extensively in cooking as a substitute for animal butter, at least by the poor classes of the inhabitants. Smaller articles, such as pepper, ginger, and sundry other articles are imported. A small quantity of cotton is also brought into the market. With regard to European manufactures, the road from Morocco is still the most important for some articles, such as red cloth, coarse coverings, sashes, looking-glasses, cutlery, and tobacco; white calico, especially, bleached as well as unbleached, is also imported by way of Ghadames, and in such quantities of late that it has excited the jealousy of the Morocco merchants.”

Referring to the important position of Timbuktu, Dr. Barth observes :—

“This much is certain, that an immense field is here opened to European energy to revive the trade which, under a stable government, formerly animated this quarter of the globe, and which might again flourish to a great extent. For the situation of Timbuktu is of the highest commercial importance, lying, as it does, at the point where the great river of Western Africa, in a serpent-like winding,

approaches most closely to that outlying and most extensive oasis of 'the far West'—Mághreb el Aksa of the Mohammedan world—I mean Tawát, which forms the natural medium between the commercial life of this fertile and populous region and the north; and whether it be Timbuktu, Walata, or Ghanata, there will always be in this neighbourhood a great commercial *entrepôt*, as long as mankind retain their tendency to international intercourse and exchange of produce."

Fortunately for Dr. Barth, the sudden death of the Berebish chieftain, who had plotted his death, inspired the Fulbe with a superstitious awe, as they fancied a mysterious connexion between the manner of his death and his hatred of the Christian; and this impression having been further worked upon by El Bakay in favour of the stranger, a respite from persecution was acquired by the Doctor. At length, after a sojourn of seven months in Timbuktu, subject to every kind of annoyance and indignity, to manifold privations, and in frequent peril of his life, this intrepid traveller turned his face eastward, and regained the friendly town of Kúkawa. On his way, he unexpectedly met Dr. Vogel and two English corporals in the forest of Búndi, and the pleasure of the meeting may easily be imagined. After remaining a short time with this young traveller, the Doctor prepared for his journey northward, and reached Tripoli about the latter end of August, 1855, having been absent exploring the vast regions of Central Africa nearly five years and a half.

Throughout the five volumes over which the narrative of his adventures in Central Africa extend, Dr. Barth has shown a deep and earnest spirit of investigation, and has taken advantage of the opportunities afforded him of noting down, not only the actual condition and distribution of the different tribes as at present existing, but the various incidents of their past history. From what we have already shown of the work, the reader will have been able to glean many fresh hints of the manners, customs, and relation of the Negro and Arab populations of Soudan, one with another. The grand feat accomplished by Dr. Barth, was, doubtless, the discovery, that the Benawé river was a tributary of the Kwara or Niger, and that by this branch European boats could penetrate to the regions bordering on the south shore of Lake Tsad. The information, too, he has been able to collect respecting the navigation of the Niger between Timbuktu and Say, as well as its traffic above these towns, is exceedingly useful and important, and may lead to a speedy revolution in all these states. It has thus been ascertained, that there is a great highway into West Central Africa; this point, however, was set partially at rest by Captain Allen

and Dr. Thompson. The expedition sent out under the conduct of Dr. Barth, has revealed to us curious and important matters respecting the friendly feelings of the negro states towards England, and it, therefore, only remains to be seen, what use will be made by the merchants and the government of the country towards establishing a permanent communication with these tribes. There are difficulties in the way; but they are not insurmountable. Should commerce, the handmaiden of civilization, take the lead, two blessings would inevitably dawn upon these benighted pagans: Christianity would not be slow in raising the banner of the cross on the banks of the Kwara and Benuwé; and the infamous traffic in slaves, which now disgraces the name of humanity, would receive its death-wound. Dr. Barth's experience has taught him, that the slave-hunts are originated for the purpose of procuring muskets and powder, which the Americans supply in exchange for human flesh and human flesh alone. Were the native princes instructed that European goods could be obtained in return for their cotton, their rice, and other useful products, which require only steady cultivation to be multiplied a thousandfold, they would, doubtless, set to work to cultivate the arts of peace, rather than of war. With regard to the prospects of religion, a deadly struggle is at the present moment being waged between Islamism and Paganism; and who shall say, should the light of the Gospel be introduced by a few zealous and able missionaries, what marvellous results would follow? The subject might be pursued much farther, and we should pursue the train of thought suggested by this inquiry, with great pleasure, but our limits forbid us. We cannot imagine, however, that this country will suffer the results of Dr. Barth's expedition to lie long unproductive; and then, we trust, will commence an era for the neglected Africans, which shall be signalized in the most emphatic manner by their introduction into the Christian families of the earth.

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## ART. III.—LORD METCALFE.

*The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe.* By John William Kaye, Author of the "Life of Sir J. Malcolm," &c. A New and Revised Edition. Two Vols., post 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

WE lately heard a public speaker remark, that one advantage, at any rate, we had derived from the Crimean and Indian wars, was an increase of geographical knowledge. A greater, in our estimation, is, that we come to know that heroes, godlike men, have not ceased to exist—that, living in our time, unknown, till some occasion brings them forth, are men, comparable to, if they surpass not, the bravest spirits of antiquity. Perhaps, however, in this remark, we ought to speak of India alone, for in the Crimea, our experience with our leaders was most disheartening; but not with the common soldiers, who by their noble steadfastness, patient endurance, and acts of valour, proved to the world that the British soldier was still unmatched and unmatchable.

On the other hand, this Indian rebellion has been notable for the number of able commanders that have proved themselves equal to the emergency; and who are pre-eminently endowed with all the qualities of successful commandership. Were there no other compensation for us in all the sorrows and reverses that have befallen us in our Eastern empire, than the knowledge of such men as Havelock, the Lawrences, Outram, Edwards, and a host of others, it would, by no means, be a poor one. Their example will be felt, and exercise a beneficial influence, in all ages to come.

The same might be said also of the noble civilians in the East India Company's service, who have so distinguished themselves by their promptitude and energy in the most critical situations. Now we cannot attribute our knowledge of Lord Metcalfe to the recent calamities in India. He has been deservedly honoured for many years by his countrymen; and known as one of those many wise and able statesmen, in which India has been so fertile. But the same events have done much to diffuse and perpetuate his name; for we have little doubt that the interest they have excited has been the proximate cause of this new edition of his life.

We heartily thank Mr. Kaye for this timely re-publication; it will do much to dispel the wide-spread ignorance that has obtained, concerning the government of India; and convince the most rigid red-tapists, that there was one man at least,

who knew how precarious was our hold upon India, long before the greased cartridges were even thought of. It will do still more—it will make one familiar to us, than whom we do not know a more upright, wise, and loveable man—one of England's truest sons, and one of her most God-fearing men.

Just about the time that India was all in a ferment, getting up addresses of farewell to Warren Hastings, on the 30th of January, 1785, Charles Theophilus Metcalfe first saw the light in the city of Calcutta. His father was an "old Indian"—Major Thomas Metcalfe, of the Bengal Army, who had married the widow of Major Smith, of the same army. There was one elder son, Theophilus John, born in September, 1783. The major, Mr. Kaye tells us, was descended from a good Yorkshire stock; and one of his ancestors, for the valour he had displayed, was dubbed a knight—Sir James Metcalfe, of Nappa—on the field of Agincourt.

Soon after the birth of his second son, Major Metcalfe returned, with his family, to England; and in due time became a director of the East India Company, and member of Parliament for the borough of Abingdon, in Berkshire. He had several children born to him, of whom five survived their childhood—the two sons we have named, and three daughters. Charles, the subject of our paper, was sent to school at an early age, to Bromley, in Middlesex. Of what he did there, or what he learnt, or of his youthful disposition, almost nothing is known, beyond that he was of a reserved disposition, and altogether eclipsed by the more showy qualities of his brother. At eleven years of age he was transferred to Eton, from which time his real life for us may be said to have begun.

We get the germ of the future man in the following extract:—

"He went to that famous seminary as an oppidan, and boarded with his tutor, Mr. Goodall, afterwards head-master and provost of the college; Dr. Heath being then preceptor-in-chief. As at the private school, so at the public, he was known as a quiet, retiring boy. He was not celebrated for his adroitness in any athletic exercises. He was neither a cricketer nor a boater. I am not sure that he ever played at fives. But it is on record, and on very sufficient authority, that he was once seen riding on a camel. 'I heard,' says Dr. Goodall, many years afterwards, 'the boys shouting, and went over, and saw young Metcalfe riding on a camel; so you see he was always Orientally inclined.'"—Vol. I., p. 7.

But if he did not excel in sports and gymnastics, he did as a student. Thoughtful, beyond his age, he did not confine himself to the school routine of learning, but he made excursions



into every department of literature; and "a holiday was for him of value only as it gave him time to puzzle over Rowley's poems, to read Gibbon, to translate Ariosto and Rousseau; and to tread the echoing cloisters, immersed in day-dreams of future renown."

This last occupation was one which especially characterized young Metcalfe; and, in the wide range of biography, we know of no one who so tenaciously held by, and so fully realized, "the dream of his youth." But he was not allowed to stay at Eton long—only till he reached his fifteenth year—when he was called upon by his father to enter upon life's duties, and to carve out a position for himself. "It was an awkward fact," says the biographer, "in the lives of the two young Metcalfes—Theophilus and Charles—that their father was an East India director." And so it seemed; for the major had determined to dispatch Charles, young as he was, to India—the elder brother being about also to be sent off to China. A few months' respite, however, was allowed him, during which, entering into society, he perpetrated the indiscretion of falling in love. Boy though he was, it was no boyish attachment; for there is reason to believe that he continued faithful (for he never married) to his first love until death. The time of departure, however, came; and on the 15th of June, 1800, he took leave of all his friends, and left London, and, after spending a few days at Portsmouth, he embarked for India. For the incidents of the voyage, we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves.

He reached Calcutta on the 3rd of January, 1801. The next day he went round with his letters of introduction, officially reported himself, ordered a palanquin, hired servants, and then commenced his career as a young writer in the East India Company's service.

Charles Metcalfe had no great difficulties or obstacles to encounter or surmount in the outset; on the contrary, he had everything to favour his introduction into public life—for the son of a director will not often lack friends in India. His merits did not consist in fighting his way to a good position, in spite of difficulties; but in this—that he, day by day, and year by year, improved the advantages he possessed at the commencement. We are inclined to think this latter the harder task of the two. A man's powers and faculties become invigorated and sharpened by resistance; and the very opposition he has to encounter, will often prove the stepping-stone to success; whereas, when his path lies easy and plain before him, there is danger, lest he become emasculated, and sink down to unpretending mediocrity.

Metcalfe intended to commence work at once, but from the dissipation which the hospitalities of Calcutta induced, he observes, in his journal, at the end of February, that he had nothing but illness to record. Shaking himself loose, however, from these bonds, he determined to grapple with and master the native languages, in order to qualify himself for the active business of his profession.

Every student of Indian history knows that to Lord Wellesley the honour is due of founding the College of Fort William, "as a nursery for young Indian administrators." His lordship, with that penetration and sagacity which so distinguished him, discerned the wants of India, and forthwith began to find the means of supplying them. It augured well for the success of his scheme, that Charles Metcalfe was the first student admitted into the college he had established. Metcalfe applied himself diligently to his studies; indeed, he worked too hard, and that, together with the exhausting influences of the climate, unnerved and prostrated him; and the poor lad—he was not yet seventeen—away there in his solitude, began to yearn for home. "Sorrow's crown of sorrow," his biographer most beautifully says, "was pressing heavily upon him; for he clung to the memory of happier days." He wrote home to implore that he might be allowed to return; but ere he could get an answer, he was gazetted as assistant to the embassy to the Arab states, which appointment, however, he never took up, as he was allowed the option of another—that of assistant to the resident with Dowlah Rao Scindiah. He had been induced to prefer this, from the fact that an old friend of his father's, Colonel Collins, was the resident. The adventures of Metcalfe on his road to the court of Scindiah; how he was attacked by the banditti, we have not time to relate; nor how Colonel Collins and he could not agree, which ended in Metcalfe's returning to Calcutta.

We have hitherto said nothing of Metcalfe's mother. We give one extract from a letter of hers, as illustrative of her character, and of her probable influence upon the mind of her son. The letter was in answer to his request to be allowed to return home:—

"If you have," says she, "a grain of ambition, you are in the field for it, and the ball is at your foot. What is it you want? With friends, money, attention, credit, good sense, abilities, and a prospect before you which hundreds, I may say thousands, in that country have not, you want, I fear, my dear Charles, a contented mind."—Vol. I., p. 61, note.

He needed not the stimulus of such considerations, for he

had already begun to reconcile himself to his Indian life, and on his return to Calcutta he was appointed an assistant in the office of the chief secretary to Government. At this time, also, his brother, being in poor health, and wishing for a change of scene and air, paid him an unexpected visit from Canton. This visit of his brother exercised a most beneficial influence upon his mind ; and he had also every stimulus to exertion and industry, being now under the immediate eye of Lord Wellesley himself. We cannot refrain from giving the words of his biographer. He says :—

“In that grand viceregal school [the governor-general’s office] the clever boys of the civil service ripened rapidly into statesmen. They saw there how empires were governed. The imposing spectacle fired their young ambition, and each in turn grew eager and resolute to make for himself a place in history. Of all men living, perhaps, Lord Wellesley was the one around whose character and conduct the largest amount of youthful admiration was likely to gather. There was a vastness in all his conceptions which irresistibly appealed to the imaginations of his disciples. Their faith in him was unbounded. The promptitude and decision with which he acted, dispelled all doubts and disarmed all scepticism. Embodied in the person of Lord Wellesley, statesmanship was in the eyes of his pupils a splendid reality. They saw in him a great man, with great things to accomplish. As he walked up and down the spacious central hall of the newly erected Government House, now dictating the terms of a letter to be dispatched to one political functionary—now to another, keeping many pens employed at once, but never confusing the arguments or language proper to each, there was a moral grandeur about him, seen through which, the scant proportions of the little viceroy grew into something almost sublime. There could not be a finer forcing-house for young ambition. Charles Metcalfe grew apace in it.”—Vol. I., p. 77.

Metcalfe was soon fortunate enough to secure the favourable notice of the governor-general. It was on this wise. Lake and Wellesley having defeated the Mahrattas, and reduced Scindiah to submission, the latter chief had consented to receive a subsidiary force into his dominions. The question was then debated in council as to where this force was to be located. Now Metcalfe, in his journey to Scindiah’s court, to which we have alluded, had been no inattentive observer ; and, accordingly, he ventured to draw up a memorandum, which he submitted to Lord Wellesley, in which he recommended Kotah, as the fittest place if the force were to be centralized, or, if not, still for a detachment of the force. His lordship read it, and wrote the following flattering eulogium upon the margin :—  
“This paper is highly creditable to Mr. Metcalfe’s character

and talents. It may become very useful. A copy of it should be sent to the commander-in-chief, and another to Major Malcolm.—W.” He was at this time nineteen years of age.

The governor-general’s favour did not rest here; for soon after, on hostilities being commenced against Holkar, he dispatched Metcalfe to General Lake’s camp to act as political assistant. The duties of this office were of a very complicated kind. He had to negotiate treaties, detach chiefs from their alliances, collect information of the movements of the armies, &c. But the official himself was always looked down upon and sneered at by the soldiers as a mere civilian. Metcalfe had his own way of vindicating himself. General Lake had determined upon the reduction of the fortress of Deeg, distant forty-five miles from Agra. On the 13th of December our troops sat down before the place; on the 23rd a breach was reported practicable. Charles Metcalfe volunteered to accompany the storming party, and was one of the first to mount the breach; and the gallantry of his conduct drew forth the special commendations of Lord Lake in his official dispatch concerning the reduction of the fortress. We must pass over the succeeding events of the campaign. A change of governors was now impending, and by consequence a change of policy. On the 20th of August, 1805, Lord Wellesley left India; and a month previous Lord Cornwallis had re-entered upon the governor-generalship.

Lord Cornwallis went over pledged to a policy of economy, for the Indian Government was in a serious state of financial embarrassment. But it is always difficult and unpopular to inaugurate and to execute such a policy, especially in a country where dominion is retained by the force of arms. Accordingly, there was great dissatisfaction in Lord Lake’s camp with the measures of the new governor-general; and no one was more dissatisfied than Charles Metcalfe. Writing to his friend, J. W. Sherer, who was in the Government office at Calcutta, he says:—

“I hope for the best from Lord Cornwallis’s administration; but I am, I confess, without confidence. It is surely unwise to fetter the hands of the commander-in-chief (referring to orders that had been received to cease hostilities, and to come to terms with Holkar, if possible), and to stop all operations until his own arrival. We shall have Holkar near us in a few days. I wish you would send us money.”

Here, as Mr. Kaye well remarks, was the prime difficulty. Holkar deserved to be punished, without doubt; but the

Government lacked the means of doing it, for they had not the sinews of war.

Our readers must follow for themselves the somewhat intricate course of this campaign, and the still more intricate course of diplomacy with the hostile Mahratta chiefs, until finally peace was concluded; and then Metcalfe's functions having ceased, he returned once again to Calcutta.

His next appointment was first assistant to the resident at Delhi. He continued discharging the duties of this office until he was selected by Lord Minto (who had in the meantime succeeded to the Government) as envoy to Lahore. He filled this office with singular tact and ability. His object was to counteract French influence and intrigue, and to form an alliance with Runjeet Singh, so as to interpose a barrier to (at that time believed imminent) French invasion. The difficulties of the mission were great, both in the nature of the mission itself, and of the chief with whom he had to deal. However, by perseverance, consummate ability, and prudence, he at length effected the object of the embassy. If our readers will recollect that at this time he was scarcely twenty-three years of age, and if, together with this, they will read the dispatches and minutes that Metcalfe wrote to and for the consideration of the governor-general, they will approximate to some conception of the vast powers of his mind. They were not powers that manifested themselves in brilliant and magnificent schemes, or in daring modes of action, but in calm sagacity and wisdom, and in penetrating foresight and prudence. The diplomacy of Charles Metcalfe at this period would have done no discredit to those who had grown grey in the schools of statesmanship.

After this he filled some other appointments, till, in 1811, Mr. Seton vacating the residency of Delhi, Metcalfe was selected to succeed him. Most of our readers will be undoubtedly acquainted with the office and duties of a resident at an Indian court. He, in fact, may be said to be the king and prime minister in one, as he has to superintend the internal affairs of the country, collect revenues, &c., in fact, perform all the duties that are included under the term government. These may be modified somewhat by his relation to the ostensible monarch, or as we would phrase it, *difficilized*, by that relation, inasmuch as he has to contend with all the corrupt influences of a native court, the perfidy of the natives themselves, and a host of other obstacles to upright and impartial administration, that luxuriate in the Oriental soil. Metcalfe, it will suffice to say, filled his post as such posts are seldom filled, and this, too, in a time of much inquietude and no ordinary difficulty. But no opposition was proof to the patient toil and perseverance which

he brought to bear upon it. Slowly but surely it gave way to the steady resistance and attack of that virtuous mind. Straight-forward in all his acts, he would never condescend to employ the common artifices of policy, which are deceits, but resting himself on the right and the true, he ensured to himself certain success.

We should like some of our sentimental apologists for the king of Delhi to read the account Mr. Kaye has given us of the foul wrongs that were continually wreaked upon some victim or other in that same court during Metcalfe's residence there. Speaking of the policy which the resident was attempting to carry out, he tells us :—

“It was his policy, while exercising firm control in all matters of essential importance, to abstain from meddling with petty details connected with the interior arrangements of the palace. But nothing was more difficult than this. He could not turn a deaf ear to the reports of robbery and murder that came to him from that great sty of pollution; and yet he could not deal with offences so committed as he would with crimes more immediately under his jurisdiction, committed in the open city. Even the truth struggled out but dimly from the murky recesses of the palace. Sometimes little things were magnified and mystified into gigantic shadows, which dissolved at the touch of judicial inquiry. At others it was not to be doubted that terrible realities were altogether obscured and lost among the swarming labyrinths of that great building.”—Vol. I., p. 256.

We may cite, appropriately, in this place, a few passages from the minutes and letters of Metcalfe, in order to show his enlightened views of government, and which, if they had been carried out, would in all probability have prevented the outbreak of that terrible mutiny, the consequences of which we shall have to deplore for many a long year.

The first relates to that much vexed question, concerning the rights of the zemindars, or zumeendars, as they are called in these volumes :—

“Admitting,” says he, “that the Government has the property of the soil, the question is, as the Government cannot occupy the land, and as the land requires resident proprietors, who are the people that next to the Government may be supposed to have the best right? It is here that the paramount claim of the village zumeendars may be justly and indisputably contended for. What men can have greater rights than those whose ancestors have occupied the same lands and habitations from time immemorial; who live on the soil entirely, and cultivate it at their own expense, and by their own labour; who receive it by hereditary succession or by purchase; who leave it to their children, or, if reduced by necessity, sell it or mortgage it; or if they choose, transfer it by gift during their lives?”—Vol. I., p. 266.



Having argued for the justice of the claims of the zumeendars, he supposes that some might object on the ground of policy ; he thus meets any such objection :—

“The world is governed by an irresistible power, which giveth and taketh away dominion ; and vain would be the impotent prudence of men against the operations of its Almighty influence.

“*All that rulers can do is to merit dominion by promoting the happiness of those under them.* If we perform our duty in this respect, the gratitude of India and the admiration of the world will accompany our name throughout all ages, whatever may be the revolutions of futurity ; but if we withhold blessings from our subjects from a selfish apprehension of possible danger at a remote period, we shall merit that reserve which time has possibly in store for us, and shall fall with the mingled hatred and contempt—the hisses and execrations of mankind.”—Vol. I., p. 269.

What noble words are these ! The sentence we have italicized is worthy of being inscribed on every senate-house in the world ; and defines the duty of all governments, and the end of all legislation. We give one more, as it concerns the character of our dominion in India :—

“The writer of these remarks does not shrink from briefly stating his opinion, that an increase of our army is highly expedient, and, perhaps, absolutely necessary for our existence in India ; and we ought to govern our policy by different considerations from those which regulate the orders of the Government at home. Our power in India rests upon our military superiority. It has no foundation in the affections of our subjects. . . . It can only be upheld by our military prowess, and that policy is best suited to our situation in India, which tends in the greatest degree to increase our military power by all means consistent with justice.”—Vol. I., pp. 287—8.

We have not space to follow him further through the situations he held in India. Let it suffice to say, that he quitted Delhi amid the regrets of all classes ; that he afterwards accepted the political secretariat under Lord Hastings ; and after that proceeded to Hyderabad, as resident, where he fell under the temporary displeasure of the governor-general, by his manful opposition to the vile practices of the banking-house of Palmer and Co.—which firm were gradually impoverishing the Nizam and his country—and would have succeeded in doing it effectually, had it not been for the unflinching honesty of Sir Charles Metcalfe. He remained in India until he had won for himself the highest posts in the Government ; and then he resigned, because of a slight which had been put upon him by the Board of Directors. During his provisional governor-generalship, he emancipated the press—an act which elicited,

not from the Board of Directors, this being the cause of their slight towards him, but from all classes of enlightened men, the highest approbation. We must leave it to Mr. Kaye to describe his departure from Calcutta, in the year 1838:—

“His residence in Calcutta was brief [Mr. Kaye refers to the time before his departure, as Sir Charles had but just returned from Agra]; but from first to last it was a great ovation. He had taken his passage for England in a Bristol ship, called the *St. George*. The vessel was to sail on the 15th of February. The interval, though brief, was a busy one. Entertainment followed entertainment—address followed address. The cold season had been one of unusual animation; and Metcalfe arrived to find the social energies of his friends well nigh expended by the constant demands that had been made upon them by oft-repeated festivities. But his presence was a signal for renewed exertion. There were Metcalfe dinners, and Metcalfe balls, and Metcalfe meetings; and no one was contented who had not drunk, or danced, or spoken, in honour of the ‘honestest statesman we ever had,’\* and the most hospitable and loveable of men.”—Vol. II., p. 214.

He left an influence for good in India which can never be calculated, and a name which has never been equalled. And this high position—to his honour be it said—he attained solely by the sterling integrity of his character, and the honesty of his aims.

Sir Charles arrived in England, after an absence of thirty-eight years. His parents had long ere this descended to the grave. His elder brother also had died, hence, his title, Sir Charles. The late king, however, subsequently to Metcalfe’s assumption of his family honours, had conferred upon him the distinction of a G.C.B.—no mean indication of the estimation in which he was held in England. Sir Charles retired to Clifton, to the residence of his affectionate sister, Mrs. Smythe, intending and hoping to spend the remainder of his life in ease, and the society of his friends. But, as all know, he was not allowed the sweets of repose for any lengthened period. He was soon asked to take the governorship of Jamaica; where, by his conciliatory policy, he did so much to restore that peace, which had been destroyed by the ferment, consequent upon the emancipation of the slaves.† His policy was dignified and firm—worthy, in every way, of the character he had gained for himself in India. He completed his task, and a second time retired into private life. Such a man, however, while life lasted, could be ill spared from the service of his

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\* Speech of Mr. Theodore Dickens.

† We pronounce no opinion upon the question at issue in Jamaica between Sir Charles Metcalfe and a section of our missionaries.

country, however well he had earned his rest. Once again he, at the bidding of his sovereign, placed his services at the disposal of the state.

Canada was the next sphere of his government. He there wielded the sword of authority with the same dignity and righteousness. The colony at that time was in a transition state; there was a conflict between the governor and his council. But wise was his demeanour—firm, but just; a stern upholder of the privileges of the crown, but a respectful observer of the rights of the people. He was suffering at this time under a severe malady in his cheek, which was, indeed, gradually eating away his life. The salvation of his life bade him retire; duty exhorted him to remain, and duty never appealed to him in vain. He remained till the danger which impended over the colony was past; till the ship had passed the breakers, and had the open sea, unstilled though that was, before her. His conduct won for him the approbation of his sovereign and her ministers. The Queen manifested especial solicitude on his behalf. A peerage was conferred upon him: he was now Lord Metcalfe of Fern Hill; and he then returned to England to die, having spent his whole life in the service of his country, and, throughout his whole career, maintained a spotless fame. Of his boundless generosity and self-sacrifice we cannot speak; but we will conclude our paper by noticing his death—when the veteran statesman, who had been exposed to all the evil influences of an Eastern life, prepared himself, as a little child, to depart to his Father's home.

His end was drawing near; so rapid were the advances his malady made. He had expressed a wish to see a little girl, a daughter of his friend, Colonel Higginson. She came

“And spent much of her time in Metcalfe's room, reading the Scriptures to him every day. . . . This child of seven years read God's blessed word to the dying statesman, and he received the glad tidings of salvation as a little child. . . . He had an abiding sense of the efficacy of the atonement. He rested all his hopes on the blood of the Lamb.”—Vol. II., p. 443.

Thus he died: a pattern statesman, and a child of God. May England never want for such-like sons!

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ART. IV.—PHILIP PATERNOSTER.

*Philip Paternoster.* A Tractarian Love Story. By an Ex-Puseyite. London: Bentley. 1858.

WHATEVER exception we might take to that anomalous entity, yclept the *religious novel*, it by no means follows that its ecclesiastical congener should lie open to the same objections. A little drollery, somewhat of high colouring, and exaggeration both of feeling and fact in connexion with the latter, embellish or ridicule only matters of form, and endanger in no respect our reverence for things sacred and divine. The one relates chiefly to foibles, the other to grave spiritual realities; hence we indulge ourselves in playing with externals, while we veil our faces before the majesty of religion. This distinction is our unvarnished reason (not our apology, for it needs none) for introducing to our readers a few of the fopperies of Tractarianism, as set forth in an amusing and graphic manner by the author of "*Philip Paternoster*," the anti-Tractarian fiction now before us. Written by a person who has threaded the labyrinth and come back, the work confirms our long-seated conviction that it is not on the more serious natures amongst us that Popery proper, or Popery spurious, makes its most ready impression; but rather on light, volatile dispositions, who like to *do* their religion, like any other task, not *feel* it, and who wish to make that task in the doing of it as picturesque and graceful as they can, that it may be light and pleasant to themselves, and attract the observation and admiration of others. A few serious and saturnine mediævalists will doubtless here and there be met with, and these at last are certain to reach the goal to which they tend, ensconcing themselves eventually in the niche of some monastic cell, dark and hard as their ascetic idiosyncrasy; but the generality of converts, first, to the modified Romanism of St. Barnabas, and, afterwards, to the pronounced Romanism of the See of Westminster, will be found to be of the class indicated—shallow natures, overlaid with empty sentiment as distinguished from sensibility, whose eye can reach no deeper than the surface of things, and whose religion is more a fashion and habit than an experience of the awakened soul. To illustrate this view we shall indulge ourselves with a picture or two from this amusing novel, disclaiming any higher object than the entertainment of our readers with the absurdities of a very silly set of men, and the warning which our sense of ridicule conveys against the follies by which they have been misled.

The leanings towards picturesque faiths and worships are things rather to be guarded against narrowly, than to be indiscriminately indulged. The wiser, deeper, and more thoughtful natures, are those which least need or care for imposing adjuncts, and sensible aids of public worship. If we must, indeed, choose between them, a Quaker bareness of ornament is better, safer, more Scriptural and satisfactory—than a large ceremonial, fine shows, “men-singers, and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, musical instruments, and that of all sorts.” We desire to put on record our deliberate conviction that it is not the most earnest, devout, and spiritually-minded of any community, who are loudest in their clamour for magnificent churches and a more splendid ritual—but rather those who are the reverse of these. In such matters we are not strait-laced—but neither are we loose-principled. We see no objection to organs and chants, wisely and devoutly used; but we do see a great evil in supposing painted windows an offering acceptable to God; taper spires elevation of soul to Heaven; stalls, in the place of pews, stepping-stones in the upward way; and harp and organ, harmonium, and responsive song the necessary utterance, or even awakeners, of devout aspiration. In this, as in all other cases relating to divine things, we must observe that divinest feature of our divine religion—*το ἐπιείκες*—the “moderation” which the apostle enjoins upon the Philippians. In Christianity it is beyond all other things remarkable how little is strictly prescribed to us—how rarely we are tied down to literal observance; the Holy Ghost seeming to think that a renewed heart may be safely trusted both with its conduct of life and its ordinal of worship. This is a lesson of charity toward those who differ from us in non-essentials, but it is also an appeal to the governing principle of human life, that common sense and that fitness of means to ends, without which “nothing is good, nothing strong.” In all questions relating to public worship and the appurtenances thereof, if we adhere to the apostle’s *epieikes* we shall not greatly err. It is but the Pagan poet’s *in medio tu tutissimus ibis*.

Having delivered our soul of its burden on this head, we proceed to cull a specimen or two illustrative of the genus full-blown Tractarian, that our readers may at once laugh at the folly of clerical masquerade, and be admonished whereunto the buds of ecclesiastical foppery may grow. To begin at the beginning, with the ordination of the hero, who is one of twenty more sensible and ordinary men, he being the only Tractarian eccentric of the score, we read:—

“He emerged from the little knot of his compeers with a firm and

manly step, and knelt gracefully before the bishop in his appointed turn. When, too, he rose from his knees, and returned to his place, with all the weighty responsibility of his new calling fresh upon him, he displayed to those many gazers a countenance still calm and collected, though the downcast eyes and clasped hands betokened anything rather than absence of appreciation of his then position. Without being, perhaps, strictly handsome, he was a man that, in any case, could not fail to interest a beholder. The face was decidedly intellectual, and not destitute of manly beauty; but there was just a tinge of affectation in the arrangement of those physical adornments that perhaps, in the slightest degree, detracted from the unquestionable advantages evident in his outer man. Nature had tinted his face with some of her most delicate colours. In an ordinary way, you could perceive he was singularly pale, and the flush that now tinged his cheek was perceptibly transient, and due to the excitement of the time and circumstance. His hair, which was very dark, almost black, was too long for a man, and parted quite in the middle, whilst it streamed down his back like the portraits of Edward Irving. He wore large whiskers, such as one generally sees associated with that hybrid animal termed by young ladies 'a duck,' but, in more common parlance, designated a fop. Altogether, he had, naturally speaking, very many of the elements of the pet parson in him. A good deal of this, however, was taken off by his dress, which was singularly clerical. The coat collar stood stiff and erect as a Quaker's. The waistcoat was buttoned tightly up to his neck, and might, had he been so disposed, have saved the necessity of under-linen. The shirt, if indeed such existed, was devoid of collar, and just the smallest amount of very narrow white tie was visible above the vest; whilst the bands, of the minutest possible size, lent their silent evidence, along with the more speaking emblems of the young clergyman's attire, that he who had so curtailed their dimensions, leaned rather to Rome than Geneva. In a word, Mr. Paternoster was made up (by Cox and Co.) very ecclesiastically indeed; and, though there was nothing positively *outré* in his exterior, yet, had you met him in the street, you might have told at a glance that he didn't take in the *Record*, or incline to the Bible Society. Add to these details that Philip was tall and slender, and looked somewhere about his real age—twenty-five—and you have as complete a picture of him as is necessary for the present.

"And now, the special ordination service being concluded, that congregation arched round the Table of Love, and in partaking of the broken bread and the sacred cup, added the most appropriate sequel to a ceremony which had all along been imposing, thrilling, majestic; and most so from its very calmness and tranquillity.

"The entire service was now concluded, and most of the people had left the chapel before Philip rose from his knees on the steps of the communion table, or, as he would have said, 'the altar.' He had studiously presented himself among the very last batch of communicants, though all the other newly-ordained had, as was usual, been the first recipients. In fact, the general congregation waited some



few minutes for Philip to go up in his turn; and more than one of his brother candidates, on observing the pause created by his hanging back, had nudged him, in the idea that he was labouring under absence of mind. But he merely unfolded his hands, and unclosed his eyes for an instant, as he said, 'I prefer to remain,' and then relapsed into that posture of utter vacuity and helplessness, which youthful Tractarians seem to suppose an index of humility on their part. Doubtless with the same purpose in his mind, he waited until the last half-dozen knelt at the rails, and then drew all eyes towards him by taking his place in the midst of the pew-openers, vergers, and servants of the bishop. Doubtless, we repeat, in all this, the idea most prominent in the young man's mind was humility, and the levelling of all human distinctions at such a time and celebration; but the only perceptible result was, that the bishop looked infinitely pained at this violation of order; the other candidates felt, if they did not exhibit, great disgust at the assumption of such singular virtue, on the part of one of their number; whilst, of the congregation, some thought Philip nervous, most of them set him down as eccentric, and even those who fathomed his motive, questioned within themselves whether he would not have been awfully irate, had the bishop's groom, an hour afterwards, dared to address him as 'a man and a brother.' Philip, however, remained complacently on his knees during the entire post-communion, the officials of the chapel doing the same, for the simple reason that they dared not stir until 'a minister' should set them the example; and thus they became unconsciously and uncomfortably orthodox, their unusual position rendering them about as much at ease as those who lie on the proverbial bed of thorns. Philip remained so long on his knees after the conclusion, that all the people had left the chapel before he showed any symptoms of locomotion, and even then he had to receive a gentle hint from the bishop's verger, that his lordship was anxious to leave the communion table, but was unable to do so, owing to the intervention of his body at the little gate in the rails which served for the ingress and egress of the officiating clergy."

Now, in writing this, let it not be supposed for one instant, that true devotion is being turned into ridicule, or evidences of genuine piety received with scorn. The question raised is this: are such outward manifestations really devotional when they are carried to an extent which renders them observable, and draws all eyes upon such as indulge them? Do they not rather themselves become, and do they not stamp the system which recognises them as, a religious eccentricity?

It may not be idle to follow the two dignitaries for an instant into the vestry, just so far as to quote their practical comments on the young clergyman's behaviour.

"'Extraordinary young man, that,' my lord,' observed the archbishop.

“ ‘Eccentric,’ replied his lordship, ‘but no doubt earnest. Not altogether extraordinary. The epidemic, after a lull, is very prevalent again just now. He will grow out of it; at least, I hope so. I trust when I come to license him to-morrow, I shall find he is to be curate in some populous parish, where he will have plenty to do, and no time to dream. The “Anglo-Catholic” epidemic is the very reverse of its physical type. It is cured by a smoky atmosphere, and a densely-crowded population. It flourishes most, and spreads its *virus* best in West-end London districts, and picturesque rural sinecures. *Work* is the thing to cure this young man.’ ”

When the other young clergy dined together on the day of their ordination, Philip, too ascetic for carnal indulgences, bound himself to a rigid fast till twelve o’clock that night, spending the interval at afternoon worship in the cathedral, at even-song in one of the churches of the city, and in his bedroom in sleep and tears. But the fixed hour of release having arrived, with all the alacrity for food of a fasting Mussulman at his Ramadan, Mr. Paternoster throws off the eremite along with his clerical garb, and proceeds to the dining-room to join his friends.

“He cast aside his clerical attire, arrayed himself in boating trousers of white flannel, a pea-jacket with gilt buttons, a wide-awake hat, and other articles which he had brought away from college to be kept (but never worn) in memory of old times. Having completed his toilette, he skipped down the stairs, entered the room with a bounce, struck a theatrical attitude, was vociferously received by a jovial assembly, and was soon occupied with the kidneys, *et totus in illis*. As the final merry meeting of so many merry men, the banquet was long protracted, and marked by much joviality; and the last domestic who retired on Monday morning heard Philip Paternoster’s fine tenor voice chanting, *con furore*, Tom Moore’s appropriate melody,—

“ ‘One bumper at parting—though many  
Have circled the board since we met,  
The fullest, the saddest of any  
Remains to be crown’d by us yet.’ ”

This scene is truly a contrast to that of the ordination, and would seem a blot on the surcoat of Anglo-Catholology. But it is not so; they are woven of the same wool. Our author explains the seeming difficulty thus:—

“Open-hearted, frank, and amiable, [Philip] had, almost up to the time of taking his degree, been characterized chiefly by his boyish and boisterous gaiety. So innocent was he, that not one of what are vulgarly termed the ‘manly’ vices, were ever, even by the faintest imputation, associated with his name. But, at the same time, he

was juvenile in his positive, as well as his negative, qualities. He would bask a whole day in the sunshine, either in the gardens or the fields, insensible to the charms of cricketing, boating, or bathing. In less genial weather he could amuse himself quite well for a whole afternoon in a single staircase, shouting and singing on the stairs, paying a casual visit to some occupant of rooms thereon, and occasionally varying the amusement by addressing innocuous remarks from the window to little boys and old ladies in the street, or hailing scouts unnecessarily, if his look-out commanded the quad. That was the sort of being Philip was up to a certain date: weak, no doubt, but very harmless, and in character certainly unblemished. And how, it may be asked, did such a man as this become inoculated with Tractarianism? As far as the writer has been able to trace a law in this erratic system—in so far as any one class of character in particular has seemed to him to display sympathies for, and spontaneous adaptations to, Tractarianism—it has been the class usually termed frivolous or volatile; the class in which puerility trenches on mature years; whose amiability has resulted very much from their indisposition to offend; and whose innocence has rather depended on the absence of temptation from without than on any inner power to resist it if present.”

This explanation entirely accords with our own experience, which has ever found the most serious minds in alliance with a metaphysical Geneva, rather than coquetting with a material Rome. Our young curate's first morning at Flowerfield is amusingly portrayed. About to sleep at the rectory the night before, Philip has mistaken his rector's intimation of family prayers in the morning for daily matins at church.

“Philip had taken it for granted that if there were a daily service, it would be usual for the officiating clergy to go to church in proper ecclesiastical costume, that is, in cassock and trencher-cap; and the canonical petticoat in question is exceedingly convenient for covering a multitude of sins in the way of a hasty toilette. This dress he accordingly assumed on the present occasion; and, though he wondered to hear no bell chiming, yet, as his watch informed him the hour of prayer was close at hand, down-stairs he sallied.

“‘It's a pity,’ he said to himself, ‘the bells don't chime. It would be so effective, even if it isn't necessary to summon the congregation.’

“Not knowing precisely where he was likely to find the rector in the house, he determined to make straight for the church, and await him there. A girl was cleaning the door-step as he emerged upon the lawn, and the aborigine stared as none but a thorough-bred West-of-Englander *can* stare at the unwonted spectacle presented by Philip in his canonical costume. He set her amazement down, however, to the mere fact of his being a stranger, and soon found himself at the wicket of the churchyard green. It was locked.

“‘Dear me, how extraordinary!’ he muttered. ‘But perhaps this

is an arrangement to keep children out of the churchyard during matins. I'm not quite sure whether it isn't a violation of order, but I'll even try my gymnastics and—'

"Young and active, Philip was soon over the gate, and *en route* for the church; when a voice, which, though it was not ecclesiastical, was also certainly not civil, assailed him from a neighbouring field, where the sexton was digging potatoes.

"'Hoi, hoi! young veller, where be you a *gwain* to?'

"Perhaps not quite aware of the purport of the sexton's inquiry, Philip advanced to the boundary hedge, and summoned the official to him. The boor being now evidently impressed with a salutary awe, Philip ventured on a ministerial exordium,—

"'My good man,' (young parsons always begin so,) 'are you a native of Flowerfield?'

"'Noa, zur. I wur a-born up to Zidercombe, up thur top o' th' hill, whur you do zee them ther stacks yander.'

"Not being particularly anxious to ascertain the shrine of the nativity, Philip checked him.

"'But you live here?'

"'O 'is. I be zexton o' Flowerfield.'

"'Then have the goodness to understand that I am one of the priests of this church, and—what are you laughing at, sir?'

"'Why, zur, ye be a-jokin' I, I do think. We've got two ministers—two pa'sons we do mostly call 'em—and a clerk and a zexton (that's I), at these 'ere church; but we ain't got no priestes. I've a-heerd the Catholics do have priestes, but—'

"'Well, and are you not a Catholic?' asked Philip, with the usual orthodox pedantry.

"'O no, we be Church o' England. I thought you were a-mis-takin' we, becos you got they vunny clothes on. Ax your pardon, zur, if I be wrong.'"

The furniture of the curate's private apartments was in harmony with his ecclesiastical views. Let us take a peep into his "Oratory."

"He opened the door, and displayed the little chamber fitted with all the paraphernalia of prayer. The window had been bricked and boarded up, so as to form a lancet, wherein was inserted a transparency of St. Philip, who, of course, by virtue of his name, was our hero's patron saint. A coloured sanctuary lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and was to burn continually; whilst the whole place was already fragrant with the fumes of incense. There was a miniature altar raised on a foot-pace, and a little brazen desk thereon, supported an illuminated manual of private devotions. The contents of the 'Curate's Pocket Communion' were also displayed to view there; and the whole surmounted by a large standard crucifix. The walls were hung with curtains of ecclesiastical drapery, and had it not been for the anti-climax of a shower-bath in the corner, the whole thing would have been a gem in its way. This was

Philip's oratory. Alas, then, for those who, in olden times, had prayed in the wild desert, or in the lions' den, or the fiery furnace, or the whale's belly, unsurrounded by such adjuncts of prayer! Why had cruel fate cast the lot of Elijah, of Daniel, of Peter in such remote days, ere the decorative art of the nineteenth century supplied them with material to lift their souls to God? O what a pretty poor burlesque was here on that communion of the creature with the Creator! Who of the great and good ones of old ever needed these sensible stimuli for their burdened hearts? Think of Him whose life was a practical answer to the demand, 'Lord, teach us to pray!' Where did He pray? Often, we must believe, in the carpenter's shed at Nazareth; often in the wild desert of Quarantaria; often and often, as we know, upon the bleak and solitary mountain-top; thrice in the bitter, blood-stained garden; once upon the tree of shame itself. Thus thy Master taught thee to pray. How art thou following in those footprints, when, to raise thy spirit to heaven, thou needest the artistic influences of thy perfumed oratory? He bade thee pray in thy closet—true. But He bade thee pray, as He bade thee worship and fast—'in spirit,' and not as do the hypocrites; not with accessories that might be seen of men; with the beauty of holiness within, rather than fantastic phylacteries without."

With such an inauguration we are prepared for a further development of Mr. Paternoster's Tractarianism, and to follow him to a service in the West-end of London, a portrait for which the ceremonial at St. Barnabas might have furnished the original.

"The communion service is preceded by an *Introit*. This is composed of suitable words, set by Philip himself, to the air of the Russian National Anthem. Philip has outgrown the incipient form of Tractarianism—rubrical strictness—and is eclectic enough to have old Rowland Hill's opinion about not giving the devil all the good tunes. Standing on the highest step of the altar, the Rev. Stephen Gregory shouts the Commandments (on G) like a musical Moses; Philip kneels on the lowest step; and again the choir sing the *Kyrie* to a harmonized adaptation of Anna's prayer in 'Freischütz.' This goes wonderfully. A Nicene creed follows. Notices of saints' days for the week ensuing are given out as 'being commanded by THE CHURCH to be kept holy;' and then Philip mounts the pulpit, to soft music; without prayer or prelude enunciates a text; preaches for a quarter of an hour—rather less; again descends, to musical strains; whilst the incumbent proceeds with the offertory. The sentence 'God is not unrighteous' is turned into a short and not inappropriate anthem; the prayer for the Church Militant follows, with a very long pause at the place where the 'faithful departed' are spoken of. The clergy and non-communicants then leave the chapel. We remain.

"The sacred vessels are reverentially arranged for communion.

[The organist] Mr. Mole is triumphant in 'He shall feed His flock;' and all proceeds as heretofore, until the consecration, in which the incumbent's voice is no longer stentorian, but entirely inaudible, while the curate is prostrate on his face, and, from the body of the chapel; looks like a bundle of clothes getting ready for the wash on a Monday morning. The paten and chalice are undisguisedly elevated, and the consecrated elements diligently veiled. The clergy, choir, and remnants of the congregation communicate; the boys singing a translation of the *Tantum ergo* in the softest pianissimo. The chalice, it is observed, never quits the grasp of the young ministrant. The hand of a single sister seems to shake very much as she receives it from him. A jubilant burst of song from full choir signalizes the *Gloria in Excelsis*. The remaining elements are reverentially consumed; the vessels cleaned at the altar; the little procession leaves the chapel in order as it entered, and with a reverent bow from each member to the sacred table. Mr. Mole works the bellows-blower well nigh to distraction in his final Hallelujah chorus, and the celebration is over.

"Well, Mr. Mole, how do you think it went?"—the invariable demand after a choral service—said Philip, as the organist came in rubbing his hands.

"La! I thought 'twas beautiful," replied Mr. Mole, ceasing to rub his hands, in order that he might scratch his head."

Now, bating the dash of caricature in this picture, it is deplorably true in substance—the most solemn acts of worship turned into mysterious stage-play, and a painful predominance of self governing the representation. But these scenes are as yet rare in England, and we trust in God they will be rarer still. The chief actors in them are weak and deluded men, although we cannot for a moment doubt that Jesuits behind the canvas pull the wires and direct the movements of the puppets. Our confidence is that the sound Protestantism of the people of England will yet extinguish this Roman fire, and teach their clergy of all communions that no light can compare with the light of the sun. But the resistance to Tractarianism must be as many-sided as the *ruses* of the foe, and be unslumbering, unwearied, and persistent. Be our rebuke of the will-worshippers couched in the apt phrase of the heathen (but of course in our Christian signification), till they mend their manners:—

"O curvæ in terris animæ, et . . . inanes,  
Quid juvat hoc templis vestros immittere mores?"

Whether Philip Paternoster mended his manners—whether he went outright to Rome and returned—or whether he still continues bewitched with the sorceries of the red letter lady, Tractarianism, is not ours now to tell. The fiction from which our extracts are taken will inform our readers in sufficiently pleasant terms.



## ART. V.—ROBERT ALFRED VAUGHAN.

*Essays and Remains of the Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan.* Edited, with a Memoir, by the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D. Two Vols. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1858.

Two years ago we reviewed "Hours with the Mystics," by R. A. Vaughan, and now we are summoned to the mournful task of reviewing the life of him, whose labours we then so gratefully and wonderingly perused. His literary work we found to be strong and beautiful. It was a piece of pure Gothic architecture such as we Englishmen so mystically love, because of the massive strength of its vast buttresses, the solemn loftiness of its sheafed columns and bending arches, the cunning beauty and humour which flower upon its screens and pinnacles; the memorials of human love, and sorrow, and death, with which it is filled; and, more than all, the heavenly light now glowing with the rosiest lustre, and again dimmed with cloudy darkness, which breaks along its aisles, or frets its images with a ceaseless chequered play. Such was Mr. Vaughan's book, a temple with its high inner altar to God, and its numerous exquisitely fashioned chapels sacred to the dead, which is a perfect, and will be an enduring shrine of the noble spirits to whose memory it was raised. And now the young, fair architect whose genius conceived, and whose toil completed, that marvellous structure is dead, and we are invited to enter the temple of his own life, and see what building he hath fashioned there out of the common materials of our earthly existence, by his labours and prayers, his lofty aspiring, his lowly worship, his love for man, and his faith in God. They who enter will stay, and their hearts will be hushed and blessed with feelings of solemn inspiration, which will make them wiser and holier men, and when they leave it they will say,—

"I pass into the world from thy abode:  
A something of thy radiance, pure and tried,  
Hangs round my soul for days."

As was the work, such do we find the man, in every respect, only greater and better; stronger in his purposes than even his massive erudition showed, more loving and genial than even the sunny humour of his book could tell us, and devout, manfully and happily devout, beyond the power of words to express. As we muse in reverie over these steadfast purposes, upspringing to heaven, that gentle winning soul which wreathed its work with purest yet gayest fantasies, and the blessedness of

that unceasing worship, we seem to wander amid the solemnities and splendour of a spiritual temple, the glory of which excels all human workmanship; for it is not made with hands—the strength and beauty of God are there. And upon that temple we have seen the crowning stone to be laid, and it has been raised from earth to be set in the New Jerusalem—the Heavenly City.

We wish to weave an *immortelle*, and leave it upon the grave of the dead; in doing so, our own memories of the past will mingle with the short narrative we cull from the memoir given by Dr. Vaughan. This memoir is short, comprising only one hundred and fourteen pages, but these few pages have the worth of many volumes, from the significance of every line, and the exceeding skill with which these lines have been etched, so as to give in grand expressiveness the full portraiture of his son. We have gone again and again to study a face drawn by the few happy touches of a master painter, and only after repeated study have realized the profound expression, which those strokes of colour portrayed. In like manner we can say, that these few pages do convey, with the most truthful expression, the very character of Mr. Vaughan; but to appreciate either the skill of the artist or the wondrous life he has pictured, thoughtful and frequent study will be required. We do sympathize with the struggling sorrow which must often have made the father's hand to tremble as he revised old letters and MSS. of his son, and 'sat down to pen the record of his hopeful youth, his maturing manhood, and his early death, which he alone was fitted to narrate. It was a sad legacy for an only son to leave his father: "to do what might be done toward rendering a life once so rich in promise, but which had proved so brief as influential as might be." With wise and pious carefulness has Dr. Vaughan discharged his sorrowful and delicate task. We would honour not only the courage which did not flinch from this duty, and the skill which has accomplished it; but the calm reserve which veils the bitterest feelings from the eye of the reader, that he may truly read, not the father's anguish, but the nobleness and worth of the son whom he has lost.

Early in Mr. Vaughan's life the predispositions which moulded his entire life were displayed. Until his thirteenth year he was trained at home, as his father's pupil, in company with two or three other boys, a little older than himself. We are not surprised that in such a home his moral nature should have been harmoniously trained, gathering robustness from the wise tuition of his father, and the bloom of rich and gentle affectionateness from the ripening atmosphere of love that per-

vaded his family. Still less can we be surprised that he was fated to be a literary man, when we are permitted to look into the Doctor's study some thirty years ago, and to witness such a beautiful scene as the following: the Doctor writes,—

“While quite a child he often sat at my feet for considerable intervals, with his book on his knee, he intent on his work, and I on mine. On one of these occasions, I remember him suddenly looking up, saying, ‘Papa, I think I must be a literary man.’ ‘Do you, Al.,’ was my reply, ‘what makes you think so?’ ‘Because,’ said he, ‘I remember being within the sound of the scratching of your pen almost as long as I can remember anything.’”

This bent of his mind grew more decided as his taste was gratified, and his talents exercised, at the University College School. Mathematics he may have shunned, or taken perforce, and on principle, as a healthful though bitter alterative, but in the classics, where he relished the pungency—*leporem quendam et salem*—of their inimitable style; and in history, where his imagination was excited, he pursued his boyish studies with intense and lively interest. These studies, which enlist the eager devotion of his youth, gradually consolidate the habit of patient work, and awaken the purpose of a quiet but resolute ambition. He is no listless loiterer at school, or at college, nor is he merely a mnemonic prodigy, who scores upon the brain every fact and word he learns, but can make no further use of his learning. The active energies of his mind are stimulated and nourished by his increasing knowledge. He appropriates and draws within himself the living aliment of his food, and disports in the joy of his growing, exulting life, with the enthusiasm and exuberant power which only the youth of such a generous nature can feel. He maintained, even then, that modest reserve of manner, which masked through life his bright, happy temper, and the magnanimous soaring of his genius from all save the few before whom that veil was raised. But if unknown in the most genial and noble aspects of his nature, all his fellow-students were bound to respect the correctness and dignity of his deportment, and admire the diligence, accurate scholarship, and classic elegance of young Vaughan. Every session he swept away the prizes for his favourite subjects, and when nineteen years of age was the second man in the University of London in classical honours.

Long ere this, however, he had kindled fires upon another altar, which he tended with vestal ardour and consecration. His love of poetry was the deepest and most essential element of his mental constitution. It was no mere bloom of youth, destined to fade like the fragrant blossoms of the orchard, or

the crimson colouring of the morning twilight. It was inwrought as the most subtle and vivid passion of his nature, and spirited with its invisible charm the very fashion and style of all his future labours. His nature was essentially æsthetic—his susceptibilities were quick and fervid—his sympathies for the beautiful in life or art, and his antipathies to the reverse, were easily but strongly moved—and he was haunted by that craving which marks the artistic nature, to give a clear, rich, finished embodiment to the imagination or feeling of the soul. Whoever knows the keen, exquisite delight of this latter passion must have recourse to poetry for the expression of his worthiest thoughts:—

“The sweetness hath his heart ypierced so  
He cannot stint of *singing* by the way.”

Poetry is the highest effort and enjoyment of an æsthetic mind, which demands the most perfect and unrestrained vehicle that sounds can supply to its conceptions; for it is not only, as Coleridge defined it to be, the fittest words in the fittest places, but it allows the sway of rhythm, the diapason tones of music, and the utmost license of the powers of language, in order to realize the artist's demand, and give a complete utterance to his soul. Every page of Mr. Vaughan's writing shows that in the real ground of his mental nature he was a poet. Accordingly it was no idle illusion, no flattering will-o'-the-wisp that lured him from his severer studies to the cultivation of poetry. It was the bright star of his nativity. It was no whim that bent his mind for so many years in the unrelaxing purpose that he should represent in poetic form the history of the Christian religion, embodying in distinct dramas the spirit of each separate epoch. Here spoke out the true instinct of his soul. And we are assured had he been spared in life, after perhaps much strenuous labour of acquisition and exposition in prose, he would, like Milton, have sought again the strong wings of poesy to bear him to the proper home of his thoughts, and left in a poem, as his last and richest work, the golden fruitage of his life.

When his university career had so honourably closed, we are informed he thought of devoting himself to art. Many poets have similarly in youth handled, for the time, the easel and pencil, and abandoned the poetry of words for the poetry of colours. The reason of this temporary passion is not difficult to find. To poetic youth the enjoyment of the beautiful will be mostly sensuous. The changeful aspects of nature, and the forms of human loveliness, will chiefly entrance their imagination. Along with that quick sensitive delight will rise the æsthetic

craving to reproduce the image which impressed them, and these scenes of pensive or brilliant beauty in nature, or those features instinct with spiritual meaning which haunt their imagination, seem at first as if they could be most easily given by the imitation of the pencil and colour. But afterwards the deeper meanings, both of life and nature, seek an utterance which no visible form or colour can render, and they need the fuller medium of language. Mr. Vaughan's love of the pencil, while it did not determine the profession in which his life was spent, being overruled by a yet higher motive, yielded to himself and friends in after life much profitable enjoyment. He plied his pencil with happy ease. The vignettes from his hand, illustrating his father's monograph on Wickliffe, are proofs of this. His intimate friends have had other proofs. We remember his thick note-book, stored with the records of his hurried travel through Italy: many of the sides of its pages are illuminated, like the ancient missals, with his "pencillings by the way," and every fresh page is quaintly adorned at the top corner with a little square picture, such as amusingly introduces us to the fresh chapters of Thackeray's or Dickens's tales. These scenes overrun with the humorous, as well as the poetic, spirit of the artist. He loved to draw a rare, old, ugly gargoyle, with its goblin face, and blown-out mouth, spouting down floods of water; or some of the laughable incidents by rail and steam-boat, in streets and hotels, on Alpine mules, and Venetian gondolas, which keep a good-tempered traveller *en riant* continually. We would recall, too, a well-remembered morning we spent with him at Heidelberg, on his last visit to the Continent. It was only a few weeks before his death. He rode quietly up the winding path which leads to the gateway of the castle. Who that has stood beneath the shadow of that majestic palace, and wandered along its terraces, can disenchant his memory from the lingering spell? Happy morning! many even of the motley crowd of visitors, students, and native *bourgeois*, who passed us, turned to look again at that pale face, whose outlines were so massive, but whose expression was so pure and gentle. The sunshine of the morning was pleasant to him, and awoke all the music of his soul. After sauntering quietly through the inner courts, and some of the dishevelled rooms of the gorgeous ruin, and hearing his descant upon its architecture and history—for to one so familiar with mediæval life the statues and arabesque traceries of its splendid *façades*, the battlements without, and suites of building within, instantly revived the men who had built and inhabited the place, their manner of life, their ideas and deeds, of which all these things were but the fossil imprints,—we sat down in a beautifully

shaded and solitary part of the shrubberies, there to spend the day. Our seat commanded some of the most picturesque points of Elizabeth's garden and palace, and while his friends chatted with him, his Indian ink rapidly pictured the crumbling arches, set with images and overhung with ivy. As was usual with him, both eye and hand found light, and pleasant, and useful work, while his body rested; and these sketches are now the precious memorials of hours that were made happy by his joyous and sacred love. He often spoke of the great usefulness of the art of sketching to literary men, in not only deepening their sympathy with nature, but in giving exactness to their perceptions. The eye is insensibly taught to seize on the particular shapes and hues of every object as if it were about to transfer them to canvas, and so the mind retains a clear and vivid conception of it. They who are acquainted with his writings will feel that he spoke of his own experience when he tells us concerning Goethe, who studied drawing for a time, but, like himself, afterwards left the pencil for the pen.

"In the woof of life the broken threads are gathered up and woven again with care. Nothing is lost. Whether triumphant or abortive in detail, the curiosity, the ambition, the very imitation of youth, work toward the ripe production of wealthy age. Winckelmann contributed to Wilhelm Meister, and the truth of many a description of nature may be traced to the crayon or the brush. The sketches of a poet are studies for poems. The eye acquires a new insight, and the memory a new retentiveness for form and colour, when the habit has been formed of long gazing on a landscape, while asking, How shall I preserve that gleam? how produce that blue? by what touches shall I indicate that particular foliage?"

When Mr. Vaughan was at length obliged to decide as to the profession he would enter upon in life, many circumstances united in leading him to the choice of the ministry. His father's fame as a preacher, and the unconscious mimetic influence which draws so many sons of clergymen into the same profession as their fathers, doubtless operated strongly on this decision. Deeper causes, however, in this instance, irrevocably fixed his choice. His religious feelings, which were early awakened, concentrated in their intensity, as he passed the threshold of youth into the graver purposes of manhood. This is often the case. When the burden of life first presses on us, then the faith of childhood, which hung above us as a beautiful sentiment, descends, with a present power to uphold and animate our faltering spirits. By a necessary consequence, when Mr. Vaughan's mind became so profoundly impressed with the truths of Christianity, he became desirous of minis-



tering these truths to others. The hot fire will burst into a flame. The strong faith will speak. With his new and urgent convictions of the love of Christ, and the evil of sin, it became a necessity for him to live—to write, and speak, so as to testify of that saving love and destroying evil. Hence he determined to become a minister of Christ's Church. He could not, indeed, obliterate the natural bent of his mind, or forego the results of his previous training. Accordingly, though he wishes to speak with living voice to his fellow-men, to warn them and win them to Christ, and his highest ambitions are lowered before the hope that he may thus save some by the preaching of the Gospel; yet he resolves to be a minister of the Lord, not only by his tongue, but by his pen. His passion for literature and poetry was not extinguished. He knew that the most honoured ministers of the Church had sought to defend the truth of Christianity, and to secure its influence among men, from the press as well as from the pulpit. The Church has the noblest literature in the world; and he would contribute to that literature.

In the present day, amid the hurrying and excessive services demanded of a minister, there seems a danger that this high function of the ministry be utterly ignored and lost. It was not so in the strong, healthful, puritan times. And it will be to the peril of our religion if the priesthood of letters in our ministry be diminished or dishonoured. Who shall then guard the bulwarks of our citadel? Literature is operating directly upon the conscience and opinions of men now, in a manner which was impossible in any other age, and would have been deemed incredible even fifty years ago. The Church, therefore, must seize and possess this new and universal power, else its mission in the world will be only half accomplished. Mr. Vaughan appreciated this requirement of our times, and foresaw in the sphere of Christian literature, a service in which his natural taste and faculties would find congenial exercise, while the enthusiasm of his religious zeal would be satisfied by unflagging work.

Just at the juncture of his decision to enter the ministry, Dr. Vaughan became the President of the Theological College near Manchester, which was then inaugurated. The son, therefore, became a student of the father, and remained such for three years. The two aims which gathered into their foci all the aspiration and energy of his nature, are set before us in the two following quotations from his diary, written at the time of his entering upon his theological studies:—

“ Sunday, July 17, 1843 —I earnestly desire to devote every capa-

bility in the utmost to Christ, to spend my life in the immediate service of such a Master, and, as far as my poor ability goes, to be made useful to the cause of His truth in my day and generation. I consider no labour too great to endure for the realization of success as a preacher of the Gospel. In that occupation alone do I expect happiness, because there alone can I be most entirely devoted in my gratitude to the Redeemer. It is my fervent hope that my weakness may be made strength in so great a cause. To be presented faultless, unblameable. And by what means? At what cost?

"What is the beautiful or the great of earth compared with this? Here is a subject at the very least worthy of all the puny powers of any child of man. *Well* may angels desire to look therein. This is the thing which I wish constantly to proclaim, and to ring in men's ears till I die. This is the thing of which I hope ever to have such a growing conviction myself, that no prosperity, or adversity, or chance, or change of this life, may be able to shake my humble trust in Him in whom I have trusted, or obscure my increasing knowledge of Him in whom I have believed."

"Sunday, July 24. — Sheppard recommends, when we would indulge devotion, and are distressed by an insurmountable pre-occupation of the mind, that we endeavour to make our devotion partake of the nature of that pre-occupation rather than run directly counter; to take advantage of that in tacking which would effectually bar all progress if our souls were squared against it. Thus, in my own instance, poetry, which so much absorbs my thought, as indeed all intellectual enjoyments must in their nature do, may be made use of as a means of elevating my thoughts to Him who made the poet, and the nature which the poet pictures, and who must be so far more beautiful than the genius of the one or the reality of the other; or again, it may be poetry consecrated to His service, and endeavouring to invest with all the interest that imagination, harmony and fancy can throw about the subjects of a sacred nature."

The year after he became a theological student, Mr. Vaughan published a volume of poems, entitled, "The Witch of Endor, and other Poems." Some extracts are quoted, in the Memoir, from the longer poem which gave its title to the volume, which show how true was his poetic instinct, and how finely it had been cultivated, even at this early age. He was destined, however, to undergo a rougher intellectual discipline than he was likely to find in poetry. Ere he was twenty-one years of age, his father encouraged him to attack the sesquipedalian folios of the Alexandrian Father Origen, in order that he might write a review article on the life and works of that great man.

This was the first step he took in that course of historical study, along which his life was an eager race; and, probably, this first step determined the whole tenor of his after-work. History was the kind of prose composition in which he was

specially qualified to excel; and his ardent religious faith attracted him with a peculiar sympathetic force to the history of the Church. Having this strong bias and adaptability for Church history, his first essay into its thronged centuries was made into the Alexandrian Church, where the mystical Jew, Philo, had begun to harmonize Greek philosophy and Judaism, by denuding both of their distinctive features, and reducing them to a vague, formless Pantheism. Alexandria was the very hot-bed of mysticism. It looms in history like a fog-bank at sea, and whatever belongs to it, is seen through the mist, with a dim, portentous outline. In philosophy, it was the birthplace of Neo-Platonism, expounded by Plotinus, Proclus, Iamblichus, and Hypatia. In religion, it was the source of the allegorical system of interpretation which so soon corrupted the simplicity of Christian truth and life, and of those mystical notions which introduced the great heresies of Gnosticism into the early Church, and drove many fanatics to the Thebaid. Origen, living in this atmosphere, bore its taint, so that in the study of this distinguished Father, Mr. Vaughan was brought *vis-à-vis* with those subtleties and deceits of mysticism which he was afterwards to unravel. This first historical study of his, casually begun, we doubt not was the seed, accidentally dropped, which brought forth such stores of fruit in "Hours with the Mystics." His chief articles written afterwards hover near the same subject, showing the fascination with which it engrossed his mind. This fascination lay in the sympathy which he felt for the indefinite but glorious dreams—the wild spiritual poetry of the mystics, and in the mental struggle which ensued, from the endeavour to escape those errors which he knew to be so deadly, but felt to be so attractive. His reading for his first article was patient and thorough. In composing it, the grouping of his materials is comprehensive and easy, and over it there was hung, as over all his productions, that glancing brocade of rich illustration and covert humour which invests the driest disquisition with a glow of interest. We do not purpose to criticise this article. As Dr. Vaughan modestly says—and we are sure he is right—"I have reason to believe it was founded on a better knowledge of the opinions of Origen than was possessed at that time by any other man in England." We know not, in fact, another essay, in our language, by so young a man, which can be compared with it for the justness of its thought, the depth of its learning, the variety and grace of its illustration, and the free, *naïve*, natural eloquence of its style. We are amused at the inference which Sir James Stephens draws from this astounding production of a youth only past his majority, *viz.*,

that the whole species of young men of our time must be far in advance of the young men of former times, because, forsooth, one among them has achieved this marvellous feat. These are his words, addressed in a letter to Dr. Vaughan :—

“ I have read your son’s paper on Origen, which confirmed one of my clearest opinions, viz., that the generation of men that are just coming into active life, have an immense advantage over the generation that took that step thirty years ago. At that time there was no youth of my acquaintance, I believe there was none living, who could have produced (there was certainly none who did produce) a composition so full of sound learning, so highly wrought up, without any tawdry ornament, and so continually progressing (the Yankees should be thanked instead of ridiculed for the word) from one firm and weighty meaning to another.”

Neither, Sir James, in the present time will you find another youth among your acquaintance, or elsewhere, capable of producing such a composition. We protest, therefore, against the logic which thus judges *ex uno omnes*, and attributes to a supernatural advance of the species what was the peculiar and solitary excellence of the individual.

Mr. Vaughan spent one year in Germany before he settled as a pastor. His experience as a student in Halle is accompanied with a grave, sad interest. He here sank to the nadir of his spiritual sphere, and seems to voyage through the “darksome desert” of chaos and ancient night. He had applied himself then, for the first time, to the fundamental inquiries of metaphysics; and when introduced to the daring absurdities and contradictions of German philosophy, he is bewildered.

“ A universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,  
Borne through the *hollow dark*, assault his ear  
With loudest vehemence.”

The discipline of the fearful ordeal, however, was good, and enabled him to understand the distraction and agony of some of the mystics, whose erratic experience and faith he was thus preparing to explain. His suspense of doubt did not last long, and the solemn lesson which was cut upon his memory by the sharp edge of trial, is touchingly recorded in these words. How many who have gone through similar distress, will confirm them with their deep Amen !

“ It is well to know ourselves, but such knowledge, too exclusively, is not good. If any one would meditate more on himself, let him

also meditate more on Christ, or the sight of the plagues of his own heart will rob him of all hope and consolation. So have I found it, to my sorrow. We believe it, but experience alone can stamp the lesson deeply, that love to Christ is knowledge, and gratitude to Him, wisdom ; and that at the foot of the cross alone can we with safety reflect upon ourselves. Reasoning may make us believe, but the sense of guilt causes us to *feel*, that Christ must be divine."

From that time his faith was never disturbed, but waxed stronger and clearer till its twilight melted into the eternal day.

On his return from Halle, he became, for a short time, the assistant of the Rev. Mr. Jay, of Bath ; and thence he removed to Birmingham, to assume the pastorate of Steel House Lane Church. His residence in Birmingham extended only over five years ; yet in it the labour of a long life was compressed. As a preacher his fame was rising rapidly, just at the time when he was compelled to retire from the pulpit. At first, the discouragements which surrounded him were great. His quiet style of preaching was not calculated to impress the class of population residing in the immediate locality of the chapel. And often, his sermons, following in the wake of his week's studies, were too remote from the common apprehension of the people to be popular. Never, however, was this the case during the last three years of his pastorate. He had obtained confidence then to lay open to them the secret workings of his heart, rather than the busy labours of his brain. The solemn and tender motives of the Gospel, which urged him so resistlessly to his own consecrated toil, and consoled him in his own sorrows, became the sole topics of his ministry ; and, with an unction from the Holy One, Sabbath after Sabbath, he pressed them on the consciences of his hearers. His appearance and manner at once riveted the attention of an intelligent hearer. The beautiful purity of his majestic face revealed the purity of his soul. The large, calm forehead, surrounded with glossy black curls, the thoughtful pallor of his face ; and the expression of his kind, lustrous eyes, inspired a sort of reverence for the preacher ; and when the glow of feeling, excited by his subject, awoke the repose of his features, and kindled the fire of divine enthusiasm in his eyes, "his face shone with an effulgent light, which awed his audience with its unearthly beauty." His language and manner were always refined and quiet. He never wrote his sermons, at least, so as to commit them to memory, for repetition ; but the sedulous and minute care with which he formed his plan, and inlaid his illustrations, may be learnt from his "Address to Divinity Students on Leaving College" (Vol. II.,

p. 254), which was written out after delivery; but which, in the order of its paragraphs, and even in the happiest touches of expression, seemed to be an exact transcript of what was delivered. In his preaching, as in his writings, there was an overflowing wealth of imagery; and if his hand loved to draw vignette scenes, for amusement, he loved to paint them also for instruction, in his sermons. With what fineness of language—what freshness of feeling—he pictured the life of the Lord, scene after scene, till the whole history grew vivid and bright as a reality before the mind. We remember how thus he carried his audience to the gate of the city of Nain, and so showed us there the pitying love of Jesus towards the desolate widow, that most of the congregation were bathed in tears; and again took us to the upper chamber, where the Last Supper was eaten, that we might hear the sublime consolations, which our departing Saviour, forgetful of Himself, left to His apostles, and to us. The lives of the saints, too, furnished examples of patience and exulting faith, which became, through his thrilling presentation of them, the inspiration both of his own soul, and of all who heard him. As we thus meditate upon old Sabbaths, and their memories break upon us with an almost painful distinctness, we mourn in silence the death of the young preacher, whose solemn, gentle mien, and winning words, are enshrined as the holiest memory of many souls. That voice is now heard no more—that face, so seraphically bright, is now as the dust of the field;—but the spirit which spoke to us, and shone upon us, is crowned with immortality.

From public life Mr. Vaughan shrank with a peculiar sensitiveness. He seems often to have combated this weakness, as he deemed it, of his nature. Accordingly, we find in his diary, on his thirty-first birthday, when reviewing his work at Birmingham, this self-criticism, and fresh resolution: "So many things necessary; pastoral duties, for instance, and speech-making, have been done but indifferently, with half a heart. I shall try to do all I do with my whole heart, remembering that if worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." Nature, however, was too strong for him, and the studious habits which he had fostered from his childhood. He never became a public man; and we should have been sorry if he had. His physical strength was quite unequal for the wear and tear of public life. Speech-making and committee work were quite foreign to his nature; and in all verity, there must be a division of labour in the ministry, as in other professions. Granted that such duties must be attended to, we have also shown that the ministry must take a different position in literature from that which they now hold; equipped alike with



scholarship, to rebut the new assaults of infidelity, and with a popular grace, to influence the minds of the people through every form of popular literature. Heavy public work, and literary work, are notoriously incompatible with each other, save when there is an amazing versatility of genius, and corresponding robustness of constitution.

Wisely, therefore, did Mr. Vaughan consecrate his strength to his own vocation, leaving others better fitted, by temperament and habits, to conduct the public business of the Church and the town. This work, however, is different from pastoral visitation, which he likewise shunned. He thought himself unsuited for it. He writes to a friend :—

“In many respects I am but ill-qualified for the pastoral office—the practical quickness which understands, manages, comforts, instructs personally some hundreds of one’s fellow-creatures, of every age, station, and variety of character. In this work I was only to a moderate extent successful, and all I did was done by no wisdom or knowledge of mankind, or adroit discernment of character, but simply by kindness and sympathy; and important as these things are, they are by no means all—leave a great deal undone of rougher work, and are still more inadequate when associated, as in my case, with a certain shyness, deficient self-confidence, and a want of conversational fluency.”

Mr. Vaughan has here admirably hit off the *beau-ideal* of the pastoral character; and he doubtless felt himself incapable of realizing such a faultless model. He might, however, have relied more confidently on the real kindness and sympathy of his heart, and, mixing more with his people, the other deficiencies which he laments—of reserve and lack of conversational fluency—would have been rectified. The strongest reason, however, for his shunning all external engagements was the passion that drew him to his study. In his study he felt he could do best his Master’s work. There every power of his being had free, glad, and bounding exercise; consequently, in his study he was at home. He writes: “In my study, and among my books, ‘my bosom’s lord sits lightly on her throne.’ I have it all my own way, of course, for real hard work is my delight.” And few have left such lasting monuments of diligence in their study. During his five years’ residence in Birmingham, while engaged in preaching twice every Sunday, and in conducting two week-evening services every week, together with the countless minor engagements which fritter away a minister’s time, he wrote the greater portion of the reviews which now form the chief contents of these two volumes—prepared all the materials for his great work, “Hours

with the Mystics," and composed most of its sections. The labour undergone for this last work, few can appreciate. Merely that he might mine his way to materials for his History, he acquired, during those five years, the Dutch, Spanish, and old German languages; while the works that were studied, in Alexandrian Greek, Mediæval Latin, Provençal French, &c., required almost the learning of a new language for each separate work. How rare these acquirements are, may be conceived when, in reference to only one of these languages, the old German, Professor Tholuck wrote to Mr. Vaughan, expressive of his amazement at his facile translations from it, and said that there were not more than one or two scholars even in Germany who could boast of such an acquaintance with their own mother tongue.

In his study, Mr. Vaughan worked with extraordinary rapidity, but also with the most scrupulous care. In preparing for his book, he hoarded the materials for each epoch of his history with miserly greed, and arranged them as exactly as the cabinet treasures of a museum. He had a large folio, divided into separate slits, or compartments, as he had divided the different epochs of mysticism, and in these every item of intelligence, as it was discovered, was garnered till he began to write *in extenso*. There was great nicety too even in the method of his study-table; though covered with books, they were not littered in confusion upon each other. His eye seemed to rest upon each, and take in its contents, while his flying pen filled the pages of his own MSS. He seldom needed to blot and erase, and correct his own composition; with such delicate accuracy did his mind form his sentences ere they were thrown upon paper.

The theory of composition, however, was a perpetual study with him; and to the last moment of his life, he was aspiring to a stronger, simpler style. Often, too, his sentences, if they jangled in their construction, or were ill-balanced, preyed upon his mind, till he was able to remedy them. If, therefore, his pages were little blurred by erasures, it was not from want of the most severe revision, but from the care of the first composition; and if he once began to correct, he generally pulled his sentence or paragraph to pieces, that he might re-construct it *de novo*. We do not stay to criticise a style which was so rigorously fashioned: we rather seek to point out the indefatigable industry which was necessary to produce the elegance and varied rhythm of his writings. The stern principle which regulated him in his study was the imperious necessity for work. The two following brief sentences reveal in their lightning blaze the inner, unconquerable spirit of the man:

"So to mistake difficulties for impossibilities, is the error of the weak. Here lies the difference between those who do *something* and those who do *nothing*." "The fewer mere *wishes*, the more *willings*; and to *will* rather than to *wish*, is the difference between strength and weakness."

Out of his study, however, and that stoicism which so absolutely ruled over self was gone. In his family, and among his friends, none was so amiable and so self-denying as he. We little knew the source of that unwearying love, which thought for every one, and secured some pleasure for all. But now it is revealed to us in these memoirs. He writes thus in his diary:—

"'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these.' The members of a household, the friends with whom you correspond, all your Christian circle, are these members of Christ to serve and make them happier, to rejoice and comfort them, to save them pain, and give them joy, and love, and cheerfulness, by self-sacrifice. This is to serve Christ. Let thy thanksgiving run out into this, let a fellow-creature, a brother, be happier. Amen. I can make no return to Christ, but I can gratify Him by loving and aiding His own."

Many of his friends will review their intimacy with him in the light of this passage, and feel their hearts throb with a new affection, as they now can explain an intercourse which seemed too pure, too blessed for earth.

It was not merely, however, this loveliness of disposition which gave a charm to his friendship. He complained of a want of conversational fluency in general company. But there was no such want in his own home, and among his familiar friends. Here he felt none of the timid reserve which prevented him from taking the lead in the conversation of a promiscuous party. And his conversation was free and happy, the very outpouring of his soul. One element, indeed, prevailed in his table talk, which was restrained too much in his writings—the element of humour. He loved to sport in its sunny atmosphere, where his own spirit was happy, and all was bright around. We have known none in whom humour existed so free from all streaks of bitterness or impurity. It was blended with his dearest and most devout thoughts. We quote the words of a friend, with which we can perfectly sympathize:—

"There was no satire, because there was no bitterness, in his nature, but humour—quaint, fantastic, happy humour, like Paul Richter's, only more elegant, overflowed his table talk, and imparted to it the richest flavour. Yet over all his speech and manner there breathed a sacred tenderness, which flowed not from any earthly source, but was the fragrance of a heavenly spirit. His child-like

faith in God gave the secret and sweetest charm to his life. His nature, which was truthful, affectionate, and given to meditation, seemed to be ground well prepared for the seed of God; and surely in it that seed so grew and fructified as is rarely seen on earth. He always appeared to me like the beloved apostle, whose head lay confidently on the breast of Christ, and to whom were revealed the most glorious visions of the beautiful future of Christ's Church. The purity of conscience, and womanly gentleness of feeling; the enchanting imagination and spiritual insight, the strong trust and ecstatic joy, which are especially attributed to that apostle, were all of them characteristic of my dear friend."

Mr. Vaughan was compelled to retire from the pastorate of the church in Birmingham, in June, 1855; and in Christ, on Monday, the 26th of October, 1857, he died. His disease was that too fatal malady, consumption. The greater part of these two years were spent in London, where he laboured with his pen for Christ, when his tongue was silent. How pathetic is the short story of his death, written by his father: "About two hours after the seizure (the last) had commenced, the sufferer, on being reminded of the goodness of God, which had helped him through so much, replied, with emphasis, 'Yes, God is very good.' These were all but his last words. He said soon afterwards, but with much calmness of manner: 'This is very like dying.' The rest was silence. During the next half hour there was often a smile on his face, which spoke when the tongue could not; and the last breath passed as a gentle sigh, and all was ended. So his pure spirit came to know, according to his own words, what it is to have that last event 'over;' to have 'death behind and not before,' and was summoned to those regions, where it becomes a matter of consciousness, and not merely of faith, that this 'faith is not our only sphere of action.'" Quiescat in pace. Resurget in gloriam.

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## Quarterly Review of German Literature.

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It is with a feeling somewhat akin to disappointment, that we this time address ourselves to our quarterly task. Whether German *littérateurs* during the quarter have set their houses in order, and in a body betaken themselves to Cherbourg or to the Spas, leaving the disconsolate reviewer almost alone in his glory, or whether they are only preparing for a more vigorous resumption of work next "season," we must, in the meantime, leave undecided. Certain it is, that comparatively few noteworthy books have, within the last three months,

found their way from the "fatherland" to our shores; the only comfort being, that those which have been imported, are, in point of merit, above the average. What we have, therefore, lost in *quantity* we may, perhaps, have gained in *quality*.

In dogmatic theology there is an absolute dearth of material. Our catalogues report the appearance of the usual number of stray sermons, and works of an edifying character. But neither in one nor the other of these branches of literature are our German friends successful. Their sermons generally labour under a *plethora* of words—the thoughts appearing "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*." These specimens of "circumlocutionism," too frequently pointless and shapeless, contrast very unfavourably with the terse and nervous style of pulpit oratory which distinguishes some of our own prominent preachers, or with the beauty and elegance of the drapery employed by others. A similar censure applies to much of the *modern* "edifying" literature of Germany. The peculiar charm and utility of these pieces of composition, which formerly caused them to be so much prized in this country, lay in the subjectiveness of their tone, in the mystic leaven which so many Protestant German writers seemed to have carried with them from the school of Tauler and others. Unfortunately that tendency has very much passed away. Instead of the utterances of deep attachment to, and communion with, a personal Saviour—the manifestations of the "inner life"—we have now the veriest platitudes given in a form which makes you wonder at the taste that could produce, or the public which would appreciate them. What Germany seems most urgently to need at present, is a supply of popular religious writers and of energetic speakers. To them a field of wide usefulness seems open, and with them (humanly speaking) may lie the means not only of awakening the masses, but of combining earnest men to evangelical action, and of sweeping away those cobwebs of ecclesiasticism which are fast gathering in the Churches of Germany.

Probably the specimens of "*erbauliche lecture*" (edifying reading) and of sermons which lie before us are among the most favourable of the class. At any rate, if names are to be taken as a guarantee of excellency, we should expect that a "Sunday Library," edited by Professor Tholuck of Halle,<sup>1</sup> and sermons composed by Professor Hagenbach of Basle,<sup>2</sup> would occupy a place sufficiently prominent. But of the first of these productions we must speak in terms decidedly derogatory; while the latter, at least, deserves not great commendation. The part of the "Sunday Library," which we have examined, gives the biography of the pious Pastor Valerius Herberger, who lived at the close of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth centuries, and that of a much more

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<sup>1</sup> Sonntags-Bibliothek. Lebensbeschreibungen Christlich-frommer Männer, zur Erbauung u. Erweckung d. Gemeinde. Eingeleitet von Dr. A. Tholuck. Bielefeld: Velhagen u. Klasing.

<sup>2</sup> Predigten von Dr. K. R. Hagenbach. Neuere Sammlung. 4 Theile. Basel: Georg. 1858.

dubious character, a Captain or Colonel Rieger. Rieger was the bosom friend of the dissipated Charles, duke of Wurtemberg, and the main instrument of his despotism and nefarious administration. In a fit of sudden displeasure, Rieger was degraded and sent to a frightful dungeon, where, it is supposed, he turned pious. At a later period he was restored to court favour, and made governor of a fortress, where, in turn, it was his to exercise kindred torture on an unlucky *littérateur*, who having been guilty of the heinous sin of writing against Duke Charles, in an evil hour was caught on Wurtemberg territory. The poet, also, is supposed to have become religious in prison, but when restored to liberty he speedily assumed his old ways. We confess to something like disgust at such maudlin unrealities, vastly different from the lofty and noble ideas which we associate with a genuine Christianity. The four small volumes of sermons by Dr. Hagenbach are thoroughly evangelical in tone, but mediocre in thought and style. If originally composed in English they would scarcely have found a publisher in this country—unless, indeed, under special circumstances of favouritism, which it becomes not a “German reviewer” to detail.

We rejoice to be able to give an account, very different from the above, of the late Dr. Heubner's “Practical Exposition of the New Testament,” now in course of publication, under the editorship of Dr. Hahn.<sup>3</sup> The volume before us gives commentaries on the Epistle to the Romans, and on the two Epistles to the Corinthians. Rarely have we seen great learning employed to better practical purpose. A brief summary of each chapter is followed by an exposition of every verse—not critical or philological, but thoroughly exegetical. Each section is also arranged and analyzed for homiletical purposes. The tendency of the work is thoroughly evangelical, the interpretation is sound and exact, the tone elevated, and the style practical. Where necessary, brief dogmatic discussions are inserted. Manifestly, the author had stores of learning at command. These he has employed in furnishing a commentary, which, without the parade of critical researches, gives the results of modern Biblical investigations, adapted for the family, the study, and the pulpit. We would seriously recommend these volumes to the attention of those firms who have undertaken to furnish us with the best German literature, in an English garb. Professor Tischendorf, of Leipzig, is engaged on publishing a seventh edition of his Greek New Testament,<sup>4</sup> in which, among other aids, he avails himself of the labours of Angelo Mai (“*Novum Testamentum ex Antiquissimo Codice Vaticano*”). Any undertaking, which has the guarantee of Professor Tischendorf's name, deserves the respectful attention of the critical student. We look with pleasurable antici-

<sup>3</sup> Dr. H. L. Heubner's *Praktische Erklärung des Neuen Testaments*. Herausgegeben von Dr. A. Hahn. 3ter Band. Potsdam: Hein. 1858.

<sup>4</sup> *Novum Testamentum Græce. Ad Antiquos Testes denuo recensuit, apparatus Crit. omni Studio perfectum apposuit, Commentat. Isagogicam prætexuit.* Const. Tischendorf, id. 7ma. Leipzig: Winter. 1858.



pation to the completion of the professor's labours, when he promises also to furnish a criticism of Mai's edition of the New Testament. We have been much pleased with Dr. Huther's "Commentary on the Epistle of James,"<sup>6</sup> which forms Part XV. of Meyer's "Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the New Testament." In opposition to Luther, and to not a few others in Germany, the authenticity and canonicity of this epistle is maintained. The critical apparatus is excellent in most instances, the interpretation correct, and even striking. Dr. Huther admits that, like Paul, James had expected justification, not by works, but only through faith in the Son of God. Having, with singular clearness, traced the apparent discrepancies between these apostles, he resorts to a novel, although incorrect mode of reconciling them. Among the many apt statements, made to present these divergences in their proper light, we extract one, which, although contained in a footnote, deserves a much more prominent place: "We doubt not but that even before their conversion, Paul and James had occupied a different position, in reference to the law. The former—a Pharisee—regarded it as the means of obtaining righteousness. In seeking to attain this object, he continually felt that the law was a ζυγος, crushing him down. On the other hand, James was one of those pious men, who, trusting in the covenant of grace, which God had made with His people, regarded the law as a sign of this covenant, and hence, as an expression of Divine love, in which he felt joy and comfort (Ps. cxix. 92; xix. 8—11). Accordingly, Paul found peace when, in and through Christ, he felt himself free from the law; James, when, in and through Christ, he felt strength to obey the law." This passage, rightly understood, will, we are convinced, materially aid in understanding the point of view from which Paul and James, in their Epistles, presented the law. There is no conflict between them; they are only different colours of one and the same ray of light. It therefore requires not the artificial, and, we believe, incorrect mode of conciliation proposed by our author. Dr. Huther holds, that while the term being "justified," as employed by Paul, refers to our being placed in a new relationship to God, the same expression in James applies to the future and ultimate judgment of God. We are astonished that our author should not have perceived the arbitrariness and fallacy of this hypothesis; and, even more so, that he does not appear to have remembered that this double view of justification closely approximates that propounded by the Council of Trent (Comp. Sessio vi., *passim*). But despite this, and perhaps other drawbacks, the student will find very much in this commentary to interest and instruct him, and we feel considerable satisfaction in adding it to the already large stores which Germany has prepared for the better understanding of the Word of God.

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<sup>6</sup> Kritisch Exegetischer Kommentar über d. Neue Testament. Von Dr. H. A. W. Meyer. 15te Abtheil: den Brief des Jakobus umfassend. Bearbeitet von Dr. J. E. Huther. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck u. Ruprecht. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

Dr. Herzog's "Real Encyclopædia for Protestant Theology,"<sup>6</sup> is holding on its course. We have now the first part of Vol. IX. before us; and although in so vast an undertaking the articles must almost necessarily be unequal in value, the work as a whole sustains its high character. The articles on Medler, Megander, and especially that on Melancthon (by Dr. Landerer), those on the Mennonites, on the Mass, on Melchisedec, &c., may be mentioned as very favourable specimens presented in the part under review. We may also take this opportunity of mentioning that the condensed American translation of this work has reached Part VI.<sup>7</sup> It calls for little additional remark, nor does either the slowness of its appearance, or the mode of its execution, induce us to retract the very modified commendation we have formerly given it. In ecclesiastical history we have only one work of general interest on which to report. A third volume of the "Lives and Select Writings of the Fathers and Founders of the Reformed Church," giving the life of Peter Martyr Vermigli, by Prof. Schmidt of Strasburg,<sup>8</sup> has just appeared. Before entering on a criticism of this excellent production, we deem it right once more and very cordially to recommend this series to the attention of our readers. Far too little has yet been done to make the lives and labours of the founders of the Calvinistic section of the Protestant Church known to the general public. The undertaking of which the work under review forms part, was therefore seasonable, and its execution, so far as it has proceeded, leaves nothing to be desired. Vol. I., containing the life of Zwingli, has already been translated into English, and to it we propose shortly to call the attention of our readers. Meantime we cannot but express astonishment at the offhand and disparaging notice of that book which has lately appeared in one of the Reviews, we may add, with more of zeal than of knowledge. To return, the life of Peter Martyr is, in many respects, of peculiar interest. It affords a glimpse into the Italian Reformation, and it presents a picture of our own country under the reign of Edward VI., especially of the University of Oxford, where Martyr for a time taught. Peter Martyr was born of rich and noble parents at Florence, September 8, 1500. The training of his pious mother led him early to serious meditation, and, as common in those days with serious persons, to seek admission to an Augustin monastery, much to the displeasure of his father. Distinguished by theological lore and oratorical talent, Vermigli soon attained high posts in his order, and was thus enabled to take a leading part in the Reformatory movement which took place in Italy.

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<sup>6</sup> Real Encyclopædie für Protestantische Theologie u. Kirche. Herausgegeben von Dr. Herzog. Vol. IX. Part I. Stuttgart u. Hamburg: Besser. 1858.

<sup>7</sup> The Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia: being a condensed Translation of Herzog's Real Encyclopædia, with Additions from other sources. By the Rev. Dr. Bomberger. Part VI. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

<sup>8</sup> Leben u. Ausgewählte Schriften d. Väter u. Begründer d. Reformirten Kirche, Peter Martyr Vermigli. Leben u. Ausgewählte Schriften. Von Dr. C. Schmidt. Elberfeld: Friedrichs. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

When Vermigli became prior of the monastery S. Petri ad Aram, at Naples, a spirit of religious inquiry had already sprung up. The sectaries of the Middle Ages had passed away—the indications, although not the healthy exponents, of a new ecclesiastical tendency. Humanism, or the restoration of the study of classical literature, had failed to reform the mental and moral degradation under which Italy and the Church groaned. On the contrary, it gave rise to an incredible amount of infidelity, and with it of venal laxity. Under these circumstances earnest men felt all the more impelled to seek peace and a new life in a revival of religion. The “Oratory of Sacred Love,” and the order of the Thiratinens, were the first fruits of such movements. As yet it contained very different elements. Some of those who took part in it, like Cardinal Caraffa, clung with tenacity to Rome; others, like Contarini, Marone, and especially Pole, deemed it possible, at least, to remain in communion with the Curia; while only a few, at an early period, saw and felt that they were fast drifting into opposition to the Papacy. But as yet they were united, and unitedly gave once more prominence to the doctrine of justification by faith, and to kindred precious truths. Under the influence of such men, Pope Paul III., for a time, seemed to join the movement. The leading members of the Oratory were made cardinals, and nominated a commission to inquire into the means of reforming the Church. But their elevation eventually proved their moral ruin. In Naples the goodly Juan Valdes, secretary to the viceroy, had gathered around him a circle of devout men and women—clerics, professors, noblemen, and gentle ladies. The main defect of their tendency lay in the exclusively subjective and sentimental direction which it took. Under an Italian sky, amid the lovely scenes around Naples, and enjoying the large hospitality of noblemen, it was felt comparatively easy to dream, to poetize, and to “contemplate.” It was another and a more stern call to distinguish objective truth, and for its sake to give up all, to join a poor, persecuted, and illiterate band, to break the ties of family and of friendship—in short, to take up the cross and follow Christ. Comparatively few were capable of such devotedness; among them, however, Ochino, the first orator of his age in Italy, and Peter Martyr. The pure preaching of the word soon led to persecution. Anticipating the storm, Vermigli removed to Lucca, where, both as a theological teacher and as a preacher, he still advanced towards a secession from Rome. Rapidly he gathered converts, and associated with himself in the work several excellent men, among whom we may specially mention the Jewish convert Tremellius, afterwards his colleague in Germany, where he professed the Hebrew language. It will scarcely be wondered at that the Ultramontane party, which was now fast increasing, should have prepared for getting quit of so dangerous a person as Vermigli appeared to be. Conversations with his friend Cardinal Contarini, must have convinced him how little Christendom had to expect from Rome—the establishment of the Inquisition, and an accusation laid against himself before that tribunal, showed how much he, individually, had to apprehend. His resolution was soon

taken. Leaving all his emoluments, past and prospective honours, he fled—in company with a few friends, among them Ochino—to Switzerland, where he formed the Protestant Church. He was soon followed by a number of his former pupils and friends. After the lapse of a short time he succeeded Capito as Professor of Old Testament Exegetics at Strasburg, where he enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Bucer, and intercourse with some of his old Italian colleagues. This peaceful and happy sphere of usefulness was not destined to be of long duration. The unsuccessful issue of the Shenalcalde War (so far as the Protestants were concerned), obliged Peter Martyr, Bucer, and many others to leave Strasburg. They found an appropriate field of labour in England, where, under the reign of Edward VI., the work of Reformation was being carried on. In Oxford, whither Martyr went as professor, he met, however, with a good deal of opposition from the Popish party. A public discussion—occasioned by the opposition of one Dr. R. Smith, not a very creditable champion of the old Church—terminated to the advantage of the Reformed cause. Still, in many things, Martyr was far from comfortable in England. The feeling of jealousy and hostility towards foreigners, which, we fear, has not yet died out among us, was in his case increased by religious antagonism; besides, neither he nor his wife understood our language; the climate was felt to be disagreeable; and when at last Martyr's wife and Bucer died, our Reformer longed to leave the murky island. The wish but too speedily became reality. No sooner had the "bloody Mary" ascended the throne than a religious reaction set in. Martyr deemed himself lucky to have escaped with his life to the Continent, whither he was soon followed by a crowd of Protestant fugitives, whose history is briefly adverted to in the volume before us. In Strasburg, which once more gave him shelter, he not only learned the troubles which befell the infant Church he had helped to found, but the indignities which, under the direction of Cardinal Pole, his former friend in Italy, were heaped even on the bodies of those dear to him, among others, on the remains of his own wife, of Bucer, and of Fagius. But in Strasburg, also, new troubles awaited Martyr. Strict Lutheranism was fast gaining the ascendancy; and while exacting from Martyr and his Calvinistic colleagues strict silence on controversial points, they deemed themselves at liberty to indulge in open attacks and insults against those whom they denounced as the "Sacramentarians." Ultimately Martyr left to find a more congenial sphere at Zurich, where he continued till his death (Nov. 12, 1562), honoured by all the Protestant churches, and respected even by his Popish opponents. His writings, especially his commentaries, have lost much of the importance which his contemporaries were wont to attach to them; but his dogmatic treatises are still of considerable interest, and his views, especially on the Lord's Supper, present a peculiar modification of Calvinism. Besides the life of Martyr, we have before us, on the subject of Reformation history, a reprint, with historical notes by Professor Böcking, of three remarkable tractates, respectively dating from the years 1518, 1521, and

When Vermigli became prior of the monastery S. Petri ad Aram, at Naples, a spirit of religious inquiry had already sprung up. The sectaries of the Middle Ages had passed away—the indications, although not the healthy exponents, of a new ecclesiastical tendency. Humanism, or the restoration of the study of classical literature, had failed to reform the mental and moral degradation under which Italy and the Church groaned. On the contrary, it gave rise to an incredible amount of infidelity, and with it of venal laxity. Under these circumstances earnest men felt all the more impelled to seek peace and a new life in a revival of religion. The “Oratory of Sacred Love,” and the order of the Thiratinens, were the first fruits of such movements. As yet it contained very different elements. Some of those who took part in it, like Cardinal Caraffa, clung with tenacity to Rome; others, like Contarini, Marone, and especially Pole, deemed it possible, at least, to remain in communion with the Curia; while only a few, at an early period, saw and felt that they were fast drifting into opposition to the Papacy. But as yet they were united, and unitedly gave once more prominence to the doctrine of justification by faith, and to kindred precious truths. Under the influence of such men, Pope Paul III., for a time, seemed to join the movement. The leading members of the Oratory were made cardinals, and nominated a commission to inquire into the means of reforming the Church. But their elevation eventually proved their moral ruin. In Naples the goodly Juan Valdes, secretary to the viceroy, had gathered around him a circle of devout men and women—clerics, professors, noblemen, and gentle ladies. The main defect of their tendency lay in the exclusively subjective and sentimental direction which it took. Under an Italian sky, amid the lovely scenes around Naples, and enjoying the large hospitality of noblemen, it was felt comparatively easy to dream, to poetize, and to “contemplate.” It was another and a more stern call to distinguish objective truth, and for its sake to give up all, to join a poor, persecuted, and illiterate band, to break the ties of family and of friendship—in short, to take up the cross and follow Christ. Comparatively few were capable of such devotedness; among them, however, Ochino, the first orator of his age in Italy, and Peter Martyr. The pure preaching of the word soon led to persecution. Anticipating the storm, Vermigli removed to Lucca, where, both as a theological teacher and as a preacher, he still advanced towards a secession from Rome. Rapidly he gathered converts, and associated with himself in the work several excellent men, among whom we may specially mention the Jewish convert Tremellius, afterwards his colleague in Germany, where he professed the Hebrew language. It will scarcely be wondered at that the Ultramontane party, which was now fast increasing, should have prepared for getting quit of so dangerous a person as Vermigli appeared to be. Conversations with his friend Cardinal Contarini, must have convinced him how little Christendom had to expect from Rome—the establishment of the Inquisition, and an accusation laid against himself before that tribunal, showed how much he, individually, had to apprehend. His resolution was soon



taken. Leaving all his emoluments, past and prospective honours, he fled—in company with a few friends, among them Ochino—to Switzerland, where he formed the Protestant Church. He was soon followed by a number of his former pupils and friends. After the lapse of a short time he succeeded Capito as Professor of Old Testament Exegetics at Strasburg, where he enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Bucer, and intercourse with some of his old Italian colleagues. This peaceful and happy sphere of usefulness was not destined to be of long duration. The unsuccessful issue of the Shenalcalde War (so far as the Protestants were concerned), obliged Peter Martyr, Bucer, and many others to leave Strasburg. They found an appropriate field of labour in England, where, under the reign of Edward VI., the work of Reformation was being carried on. In Oxford, whither Martyr went as professor, he met, however, with a good deal of opposition from the Popish party. A public discussion—occasioned by the opposition of one Dr. R. Smith, not a very creditable champion of the old Church—terminated to the advantage of the Reformed cause. Still, in many things, Martyr was far from comfortable in England. The feeling of jealousy and hostility towards foreigners, which, we fear, has not yet died out among us, was in his case increased by religious antagonism; besides, neither he nor his wife understood our language; the climate was felt to be disagreeable; and when at last Martyr's wife and Bucer died, our Reformer longed to leave the murky island. The wish but too speedily became reality. No sooner had the "bloody Mary" ascended the throne than a religious reaction set in. Martyr deemed himself lucky to have escaped with his life to the Continent, whither he was soon followed by a crowd of Protestant fugitives, whose history is briefly adverted to in the volume before us. In Strasburg, which once more gave him shelter, he not only learned the troubles which befell the infant Church he had helped to found, but the indignities which, under the direction of Cardinal Pole, his former friend in Italy, were heaped even on the bodies of those dear to him, among others, on the remains of his own wife, of Bucer, and of Fagius. But in Strasburg, also, new troubles awaited Martyr. Strict Lutheranism was fast gaining the ascendancy; and while exacting from Martyr and his Calvinistic colleagues strict silence on controversial points, they deemed themselves at liberty to indulge in open attacks and insults against those whom they denounced as the "Sacramentarians." Ultimately Martyr left to find a more congenial sphere at Zurich, where he continued till his death (Nov. 12, 1562), honoured by all the Protestant churches, and respected even by his Popish opponents. His writings, especially his commentaries; have lost much of the importance which his contemporaries were wont to attach to them; but his dogmatic treatises are still of considerable interest, and his views, especially on the Lord's Supper, present a peculiar modification of Calvinism. Besides the life of Martyr, we have before us, on the subject of Reformation history, a reprint, with historical notes by Professor Böcking, of three remarkable tractates, respectively dating from the years 1518, 1521, and



1532.<sup>9</sup> The first of these—"Orationes de Decimis"—gives the plea of Legate Cajetan for a contribution on behalf of the Pope, and a reply to it; the second—"Oratio Christi pro Luthero"—details some of the nefarious doings at Rome; the third—"Responsio ad Apologiam Croti Rubeani"—contains a satirical reply to the tractate of a Popish convert. The publication is not without its interest to ecclesiastical antiquarians. The same remark applies to Dr. Piper's "Calendarium and Paschal Tables of Charles the Great,"<sup>10</sup> reprinted from a well-known MS. in the Louvre Library, and dating from the year 781. Besides reproducing, with notes, the "Calendar and Easter Tables" of the Emperor Charles, Professor Piper gives also an account of the various Easter cycles of the Latin and Greek Churches during the Middle Ages.

More or less strictly connected with Hebrew literature we have three publications which deserve a notice. Dr. Lewysohn, of Worms, furnishes us with an excellent volume on the "Zoology of the Talmud."<sup>11</sup> Following in the wake of Bochart's "Hierozoicon" and Rosenmüller's "Handbook of Biblical Antiquities," making also large use of the labours of Jewish writers, our author attempts, so far as the "Zoology of the Talmud" is concerned, to do what Zanz, Ehrmann, Wundorbar, Schwartz, &c., have done in respect of its numismatics, mathematics, medicine, geography, &c. A general introduction, detailing the views of the Talmudists, on the origin, constitution, habits, propagation, &c., of the various classes of animals, is followed by a detailed account of each class and species. The author displays considerable research and learning, and his book will prove of great value to students of Talmudical lore. We can scarcely expect, however, that it will obtain a very general circulation, even among those interested in such subjects. Its minuteness, and the absence of great and comprehensive outlines, or of broad criticism, makes it somewhat dry reading, which we shall therefore devolve on Jewish historians and antiquarians, expecting that in return they will in a few pages present us with a good and critical analysis of the whole subject. Another defect we have noticed in the book is that the author too frequently adopts an apologetic rather than a strictly historical tone, and intermingles his own and modern notions with the opinions of the Talmudists. Sufficient, however, is contained even in this volume to confirm our former ideas of the Talmud itself. Interesting as a storehouse of antiquarian and historical notices, and as an index of the state of civilization at the time, its value in a religious point of view is very small, while its many fables and inaccuracies deprive it of every title to be regarded either as an absolute authority, or as a standard of faith and duty. It is almost incredible

<sup>9</sup> Drei Abhandlungen über Reformationsgeschichtliche Schriften. Von Dr. Eduard Böcking. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner. 1858.

<sup>10</sup> Karl des Grossen Kalendarium u. Ostertafel. Aus d. Pariser Urschrift herausgegeben u. erläutert, nebst e. Abhandlung über d. Lat.-in. u. Griech. Ostercykeln d. Mittelalters. Von Dr. F. Piper. Berlin: Decker. 1858.

<sup>11</sup> Die Zoologie des Talmuds. Eine umfassende Darstellung d. Rabbin. Zoologie. Von Dr. L. Lewysohn. Frankfurt a. M.: Baer. 1858.

that a religious system should be founded on such a basis, and the ingenuity of many who select portions of the Talmud, assigning to them the character of religious authority, while they reject the rest, must to the impartial student appear unsatisfactory, inconsistent, and illogical. More ample and unconditional commendation than on the work of Dr. Lewysohn we have to bestow on Dr. Graetz's "Legislature of the Western Goths in reference to the Jews."<sup>12</sup> The author, who is already favourably known by his contributions to kindred departments of investigation, here gives a brief account of the state of the Jews under the domination of the Goths, examining in detail the severe and cruel laws which bore on them, and concluding that these referred, not to unbaptized Jews, but to renegade converts. The publication deserves notice, both as illustrating a difficult subject, and as displaying considerable research. An unpretending, but exceedingly useful little work, is the "Hebrew Vocabulary for the Use of Schools," by Mr. Stier,<sup>13</sup> of which Part II. now lies before us. In this section Mr. Stier enumerates the Hebrew substantives and adjectives, arranging them into nouns without a generic termination, nouns with a feminine termination, and adjectives and participles of both genders. Each of these classes is again subdivided according to a simple and rational plan, which will prove very helpful to the student. We are astonished that Hebrew school-books, such as "Nägelsbach's Hebrew Grammar" and this Vocabulary, have not yet been imported into our own country and schools.

In secular history we have to report of two exceedingly interesting works. - Heeren and Akert's "History of European States" has advanced another step towards completion by the appearance of Vol. V. of Dr. Pauli's "History of England."<sup>14</sup> In this volume Dr. Pauli details the history of the fifteenth century (from the reign of Henry IV. to that of Henry VIII.) and that in the same masterly manner as in former volumes. It may safely be said that this is the most accurate, painstaking, and satisfactory account of the events which took place in our country during this period. Dr. Pauli has largely drawn from unpublished sources, and spared neither labour nor trouble to make his work as nearly perfect as possible. During the troubled period which this volume describes, there were unfortunately fewer records of events kept than at other times, more especially than in the fourteenth century. The historical writings of the fifteenth century also, too often partake of the character of that age, being conceived in a violent party-spirit, and frequently untrustworthy. As to other obstacles in his way, Dr. Pauli complains of the removal of the ancient records from the Tower, and of the want of internal arrangement in the recent publications of the state-papers. But

<sup>12</sup> Die Westgothische Gesetzgebung in Betriff der Inden. Von Dr. H. Graetz. Breslau: W. G. Korn. 1858.

<sup>13</sup> Hebräisches Vocabularium Zum Schulgebrauch. Zusammengestellt von G. Stier. 2te Abtheilung. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

<sup>14</sup> Geschichte von England. Von Dr. Reinhard Pauli. 5ter Band. Gotha: F. A. Perthes. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

the greater the difficulties to be overcome the more praise is due to the performance of our author, which we regard both as the best English history of that period, and as a specimen of German industry and accuracy. Lastly, we have to notice the appearance of Vol. III. of Gervinus's "History of the Nineteenth Century."<sup>16</sup> The volume gives an account of the War of Independence of South America, of the Spanish Revolution of 1820, of the Neapolitan rising, and of the royalist reaction in France. The name of the author is sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of this history; the subjects treated for the interest attaching to it. There is only one, to us, disagreeable feature which we have repeatedly marked, not only in this volume, but in others emanating from a certain section of the liberal party in Germany: we mean their apparent dislike of England's policy. We do not mean to assert for our country either immaculate purity of motive or unfailing correctness of action, but we are convinced that the continually recurring charge of commercial selfishness made by these writers against Britain is substantially false. We believe that, however ill our rulers may sometimes have ordered affairs, in this respect *misrepresenting* the people, the great mass of Englishmen have always sympathized with what was great and noble; and that although at times our interference, and at others, our non-interference, most frequently the indecision of our ministry, may have placed England in a disadvantageous light, her policy as a whole and her position have greatly contributed to the advancement of liberty and civilization throughout the world.

We had marked other historical works for criticism. But if, in this hot season, even Germans refuse to write, we may be excused from furnishing long notices; and possibly some of our readers may feel that it will be more pleasant to see the Fatherland than to be told about it or even about its literary representatives.

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## Brief Notices.

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RELIGION IN THE WEST: Tractarianism farther Unveiled. To the People of Cumberland, and especially the Readers of the "Carlisle Patriot." London: W. H. Collingridge. 1858.

It is high time that Dissenters and, indeed, all serious men directed their attention to the doings which this small but earnest and important publication describes. The writer calls our attention to two facts—one of general interest to the Protestant community; the other a somewhat strange business, which more especially concerns our friends in Cumberland. It appears, that in the list of school-books recommended by the Committee of Privy Council on

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<sup>16</sup> Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts seit den Wiener Verträgen. Von G. G. Gervinus. 3ter Band. Leipzig: W. Engelmann. 1858.

Education, and furnished by them *at a lower rate* for the use of schools, some publications, which are the exponents of the rankest Popery, are introduced. As neither note nor comment in the list indicates the religious tendency of these books, unwary teachers or parents may order them in ignorance of their real character, or Tractarian "clerks" and schoolmasters introduce them for the purpose of instilling their peculiar views into the minds of the children. Such, at least, was the case till within a comparatively recent period. Surely there is a twofold abuse here. If the Privy Council are determined to recommend books in which the adoration of the Virgin and the efficacy of the sign of the cross are extolled, let them, at least, tell us, that in purchasing a certain "First Book of Reading Lessons," &c., we are procuring a book in which our children will be taught Popery. Nor is it at all clear to us that it is not a misapplication of the funds intrusted to that board, to give "grants in aid" to ostensibly *Protestant* schools, for the purpose of procuring *Popish* books. We are convinced that this subject deserves and requires serious attention. The other matter to which the pamphlet refers, is a pretty little discussion, in which the Revs. W. M. Ganson and J. Brunskill figure, not to the best advantage. These two clerics seem to have been intrusted with the management and superintendence of a national school in which, somehow or other, some of these Popish school-books were introduced. Challenged on the point, like Sam Weller, of illustrious memory, they deemed it safest to plead an *alibi*. They had not signed any application to the Privy Council for such books; nay, Mr. Christie (the writer of the pamphlet) was guilty of calumny and falsehood in charging persons so innocent with this offence! But, despite the absolute denial, it turns out that the signature of one of them—Mr. Brunskill—is attached to no less than *three* copies of said application, and that of Mr. Ganson to *two*. In this case, very curiously, there are two applications for these Popish school-books made on the same day to the Committee of Privy Council, of which one bears his signature, the other not. Altogether, we have traced some distinctive and not altogether uninteresting phases about the whole of this transaction, which elevate it beyond the range of a mere local or party question. Our Cumberland readers would do well to look into such doings. Mr. Christie, the excellent and energetic writer of this pamphlet, deserves our thanks for his exertions in the matter, and for the lucid manner in which he has set the case before the public.

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THE EDUCATION OF THE HUMAN RACE. From the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

It is difficult to guess what special purpose was meant to be served by the translation of this tractate of the celebrated editor of the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments." Having out of view the claims of Lessing as a poet, we cannot but believe that his theological system has long passed away. The little book before us originally appeared as a commentary on, or rather as a correction of, the "Wolfenbüttel

Fragments." Its purport is to show that Biblical revelation was intended to be an educational process, by which mankind were gradually to be led from simple to more elevated truths. While Lessing, therefore, acknowledges the value of the Old Testament, he also implies that it was necessarily full of imperfections, being merely an elementary text-book of moral education. The New Testament represents, indeed, a mighty progress; but it also is imperfect, and in the course of his spiritual development, man is destined speedily to outgrow it. Such are the fundamental ideas of this tractate. Their value need not be discussed, as they happily belong to the past era of Rationalism; and the tractate itself is chiefly interesting, as illustrating the history of that religious aberration.

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**THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.** A Story, by Edwin Atherston. In Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1858.

THIS is an account of the fall of Babylon and the destruction of Belshazzar, wrought into a story, with much oriental richness and artistic beauty. The hero, Michael, a gigantic Jew, is made the minister of vengeance on the royal blasphemer, who in vain had sought to possess himself of Michael's bride. The story is very well conceived, and equally well executed; the characters are clearly drawn, and throughout the three volumes the interest is not allowed to flag. But the principal charm of the work lies in its richly poetic language and imagery, which makes it read almost like blank verse. We should have added, that the sentiments are of the most pure and elevated character, and that the story may safely be put into the hands of the young, combining, as it does, instruction with enjoyment, and being equally remarkable for elevation of sentiment, and beauty of style. Mr. Atherston is a true poet, and his works deserve a very large circulation.

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**EVANGELICAL MEDITATIONS.** By the late Rev. Alex. Vinet, D.D. Translated from the French by Professor E. Masson. Post 8vo., pp. 239. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke. 1858.

"EVANGELICAL Meditations" are a series of discourses, on a variety of topics, delivered by the late Professor Vinet. They are distinguished by all the author's profound piety, sound orthodoxy, and eloquence of speech. They are remarkable no less for the intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart which they display, than for the power with which the precepts and invitations of the gospel are applied and enforced. Two of these discourses may perhaps attract especial notice, not that they surpass the others in power, thought, or beauty, but because they were delivered at the celebration of two marriages. The volume as a whole, superior, however, in its typography and "getting up," will form an admirable and welcome sequel to "Vital Christianity," by the same author.

**HOMELY RHYMES.** Edinburgh: Marsh & Beattie; London: Burns & Lambert. 1858.

It is our duty to caution our readers against this rabidly Romish production, claiming our notice under an unsuspected title. It is vulgar, and worthless, as for instance:—

“O well the Souper sly cajoles,  
Tries physic, money, food, and coals,  
To tempt the needy wretch to sell  
His babes, their Ragged School to swell,  
That slaughter-house of souls!”

Again:—

“The Catholic child everywhere  
Is marked for the heretics’ prey;  
Thus their losses they try to repair:  
O my God, take me not yet away!”

In fine, and this will be enough:—

“Blessed Mother of God! thine the prayer  
That never unanswered ascends!”

**A CANTO ON CANT.** By a Cantab. London: J. R. Taylor. 1858.

This poem reads very like a libel on a person of whom the author says,

“I’d the privilege to call her *Aunt*.”

We have only room for four lines as a specimen of the Cantab’s method:—

“I boldly say, that search creation round,  
More hypocrites consummate can’t be found,  
Than ’mongst the canting Methodistic clique,  
Straight-combed, smooth-tongued, voluble, and sleek.”

**A RECORD OF THE PATRIARCHAL Age;** or, the Proverbs of Aphobis: before Christ, 1900. By the Rev. D. J. Heath, M.A., Vicar of Brading. London: Longmans. 1858.

THIS is a very curious production, as an attempt at a *seriatim* translation of an ancient Egyptian papyrus. As in the analogous case of Dr. Foster’s readings from the inscribed rocks of Sinai, we must withhold our faith until either we ourselves become more accomplished archaists, or else the evidence produced by the author becomes more convincing. With very scanty success does the translator meet in the art of securing an intelligible consecutive meaning for his sentences—one part of the difficulty being, as we conceive it, the too literal rendering of metaphorical terms. Now all language is full of metaphor, but the metaphor conveyed in every term is generally lost sight of in the colloquial use of a language. An anatomical dissector of an English sentence would make as rare fun with his philology, as our Egyptologists seem to do. A sentence or two from Aphobis is quaint and amusing. “If you are one of those invited to a mixed party, and in the library your host makes a sign to your nose, then look straight at what is before you.” “An assembly-room is for a tip-top dinner suitable to its



owner." *On marriage*: "To such an expensive outburst of absurdity let there be no approach. Confound the fathers and matrons with the maidens of the bride." This reminds us of Punch's "*Advice to Persons about to Marry*:—Don't. But if this be the boasted wisdom of the Egyptians, where did Moses obtain his wonderful learning, his legislative prudence, his strong common sense, his profound science, his lofty poetry?"

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CONFESSION: a Tale of the Stars and Clouds. By S. Hancock. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt. 1858.

WE should be extremely sorry if the name of the respectable publishers should give currency to the work whose title we have just presented. While written, it would seem, with the purpose of inculcating a sacred moral, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy," it seeks to do so by such questionable means that *THE ECLECTIC* must withhold its sanction for the sake of "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." It blends the incredible mysteries of a Eugène Sue, and the evangel of the Plymouth brethren, into a tissue woven of the woof of Dumas the elder. It would seem to be of American parentage from its unscrupulous use of exciting incidents and language in connexion with a religious theme and purpose; but if such be the case, it is due to an English public that the country of its authorship should be avowed, as the respectability of its publishers will secure it an entrance into many an evangelical English home where its presence should be disallowed. The story is to the last degree repulsive and unhealthy. It exhibits, moreover, the offensive impertinence of parading a learned New Testament critic, and two leading gentlemen of the Brethren residing at Plymouth, on its pages, as Dr. Lucian, "the only Protestant the Pope ever admitted into the library of the Vatican, to examine the original manuscripts," Mr. Norman, and Mr. Grey. We fear this feature of the story stamps it as Trans-Atlantic. We are sorry we cannot give our cousins beyond the sea credit for better taste. The style, moreover, exhibits that cento of slip-shod French phrase, which is becoming a kind of epidemic or chicken-pox of our literature, and is nearly all wrongly spelled or accentuated, but this is perhaps the fault of the printer. We should grieve to think our unsophisticated girls were trained to like such an unwholesome stimulant as this.

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LYRA GERMANICA. Second Series. The Christian Life. Translated from the German by Catherine Winkworth. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

WE are glad that Miss Winkworth has been induced to publish a second series of the "*Lyra Germanica*." The hymns she has selected are among the finest that even Germany can produce, and the translations are in every way worthy of their noble originals. We shall be much mistaken if the second series do not become a

greater favourite than the first, inasmuch as "hymns of a more personal and individual character are admitted;" and we all love to relieve our sorrows and joys in sacred song. We give a stanza or two as illustrations of that tenderness and pathos which so pre-eminently characterize the German hymnology. The first is from a hymn entitled "An Evening Thanksgiving" (p. 78).

"Now the light that all things gladdens,  
And the pomp of day, is gone,  
And my heart is tired, and saddens  
As the gloomy night comes on.  
Ah, then, with Thy changeless light,  
Warm and cheer my heart to-night;  
As the shadows round me gather,  
Keep me close to Thee, my Father."

"O Thou mighty God, now hearken  
To the prayer Thy child hath made;  
Jesus, while the night-hours darken,  
Be Thou still my hope, my aid.  
Holy Ghost, on Thee I call,  
Friend and Comforter of all;  
Hear my earnest prayer, oh, hear me!  
Lord, Thou hearest, Thou art near me."

One more from "Longing for Home" (p. 177):—

"Graft me into Thee for ever,  
Tree of Life, that I may grow  
Stronger heavenward, drooping never  
For the darkest storms that blow;  
Bearing fruits of faith and truth.  
Then transplant me out of time  
Into that eternal clime,  
Where I shall renew my youth,  
When earth's withered leaves shall bloom  
Fresh in beauty from the tomb."

We believe that many of these hymns will take root in our English soil, and that is the highest praise we can accord to them.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW, AND QUARLES' EMBLEMS. One Vol. Edinburgh: James Nichol. 1858.

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY. By Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore. Reprinted entire from the Author's last edition. With Memoirs and Dissertations by the Rev. G. Gilfillan. Three Vols. Edinburgh: James Nichol. 1858.

WE have so repeatedly commended this edition of the poets that it is not necessary to do more than just to call attention to the present volumes. They are old favourites, and the lovers of quaint, tender-hearted old Quarles, and of the songful ballads of our native land, will not esteem the least, the last of Mr. Nichol's publications. Perhaps Crashaw—of the other we need not say a word—is less known than he ought to be, oblivion, in part, being the penalty he has had to pay for secession from the Protestant Church. But we cannot afford to lose his mellow and devout strains, which in their

child-like tenderness and simple beauty never fail to remind us of Herbert. We have to thank the editor, therefore, for placing him in such worthy companionship. The memoirs and dissertations are written in Mr. Gilfillan's well-known facile and discriminating manner.

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**EX ORIENTE: Sonnets on the Indian Rebellion.** London: Chapman. 1858.

THERE is ingenuity in these verses, although we admire the translations of the sonnets of Petrarch, proof of the undying vitality of true poetry, more than the original compositions. The author shall present his own testimonials in the shape of a sonnet on

“**GENERAL HEWETT.**

“What! in broad daylight Englishwomen slain  
By hell-hound troopers, and the general knew it,  
And stood in apathy to let them do it,  
With two brave English regiments by, each man  
A match for twenty of that murderous clan?  
It was the will of God—we can but rue it!  
It was the will of God!

My General Hewett,  
He may forgive you, England never can!  
Till night, uncheck'd goes on the work of blood,  
And fell destruction; marshall'd come too late  
Our soldiers to preserve; and unpursued  
Bursts to new havoc the mad sepoy hate,  
Careering onwards till its swollen flood,  
Resistless whelms all landmarks of the state.”

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**ETHEL'S HOPE; a Dramatic Poem.** By Edward Hind. London: Longmans.

THE actual strength of a rope is its weakest part. We apply the test to the poem before us:—

“For I can never think the greatest truth,  
Of which all other truths but branches are,  
Unto the logic of the sceptic side,  
Supplies a negative inscribed on nature.  
I have, myself, once thought out such a proof,  
And penn'd it down in writing long ago,  
I think I have it in my pocket-book,  
And I will read a portion of it to you.”

We greatly fear Mr. Hind, who is evidently a right-thinking man of some ability, has mistaken the aspiration after poetry for the power of producing it.

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**KATHERINE WOODRINGTON; or, Talents Neglected.** By Harriet D'Oyly Howe. London: Wertheim & Macintosh.

THIS is a sad and true story of an accomplished young person, who, though favoured with a faithful ministry, died in despair, because she had lived to herself rather than to God. “She left many evidences of her exquisite skill and taste, in beautiful drawings and specimens of needlework, of intellectual industry, in books filled with

extracts, well-selected and carefully arranged; of an affectionate disposition, in the memory of those around her; of kind words and liberal gifts; but none could recall a charitable deed, an act of self-denial, or any attempt, however feebly made, to promote the glory of God!"

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WHO ARE TO BLAME, THE CLERGY OR THE PEOPLE? A Tale for the Working Classes. London: Wertheim & Macintosh.

THIS is not a desirable tale for the working classes, because it throws the blame of their demoralization on the clergy, which is simply untrue, as the tale itself shows.

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ASPECTS OF PARIS. By Edward Copping, Author of "Alfieri and Goldoni, their Lives and Adventures." London: Longmans & Co. 1858.

THIS is a volume which we have perused with considerable pleasure. During a somewhat lengthy residence in the French capital, Mr. Copping has made himself acquainted with some of its most interesting features, as well as of many of the peculiar characteristics of its gay and vivacious inhabitants, and we have the result of his impressions in a very pleasant and agreeable form. He has very wisely turned aside from the attractive subject of politics, and has had the good taste to hit upon such aspects of Paris or of Parisian life, as have not before been too minutely depicted. He gives, for instance, an animated description of Paris on a New Year's day, when the entire city is transformed into a huge bazaar, decorated with trinkets and frippery of every description, and all the people go out to purchase presents, and nobody stays at home to receive them. But the bulk of this book treats of the literary aspects of Paris life, under the headings of "Paris Penny-a-lining," "Cheap Literature of Paris," and "Paris Plays;" and we must say that these, as given by Mr. Copping, are not calculated to excite very high admiration for the literary excellence of our neighbours, the majority of their dramatic representations being of a low and demoralizing tendency, and their cheap literature averaging far below anything that circulates on this side of the Channel. Mr. Copping has a strong vein of humour, which he is fond of indulging. We cannot, however, give a better specimen of his style than his description of the *Faits Divers* column of a Paris newspaper. This column is made up of every variety of information. It is, as our author says, one incessant jumble of official facts and unofficial facts; of old facts and new facts; of home facts and foreign facts; of facts of every size, colour, and density. You read till you are fairly puzzled and confused by them. "You stop exhausted ere you are half way through. You pause to take breath. But there is no rest for you. Long before you have recovered yourself, you are compelled as it were to go on again. You are hurried away, perhaps, on the back of a remarkably fine specimen of the Astracan *brébis* just arrived at the Jardin des Plantes, and carried by this animal into the flooded fields of the Ardèche, you pass into a new safety

steam-boiler of novel construction, which bursts five minutes after, and leaves you high and dry upon the summit of Mount Cenis, where shafts for the great Alpine tunnel are being sunk. Descending a little, you find yourself in the midst of the new harbour at Holyhead, and after recognising General Walker giving orders for an immediate attack upon Nicaragua, you discover that you are face to face with that gluttonous Gascon ploughman who is consuming a leg of mutton, four kilogrammes of sausages, and a dozen litres of wine, for a wager of a new pair of *sabots*. Ere you have recovered from your disgust, you are knocked down by a run-away horse, and upon rising find yourself before the Correctional Tribunal of Paris police upon a charge of robbing a poor old woman of twopence halfpenny. You leave the court with unstained hands, and find yourself in Smithfield Market, where an infamous Englishman is for the hundredth time selling his wife, and thence you are immediately blown away by a tremendous hurricane from the north-west, which carries you off to the shores of the Bosphorus, where a heavy meteorological stone, weighing seventy-four pounds eight ounces, falls upon your head; and, rubbing your eyes, you recover from the shock, and find yourself at the end of the *Faits Divers*."

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CHRONOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS. By F. H. Jaquemet. Edited by the Rev. John Alcorn, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

THIS is a revised abridgment of the "Compendium of Chronology," and contains the most important dates of general history—political, ecclesiastical, and literary—from the creation of the world to the end of the year 1857. As a hand-man to the study of general history, chronologies are of extreme service; but for more than this they should not be trusted. The arrangement of the various events in the present work is very good; their selection has been made with great judgment, and the dates assigned to them, especially in reference to ancient chronology, are those which recent investigation has led the most eminent critics to regard as the correct ones. It may, therefore, be safely recommended in schools and families as a careful and accurate chronological compendium of the most important events which have marked an epoch or otherwise characterized the stream of universal history.

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HANDBOOK TO AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, AND NEW ZEALAND. By D. Puseley. London: Effingham Wilson.

WE have already stated our objections to this work, as one which pretends too much, and is inflated in style and spirit. We also had to question the correctness of several of the statements, although the information the book contains professes to have been derived from authentic sources, and the opinions based upon personal observation. The present edition has been enriched with two fair maps of Australia and New Zealand, by which the reader may trace the outline of the different provinces, the position of the principal towns, and the route the traveller or emigrant should take.

WILLIAM AND JAMES; or, the Revolution of 1688: an Historical Tale. By a Lady. Dublin: W. Curry & Co. 1857.

GLANCING at the list of subscribers to this volume, we should presume that its fair authoress was patronized by a numerous circle of admirers, but in a literary point of view we must candidly state that we cannot consider ourselves as among the number. It is generally a mistake to expect to find historical tales of this description ought but misleading fiction, though we are assured in the present instance that "the leading and principal events of that truly interesting and stirring period of our history, viz., 1688-9, &c., are faithfully and truly narrated." One great objection to this production is, that its authoress does not appear to understand the force of words. The quotation we have just given is loaded with expletives, and had we not seen it, we should have thought it almost impossible for a person appealing to public criticism to crowd so many adjectives and repetitions into so small a compass. The next passage we select, which is in the dedication "To the friends, patrons, and subscribers, who kindly assisted in the bringing of this work before the public," is clumsy enough. The next is the preface, wherein we are told "This work, designed at first for private circulation, but laid before the public by advice of friends of the author, who solicits, as a young beginner, entering on the paths of literature, their kind indulgence, is intended to bring under the notice of the reader historical facts and events connected with and arising out of a most interesting and stirring period of our history, in a form which, not departing from real dates and important events, is more calculated to interest and to please than a dry historical narration." It would, perhaps, have been more prudent of the friends of the authoress if they had first examined into her qualifications for authorship before encouraging her on to so arduous an undertaking. Should "a Lady" ever be tempted to appear again before the public, we would in all sincerity advise her to prune down her style, and mercilessly eradicate those wild weeds which disfigure it, so that we shall have no more "leading and principal" events, or "faithfully and truly" narrated. Does she not perceive that what is *leading* must be *principal*, and that what is *faithfully*, must likewise be *truly*, narrated?

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THE BOOK OF JOB, Translated from the Hebrew, Explained and Illustrated, &c, &c. By the Rev. Carteret Priaulx Carey, M.A. London. 1858.

THE appearance of this large volume certainly indicates the author's fondness for his subject; and it may fairly imply that he has friends and means enough to warrant his indulging the passion for book-making. Though it may be called a respectable production, we do not see that it goes at all beyond some of our later commentaries in the elucidation of Job; and hence we do not fancy it will ever become a standard work of reference, or gain a permanent position in our Biblical literature. For Hebrew scholarship, the author cannot rank high, and still less for sound judgment; hence his translations and illustrations are not always reliable. He ever



quotes largely from Mr. Foster's books on the Hamyaritic and other inscriptions in Arabia, just as though that gentleman's attempts at deciphering and explaining them had not been shown to be unworthy of confidence.

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**A COURSE OF DEVELOPED CRITICISM ON PASSAGES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT MATERIALLY AFFECTED BY VARIOUS READINGS.** By the Rev. Thomas Sheldon Green, M.A. London: Samuel Bagster & Sons.

THIS will prove an exceedingly useful book to those who are commencing the study of the Greek text of the New Testament. The immense numbers of various readings given in the great critical editions are utterly useless to the student who has not thoroughly mastered the principles and become imbued with the spirit under the guidance of which the apparatus should be used. Mr. Green has taken some of the most important passages affected by variations in the readings, and detailed the process by which he arrives at what appears to him the true text. We have carefully examined a considerable number of the passages he has selected, and bear cordial testimony to the general soundness of his judgment. Mr. Green's work would be an admirable text-book in our theological colleges.

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**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND SELECT REMAINS OF THE REV. RICHARD COPE, LL.D.** Edited by his Son. London: Judd & Glass. 1857.

DR. COPE was a contributor to several religious periodicals, and the author of several works, which in their day had a fair share of popularity. His friends will be interested in this autobiography, but we fear that strangers will find little in it either to instruct the intellect or to profit the heart.

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**DAWN AND TWILIGHT: a Tale.** By the Author of "Amy Grant," &c. Two vols. Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker.

THIS is an interesting fiction, inculcating good principles. There is enough of love and love-making in it to have filled three volumes instead of two. It abounds in such fine Norman names as Montrevor and Aubrey, Constance and Reginald, Eustace and Percy; while Ladies Rockwood, Clanraven, and Ellermaine, General Lessington, and Captain Everington, with all their doings and sayings, testify to the movement of the characters in a circle as exclusive as the precincts of May Fair, and the ring in Hyde Park. It cannot fail to be a favourite with our young ladies.

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**THE CORONET AND THE CROSS; or, Memorials of the Right Hon. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.** By the Rev. A. H. New. London: Partridge & Co. 1857.

THIS is a far more readable book than the ponderous "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," with which some of our readers may be familiar. Mr. New is a diligent and honest writer;

he has accumulated a great mass of materials and arranged them at least in chronological order. He is deficient in the higher elements of biographical power, but his work will be read with considerable pleasure.

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AN ESSAY ON THE ATONEMENT. By the Rev. J. Petherick. Bath: Burns & Goodwin.

MR. PETHERICK thinks that the cordial belief and courageous maintenance of the doctrine that "Christ is the propitiation for *our* sins," but *not* for "the sins of the whole world," are essential to the vigour and depth of the spiritual life of the Church. It is unnecessary for us to say that we do not agree with him. We believe that this doctrine is as unfriendly to the growth of a free and vigorous piety in the Christian as it is to the awakening of hope and trust in the unbeliever, and if Mr. Petherick's book had indicated that he possessed either learning or genius, their misapplication would have occasioned a deep regret; but we are inclined to think that his pen has rendered little service to a bad cause, and would have inflicted positive injury on a good one.

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## Monthly Review of Public Events.

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WE trust that the country is at last beginning fairly to emerge from the severe and oppressive difficulties entailed by the great commercial crisis of '57. Long after the fury of the storm had gone by, universal confusion and desolation told of the havoc it had made. Even when money had become plentiful, the destruction of confidence last winter was too total to permit our industrial pursuits to resume their wonted activity. But we believe that there is now reason for hopefulness. God has granted us a most abundant harvest, and week after week of quiet sunshine to gather it in. We scarcely remember so glorious a summer; the days of July and August have moved past with all the radiance and splendour and joy of a procession at some high festival. The country is filled from end to end with quiet but deep satisfaction, and all Christian hearts are overflowing with thanksgiving. At the great centres of manufacturing industry there are indications that hammer and loom are becoming busy again, and that next winter is likely to be a bright and blessed contrast to the last.

We confess, however, that the returning prosperity of the country has filled us with deep solicitude. The United States were prepared by their great calamities for that manifestation of the Divine power for which all Christendom has been giving thanks to God; but, as yet, we see scarcely any indication that our own sufferings have prepared

us for a similar blessing. The signs of reviving earnestness which appeared a few months ago in many quarters are, we fear, rapidly vanishing, and we tremble lest, in His anger at our hard-heartedness, and resolute worldly-mindedness, He who has chastised in order to sanctify, should turn away saying, "Why should ye be stricken any more?" and leave us to our folly and our sin. God grant that our fears may prove groundless!

The month has had two great events: our gracious Queen, with a noble magnanimity, accepted the invitation of the French Emperor to be present at the opening of the great works at Cherbourg; and the daring project for establishing telegraphic communication between England and the United States has been consummated. It was a singular and happy coincidence that the tidings of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable should have reached Cherbourg in the very midst of the sulphurous tumult; we accept it as an omen of the cordial alliance between England, with her grand traditions, and America, with her brilliant aspirations, if ever the despotisms of Europe, under inspiration and guidance of the Emperor of the French, should dare to violate or even to insult this ancient sanctuary of freedom. French pamphleteers have had the folly to imagine that a French general, at the head of 100,000 men, on the shores of Kent, "with universal suffrage in one hand, and the Code Napoleon in the other," would find sympathy among the working people of England. Never was a wilder dream. At this moment, there would be far more hearty and enthusiastic union of all classes and ranks, to assert, not only the freedom, but the old pre-eminence of the country, than even in the last war. NAPOLEON I. dazzled many of our fathers by the brilliance of his genius, and his almost miraculous achievements; and he was accepted by oppressed nations as the Apostle of Liberty, and the incarnate Nemesis of unrighteous and cruel governments. His nephew is despised by all, feared by none; he is scorned even by his flatterers, and hated intensely by more open foes. He has no genius but the genius of cunning, and his achievements provoke either indignation or contempt: in his youth and obscurity he signalized himself by his follies; in his matured manhood, and the pride of his power, he has signalized himself by his crimes. The working men of England know what "universal suffrage" means on the lips of LOUIS NAPOLEON; solemn oaths of fidelity to a republic basely violated; the destruction of representative institutions; the gagging of the press; the supremacy of an ambitious and unscrupulous priesthood.

The prorogation of Parliament leaves us but little domestic news of importance. The significance of the position won and held by the Derby Ministry has not been sufficiently pondered. It is indicative, we believe, of the growing indifference of the nation to its political duties, and the want of earnest faith on the part of any great political party, in its avowed principles. A few dozen intelligent, energetic liberals, with anything like a definite end and programme, might even now speedily become "masters of the situation."

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1858.

## ART. I.—CHERBOURG.

1. *De Cessart. Description des Travaux Hydrauliques de Louis Alexandre de Cessart.* In Two Vols., 4to. Paris. 1808.
2. *Cackin. Memoire sur la Digue de Cherbourg.* 4to. Paris. 1820.
3. *Sganzin. Programme, ou Résumé des Leçons d'un Cours de Construction.* 4me Edition, par M. Reibell. In Three Vols., 4to., and Atlas. Paris. 1838—41.
4. *Poirol. Mémoire sur les Travaux à la Mer.* In Two Vols., 4to. Paris. 1841.
5. *Bonnin. Travaux d'Achèvement de la Digue de Cherbourg.* In Two Vols., 4to. Paris. 1857.

THE brilliant and noisy demonstrations with which our neighbours have “inaugurated” the inner basin of the military arsenal they have constructed with such marvellous patience and skill at Cherbourg, have elicited, on both sides of the Channel, opinions with respect to the intentions of the French Government, and to the importance of the establishment itself, which appear to us to be singularly false and exaggerated. As everything tending to promote “peace and good will amongst men” is the ruling aspiration of our hearts, we have, therefore, felt that it would be to render a service to humanity, if we were to endeavour to bring back the discussion, with respect to this great triumph of hydraulic engineering, to its true bearings, avoiding equally the malignant prejudices of the *Univers*, or the snarling petulance of *Tear ’em Roebuck*. Even as engineers, the English might learn many very valuable lessons from what has been done, from the failures and from the successes of the French engineers, at Cherbourg; and

surely it is preferable to study those works with such a purpose, than it is to pervert the legitimate attempts of a great nation to protect itself from insult, into a merely useless, standing menace against its neighbours. We are no more lovers of despotism than *Tear'em* himself; but we have such implicit confidence in the sturdy independence of our countrymen, as to believe, that even were Cherbourg intended as a hostile demonstration against us, we should be easily able to counter-balance its effects. At any rate, the proper way of dealing with an evil, real or imaginary, is to grapple boldly with it, so as to be able to appreciate its true importance. The alarmists themselves must be gainers by a correct statement of the works and capabilities of the great artificial harbour, lately completed, at the entrance of the Channel.

The Government of France was first made to feel the necessity for a secure refuge for its fleets, in case of defeat upon the narrow seas, by the disastrous results of the memorable action off Cape la Hogue, in 1692, when Tourville was defeated by the English fleet, under Admiral Russell. Immediately after this disaster, Vauban was sent by Louis XIV. to survey the coast near the entrance of the Channel, for the purpose of remedying this state of things; and he selected the roads of Cherbourg, as being on the whole the most favourably situated, for the formation of an arsenal, and of a port of refuge. During the long and inglorious reign of Louis XV., however, nothing was done towards the realization of Vauban's project; nor was it until the government of Louis XVI. had begun to recover itself a little from the exhaustion of the war of American Independence, or subsequently to 1780, that the unfortunate king was able to do anything of importance for the execution of the works his own peculiar tastes caused him to regard with so much interest. The first project adopted by the French Government, for the port of Cherbourg, was, however, very much smaller than the one actually executed; for it was originally intended simply to protect, from an attack by an enemy in the offing, a fleet moored in the inner roads, and for this purpose, forts were erected on the Homet, and the Ile Pelée, whilst it was suggested that the roads could be closed by a fort, to be built on an artificial island, in the intermediate space. Fortunately, M. de la Bretonniere, a member of the commission, appointed to investigate the subject of the formation of a harbour of refuge, had sufficient influence with the Government to cause this scheme to be laid aside; but the investigations he made were still very far from having been conducted on a proper system, so that, as we shall have occasion to remark hereafter, important mistakes were made, even in the

improved plan, which was at length entered upon, under the direction of the celebrated De Cessart, about the year 1784. The troubles of the latter years of the "Ancien Régime" interrupted the progress of the works of Cherbourg; and though, in 1792, the Legislative Assembly adopted vigorous resolutions for their advancement, the financial distress, and the disasters of the great Revolution, caused the partial abandonment of the plans of the Bourbon monarch. Shortly after the accession of Napoleon, in 1800, a thorough investigation of the whole matter was made, and immediate orders were given for the completion of the great digue, or breakwater, already commenced, for the security of the roads, and for the formation of a grand military arsenal. With the partial alterations suggested by experience, or enforced by the natural conditions of the locality, the port and roads of Cherbourg have been completed, or modified, upon the system then adopted.

The bay in which the small fishing town of Cherbourg was situated, lies at the extremity of the peninsula of the Cotentin, and almost directly south of the Needles passage of the Solent, in latitude  $49^{\circ} 75'$  N., and longitude nearly  $4^{\circ}$  west of Paris. Until it had been protected by the breakwater, it was completely open to storms from the north; but it was sheltered, by the high lands inshore, from all winds blowing from W.N.W., through the south, to E.N.E. About the middle of the bay, a small headland, on which the Fort du Homet actually stands, gave a species of protection to the old commercial port; and the little river Divette formed a small, but insecure, natural harbour. The plan suggested by De Cessart and the engineers of 1781 consisted, under these circumstances, in the formation of an artificial breakwater, situated at about 5,000 yards from the shore, and 12,356 English feet in length. The plan of this digue was that of a chevron, of unequal parts, forming, at their intersection, an obtuse angle, towards the open sea, of 160 degrees; and this gigantic structure was commenced in a depth of water of 61 feet at low water at ordinary spring tides. This breakwater was intended, firstly, to shelter a surface of about 2,000 acres nearly, in round numbers, within which, from 25 to 30 sail of the line, of the greatest dimensions, might ride in safety, together with at least an equal number of frigates and smaller craft; and, secondly, to protect the entrances of the military arsenal, and of the commercial port of Cherbourg. The respective passes at the extremities of the breakwater had originally the widths of 2,994 yards on the west, and of 1,248 on the east, sides of the bay; but the effective width of the former has been considerably reduced,



by the erection of the Fort Chavaignac, on a reef of the same name, discovered by Capitaine Chavaignac, so that at the present day the clear western pass is only 1,496 yards wide. The marine defences of the bay, that is to say, the batteries opposed to an attack from the sea, are the Forts of Querqueville, Chavaignac, du Homet, des Flamands, de l'Île Pelée, and four batteries upon the breakwater itself; but the complete plan of defences comprehends a series of detached forts on the heights, to protect the town and arsenal from an attack in the rear. Of the various works required to effect the objects of the designers of this plan, the most important were unquestionably the execution of the breakwater, the formation of the arsenal, and the improvement of the commercial port. We propose to notice them in the order thus indicated.

De Cessart originally proposed to secure the tranquillity of the inner roads, by means of large cones of timber-work, to be subsequently filled in with rubble stone, without mortar, up to the low-water line, and from thence covered with regular hydraulic masonry. These cones were to be built on the sea-shore, and floated to their places, in such manner that their bases were to be contiguous; their diameter at the bottom was to be about 150 feet, reduced to 64 feet at the top, and their height was to be equally 64 feet. Subsequently, this design was modified, and the cones were spaced at intervals of 200 feet, then of 300, of 720 feet, and even at last of 1,200 feet; but as these wide intervals rendered the cones useless for the purposes for which they were designed, namely, to secure the tranquillity of the roads, the spaces between them were filled in with loose stones. In the exposed situation, where these cones were sunk, moreover, their durability was but small, and the boring worms finally disposed of the best of them about 1799, although the frequent accidents which had happened to the others had induced the Government to abandon the system on which they were constructed as early as 1789. The first cone was sunk in 1784, and it thus marks the commencement of the gigantic work, of which it formed part; and this work itself, it may be added, was urged forward with so much vigour by the expiring monarchy of the Bourbons, that in 1790, when the dawn of the revolutionary troubles broke upon France, no less than 3,500,000 cubic yards of rubble stone had been thrown down, at an expense of 31,000,000 francs. During the Empire, great efforts were made to complete the breakwater, by means of casting down small blocks, or by covering the more exposed portions with stones of larger dimensions. Several attempts were also made to construct, about the centre of the mound, a large battery; but a series of disastrous storms—amongst which may

specially be cited those of February, 1807, and of 1808, so awfully fatal to the garrison—time after time swept away the structures raised, at such a cost of men and of money. The engineers of this period, who were principally under the directions of M. Cachin, the author of one of the works consulted in the preparation of this article, were more successful in their operations for the construction of the arsenal, and the new wall, separating the outer floating basin of the military port, was carried into execution, in the face of difficulties nearly as great as those attending the digue itself.

From 1808 to 1813, little else was done to the digue beyond what was absolutely necessary for the maintenance of a battery of twenty cannons, on the site of the ill-starred central fort. In 1813, the troubles of the empire again put a stop to the whole of the works at Cherbourg; nor was any attempt made to complete them, in spite of the publication of Cachin's *brochure*, and of the frequent and unfavourable comparisons, so galling to a Frenchman's pride, which were drawn between the results of the operations at the Plymouth and the Cherbourg breakwaters, until the occurrence of a dreadful storm, on the 31st of October, 1823, removed the battery, which had been hitherto preserved with so much difficulty. Temporarily, the battery was restored, with larger materials, and in a more substantial manner than before; but a fresh storm, on the 26th and 27th of January, 1825, again destroyed the works above the low-water line. In 1828, the Minister of Marine, M. Hyde de Neuville, determined to impress greater vigour upon the works for protecting the roads of Cherbourg; and he directed M. du Parc and M. Virla, the engineers of the works, to present projects for their completion. The Revolution of 1830 again interfered with the progress of this apparently endless undertaking, so that it was not until the 11th of April, 1832, that the proposal of M. du Parc, for the protection of the upper portion of the breakwater, was definitively approved. At that period, however, the system which has ultimately been carried into effect, was finally adopted, and the necessary orders were given for its execution.

In fact, the mode of execution originally adopted at the breakwater of Cherbourg, which consisted entirely in the use of small stones, whether they were or were not temporarily enclosed in a timber frame, was one which was exposed to constant accidents from the very mobility, so to speak, of the materials employed. The larger portion of the artificial island thus created, was, indeed, formed of very small stones; subsequently, an effort was made to secure a greater stability, by using stones, cubing from 25 to 30 feet each, in the zone,

situated from 15 to 17 feet below the lowest water, and thence upwards. But it was soon found that blocks of the latter, and even of larger dimension, were themselves incapable of resisting the action of the sea in such an exposed situation; and the project of M. du Parc consisted mainly in the construction of a huge mass of masonry, which should be able, by its mere weight, to resist any possible action of the sea, whilst it should also protect the upper surface of the mound of small rubble. The wall thus proposed, was intended to be founded upon a layer of concrete, spread evenly over the whole top of the breakwater, of the thickness of 2 feet 8 inches, at the minimum; and the wall was thence to be carried to the height of 25 feet 9 inches, with a parapet towards the sea of 8 feet 3 inches wide, and 5 feet 5 inches high. In the course of execution, this plan was substantially followed, for the wall, built subsequently to 1837, was founded precisely upon a layer of concrete, 3 feet 4 inches thick, the bottom of which was laid at 2 feet 4 inches above the lowest recorded tides, or at the precise level of the lowest ordinary equinoctial spring tides. Above this, a regular wall of masonry, faced towards the sea with dressed ashlar of granite, and towards the land with hard, coursed, rubble masonry, was built, having the clear height of 30 feet 5 inches above the datum of the lowest recorded tides, with a parapet, towards the sea, of 5 feet 3 inches high, and 8 feet 3 inches wide. The width of the clear platform of the eastern arm of the breakwater is 20 feet 2 inches (beyond the line of the parapet); and that of the western arm is 20 feet 10 inches, thus making the total width of the latter, 29 feet 1 inch. The face of the wall towards the sea batters at the rate of 1—20; that of the inshore elevation slopes at the rate of 1—5. M. du Parc estimated that the dynamical effort to which the wall was exposed, was equal to about from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  tons per superficial yard, and that its powers of resistance, if built as he suggested, to an effort able to turn it over on its edge were  $13\frac{1}{2}$  tons per yard superficial, whilst its powers of resistance to an effort able to cause the wall to move horizontally on its bed, were about equal to an action upon the exposed face of 9 tons on the superficial yard. Subsequent observations have proved that the effort occasionally exercised by the sea against the breakwater is far in excess of the one upon which M. du Parc reasoned; but the resistance of the superstructure has proved sufficient to guarantee its stability against any of the storms of late years.

In the course of the construction of this wall, a great number of experiments were tried upon the nature of the calcareous cements, the most fitted for use in so peculiar a position.

The level of high water of ordinary spring tides is here not less than 18 feet 6 inches above the lower surface of the foundation-bed of concrete; and upon the resistance of that bed depended mainly the stability of the upper structure. The system ultimately adopted in its formation, was to place a series of artificial blocks of concrete, made on shore, and floated between pontoons to their definite positions; these blocks were spaced at intervals of about 1 foot 2 inches, and the intermediate spaces were then filled in by hand with the concrete brought to the digue in flats. The concrete itself was composed of a mixture of the moderately hydraulic lime of Blossville, of sand, burnt clay, and shingle; but the French engineers, it must be observed, invariably make the lime, sand, and burnt clay, they thus employ, into mortar, before adding the shingle to them. It does not appear that any serious accident has followed the use of this description of concrete, at Cherbourg, under the foundations of the vertical wall, at least; but in many other French ports the mixtures of lime and burnt clay have gone to pieces in a very remarkable and disastrous manner. Latterly, also, at Cherbourg itself, the use of the quick-setting cements has been substituted for that of the more heterogeneous compound above described; and the foundations of the forts at the end of the digue, as well as the risberme at the foot of the vertical wall, have been executed with large artificial blocks of rubble masonry, set in very strange mixtures of the so-called Portland and Roman cements. The application of the huge artificial blocks thus referred to, must be considered to be an important fact in the history of modern engineering; and it is principally on this account that we have referred to M. Poirel's work, which is, in fact, a description of the ingenious processes adopted by himself and his colleagues, in the execution of the pier, or mole of Algiers, with similar materials. But there is a remarkable difference in the composition of the waters of the Mediterranean and those of the Atlantic, near Cherbourg; so that the mortars which resisted successfully in the former might, and often did, yield in the latter. Both at Marseilles, Toulon, and Algiers, the artificial blocks, or the submerged concrete used by the French engineers, is composed of ordinary hydraulic lime mixed with pozzuolano and sand, and those concretes have not failed; but, on the shores of the Atlantic, the only calcareous cements upon whose ultimate resistance any absolute dependence can be placed, appear to be those above stated to have been used in the preparation of the huge artificial blocks of Cherbourg. The term "huge" is of course comparative; the blocks themselves cube about 676 feet; and they certainly are huge, when compared with the small stones

of the heart of the digue, or even with the ashlar of the walling.

It may, perhaps, be advisable here to observe that the terms *hydraulic lime* and *cement*, are used to express the peculiar varieties of cimentitious materials, which are able to harden under water; and that the former term is applied to the products of the calcination of a limestone, containing less than 30 per cent. of the silicate of alumina in combination with the lime; whilst the latter term is applied to the natural, or the artificial substances in which the proportion of clay exceeds 40 per cent. According to the most received theories, the hardening of mortars depend upon the formation of a hydrated double silicate, either of lime and alumina, or of lime and magnesia; and all the modern improvements in the manufacture of this class of materials have been based upon the results of experiments made for the purpose of obtaining compounds which should allow the formation of such a double silicate. But the Portland cement, and this, be it observed, has given the most satisfactory results at Cherbourg, unquestionably derives its peculiar qualities from the degree of burning it is exposed to rather than from the proportions of its ingredients. It is, indeed, much nearer in its composition to the eminently hydraulic limes than it is to the natural cements, such as the Parker's, or the Medina cements, and the results of some curious, unpublished researches by Professor Way, certainly show that the mode and conditions of hydration have a potent, and hitherto unexplained, influence on the hardening of the newly-formed crystals of lime. Thus, if a piece of common chalk, an almost pure carbonate of lime, be saturated with common salt before calcination, the product will be an hydraulic lime of variable quality, although the whole of the salt will be volatilized in the kiln. Something of the same kind takes place with the so-called Parian and Keen's cements, which are composed of the sulphate of lime soaked in solutions (respectively) of borax and of alum, and are thus rendered far more imperishable and harder than the ordinary sulphates of lime. Moreover, it has been found that the pozzuolanos obtained from the natural volcanic stones are infinitely more energetic, and more permanent too, in their action, than the artificial materials which resemble them so closely as to render it impossible to distinguish any difference by ordinary chemical analysis. In all probability the explanation of these curious phenomena is to be found in some modification of the molecular action of the various materials under the effects of heat; and as many of the pyrogenic compounds are not permanent, the use of the Portland cement in such enormous proportions at Cherbourg must

be considered a bold experiment. The result of the experiment has hitherto been satisfactory, and after nine years' trial the artificial Portland cement blocks are stated by M. Bonin to be as sound and as perfect as on the day of their immersion; but he sublines the words in which this favourable opinion is conveyed, as though even he entertained some doubts of their permanent resistance.

Not only might our engineers derive useful lessons from the works of MM. Bonin and Poirel as to the application of limes and cements in the formation of structures exposed to the action of the sea; but the discussions which took place with respect to the mode of protecting the crown of the digue might be consulted by them also with advantage. The breakwater at Plymouth, those at Cette, and at the entrance to the Delawarre, are finished by means of inclined slopes, at a very flat angle to the horizon, and are paved with more or less care. But the Cherbourg breakwater is crowned by a vertical wall of great thickness, founded nearly at the lowest low-water line, and intended to resist the direct violence of the ocean, instead of decomposing it in the manner of the inclined slopes of the other breakwaters mentioned. We ourselves have often watched the effect of storms on structures of this description, and we are sure that the engineers of Cherbourg have adopted the course which will in the end prove to be the most economical. Unquestionably it would have been preferable to have made the thickness of the vertical wall, at the base of the parapet, 33 feet, rather than the actual dimension of 29 feet 1 inch; but hitherto no evil has arisen from the want of excess of resistance; whilst we are convinced that the costs of repairs at Cherbourg will be far less in proportion than those of Plymouth. It must, however, be observed, that there would be great danger in commencing the construction of a vertical wall upon a mound of loose rubble, such as constitutes the hearting of the majority of breakwaters, unless the materials had been exposed to the action of the tides and waves for a sufficient length of time to allow of their attaining their ultimate compression. In the course of the erection of the vertical wall, and of the forts upon the digue of Cherbourg, some curious illustrations were given of the danger to be apprehended from the unequal compression of the base; and they have been discussed at considerable length, and with much practical and scientific acuteness, by M. Bonin, in his invaluable, but unpleasantly written, account of the works he has himself so long and so zealously conducted. An examination of the results attained at Alderney, Portland, Dover, and Holyhead, by our own engineers, might be rendered extremely interesting, if assisted by the reflex light to be



derived from the theoretical discussions, and the practical experiments, to which the construction of the Cherbourg breakwater has given rise.

To return to the description of the works at Cherbourg, we would add, that the breakwater is made to contribute to the defence of the roads, by the erection of a large battery mounting 30 guns at the apex of the advancing angle; by a casemated battery on the long western arm of the breakwater, for 14 guns; and by two forts at the respective ends, mounting, each of them, 30 guns. The two latter cross fires with batteries erected upon the Ile Pelée and the Rocher des Flamands on the east side of the bay, the former of which mounts in all 93 guns, and the latter 70; whilst the western fort of the breakwater is supported by the Fort de Querqueville of 90 guns, by the Forts de la Roche, Chavaignac, and Du Homet, having about 170 additional guns. If to these formidable means of defence, the numerous coast batteries, the guard-ships, the detached forts, and the fortifications of the arsenal be added, there seems to be little reason to question the calculation of those who estimate the guns already placed for the protection of Cherbourg at 3,000; nor when we take into account the magnitude of the sacrifice our neighbours have made in the formation of this vast establishment, can we be surprised at their adopting every possible precaution to preserve it from the fate of the former works at the same spot, or of those of Flushing, both of which were destroyed by the English. Indeed there appears to us to be something supremely childish, as well as something supremely unjust, in our jealousy of the operations of all the governments of France, which have succeeded one another for the last hundred and fifty years. England has built arsenals at Milford Haven, Cork, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sheerness, Chatham, Woolwich, and Deptford; whilst France has only Toulon on the Mediterranean, and Rochefort, Brest, L'Orient, and Cherbourg, on the Atlantic; whilst we have, moreover, the fortified harbours of Alderney, Jersey, Portland, Dover, and Harwich. We confess that we regard the attempt to create an alarm about this particular harbour of Cherbourg as being simply ridiculous.

We conclude the notice of the breakwater by stating that the materials of which it was composed have, under the united action of tides and storms, assumed an average section, which may be thus described. The total depth of water at high spring tides near the digue is 61 feet, and the average total width of the base is 298 or 300 feet nearly. The slopes assumed by the rubble have been, starting from the side towards the roads, of 1 to 1 from the bed of the sea to a height of 22 feet

below high-water line, there is then a very gentle slope of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet rise in  $19\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, towards the inner side of the vertical wall. The thickness of the wall, of the foundations, and of the risberme of artificial blocks lately placed to defend its feet, is at this level about 70 feet, and from thence the fore slope of the digue is carried, in the proportion of 10 base to 1 in height, to a depth of 49 feet below high-water line, or nearly 31 feet below low water of equinoctial spring tides; from whence the slope continues to the bed of the sea, in the proportions of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  base to 1 in height. During the construction of the vertical wall the rubble hearting of the digue compressed, even in the most solid portions, to the extent of 2 feet. The total cost of this gigantic undertaking, which has occupied the energies of the ablest engineers of France for the last seventy years, has been estimated at not less than £2,682,491 sterling.

The military port, or the arsenal, is not less marvellous than the artificial island which has thus been formed for its protection from the sea. It occupies a plot of ground about one mile in length, by an average width of 1,100 yards, and of an area equal to about 400 acres, immediately to the north-west of the town of Cherbourg. A great portion of the quay walls, shops, and batteries, towards the sea, on the eastern side of the arsenal, were founded in water 16 feet deep at low tides; but a portion much larger, of the various basins, has been excavated out of the solid rock, a member of the transition schists. The entrance to the outer harbour is 206 feet wide at the narrowest point, increasing gradually to 530 feet, with a minimum depth of water of  $58\frac{1}{2}$  feet; and the outer harbour itself is about  $776\frac{1}{2}$  feet long, by  $662\frac{3}{4}$  feet wide. In the middle of the north side is a lock of about 130 feet long, and 58 feet 7 wide, by means of which access is given to an inner harbour, or floating basin, 957 feet long by 712 feet 9 inches wide. On the western sides of both the inner and the outer harbours, are lock gates, which give access to the new basin lately inaugurated, which is 2,788 feet long, by 1,312 feet wide, and is entirely excavated out of the rock. There are four building slips for vessels of 120 guns, and one graving dock on the south side of the outer harbour, the former of which are 383 feet long by 78 feet 8 inches wide, and are covered with a very ingenious timber roof, without tie-beams at the feet; and the latter, or the graving dock, is 245 long, by about 78 feet wide, having a depth of water over the sill, at high tides, of about 27 feet 6 inches. There are no ships, or graving docks, round the inner harbour, for it serves more especially for the fitting or the unfitting of vessels; but it is surrounded by stores, magazines, shops, and lofts of every description. The new inner harbour, or the basin Napoleon,

has, however, no less than four graving docks on the north side; six building slips, and one small graving dock, on the west side; and two large double graving docks on the south side. None of these structures are yet covered; but, from the minute precautions which characterize the official style of building in France, it is only reasonable to conclude that, sooner or later, the various building slips will be roofed over. In addition to them, a series of stores, offices, barracks, and infirmaries, are either executed or contemplated; so that eventually everything required for the building, or the equipment, of a fleet, will be concentrated within the fortified enclosure of the arsenal of Cherbourg. The money already expended on the arsenal and breakwater cannot be less than £7,000,000 sterling, and perhaps another million or two must be expended before the whole of the works are completed. If the expense of the batteries and detached forts be added to the above sum, it is to be feared that France will be found to have paid rather dearly for its whistle of an arsenal on the Channel: and surely we Englishmen ought to be the last to blame Frenchmen, either for taking every possible precaution for the defence of a work which has cost them so very dear, or for feeling pride in the energy, perseverance, and skill, with which their engineers have struggled for so many years against nature itself, and have at last conquered her in the strife.

There seem to us to be some fair criticisms to be addressed to the plan of the basins at Cherbourg, and we also think that, in fact, the powers of that arsenal for offence have been sadly exaggerated. Owing to the positions of the locks, and of the building slips, we question whether more than eight large vessels could lie alongside of the quays at the same time in the outer harbour. For the same reason, we do not think that, by any ingenuity of packing, more than forty ships could be brought near enough for any useful purpose to the quays of the inner harbour, even if they were placed in double rows, a most inconvenient arrangement for shipping stores or men. As to loading at one tide 100,000 men, and their *matériel*, the supposition is purely and simply absurd; and the most cursory inspection of the maps of Cherbourg must convince any one that the whole of the works have been designed rather with reference to the production and repairs of a fleet, than for the loading of troops for any offensive purpose. Of course it would be folly to shut our eyes to the fact of the real capacities of Cherbourg, or to the equally important facts that the garrisons of such immense dépôts as those of Carentan, Caen, St. Lô, or Havre, could easily be embarked at other, and less ostentatiously, fortified points on the French coast. The latter have, however, been

entirely forgotten by the alarmists of the Tear 'em school, who are incapable of seeing beyond their noses, and are hardly able to see distinctly even within that limited range of vision.

As to the commercial port of Cherbourg, it is very insignificant in comparison with the military establishment, for the simple reasons that there is no natural commerce from or to the locality, and that the mercantile harbour has been established at a place where there is no water at low tides. There is a small trade from Cherbourg to the west of England in eggs, poultry, butter, fruit, and agricultural produce, and a rather large import trade of coal, timber, and other ship-building materials. But after all, the arsenal is the great consumer of the locality, and if it were withdrawn the port would at once subside into the obscurity from which it sprung. The population of the town itself is said to be 27,159, and that of the whole Département de la Manche 595,202 inhabitants.

The works of the commercial port may be described by saying that they are formed at the natural *embouchure* of the little river Divette, by means of two jetties of masonry. The eastern jetty, or the leeward one, is 804 feet long, and about 23 feet wide at the top, which is placed about 7 feet 6 inches above the high water-line of equinoctial spring-tides; whilst the western jetty, or the windward one, is only 394 feet long. Generally speaking, the windward jetties of harbours are extended beyond the leeward ones, but in this particular case an exception to the ordinary rule has been made, because the advanced works of the arsenal protect the entrance to the commercial port from the winds blowing from the west, so that it is only necessary to provide facilities for towing out vessels to water of sufficient depth on the lee side to allow of their getting at once enough weigh to be able to beat out of the shallows. The entrance channel of the commercial port lies nearly due north and south, and it is nearly dry at low springs. It gives admission to the outer harbour, which has a clear length of 768 feet, by a width of 630 feet, and is surrounded by quays of a width of 76 feet, finishing about 10 inches above the highest recorded tide. At the bottom of this outer harbour is a closed or floating basin, 1,332 feet long, by 417 feet wide, communicating with the outer harbour by means of a lock and turning bridge, having a clear water-way of 42 feet. There are some uncovered building slips, and a mole for careening vessels, at the inland extremity of the inner harbour; and provision has been made, by the formation of a large impounding reservoir, for the application of the waters of the Divette, between tides, to the purpose of scouring the harbour. There is a very good, but limited supply of water to a series of spring

taps all round the harbour ; but Cherbourg, like every other French town, Paris itself not even excepted, is totally void of either a decent system of sewerage or of water supply. In addition to these works of a purely commercial nature, there are some immense timber ponds formed, or being formed, near the Rocher des Flamands, but they are hardly of sufficient interest to merit a detailed description, perhaps hardly so much so as the oyster beds on the sea-shore, for the oysters from the Bay of Cancale are here fattened in great numbers for the delectation of Parisian *gourmets*. Possibly, the termination of the Caen and Cherbourg railway to Paris may give new life to the port ; but, at present, it cannot be considered anything more than an adjunct to the arsenal.

Now, really, is there any reason why the first maritime nation of the world should be frightened out of its propriety because its neighbour has striven, long and earnestly, to create for itself a powerful means of defence, which is, in fact, necessary to secure its position in Europe in case of a general war ? Surely France has a right to one arsenal on the Channel ; and if that arsenal be designed on a better, and more comprehensive plan than our own, which it unquestionably is, the common sense of our position is to employ better engineers than we have hitherto done, and to adapt our establishments to the requirements of the age. The great defect of our arsenals lies precisely in the want of unity of plan, and of a comprehensive system of arrangement, such as will prevail at Cherbourg when it shall be complete, for at present though "much has been done, still more remains to do," ere that establishment can be said to be in good working order. With our naval authorities the only system which has hitherto been followed in the construction of the arsenals has been an utter absence of system. A building slip has been placed here, a graving dock there, a masting shears at some other place, to suit the wants or the whims of a day ; but in no one of our dockyards can a ship be built, rigged, fitted, dismantled, or repaired, without its being necessary to perform a number of false manœuvres, and useless changes of position. Much of this has been avoided at Cherbourg, and though the great change which has taken place in naval architecture within the last twenty years has rendered some parts of the original plan obsolete, or it may be even useless, yet our administrators would do wisely to study the arrangements of this beautiful arsenal, for the sake of the lessons to be derived for their own improvement rather than, as we said before, for the unchristian and the childish, purpose of reviving nearly extinct national jealousies between the two leading nations of Europe.

We cannot conclude without expressing our regret that there

should not exist in our own language a series of monography on subjects connected with engineering, such as those cited at the head of these articles. We have indeed such works as the life of Telford, Sir J. Rennie's work on Harbours, Mr. E. Clark's work on the Menai Tubular Bridge; and the collection of Smeaton's Reports and Papers may well compare with De Cessart's book. But the large works thus cited are too costly, and too general in their character, to replace the able essays on the special subjects to which French engineers direct their attention. As to the works we have selected for notice at present, we cannot say that they are either elegantly or logically written; but they abound with useful information, they are clear and without prejudice, and we have great confidence in recommending their perusal to all who are interested in the science of hydraulic engineering.

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## ART. II.—THE REVISION OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.

1. *On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, in Connexion with some Recent Proposals for its Revision.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: John W. Parker & Son, West Strand. 1858.
2. *Biblical Revision: Considerations in favour of a Revised Translation of Holy Scripture.* By Edward Slater. London: John Farquhar Shaw. 1856.
3. *Revision of the Authorized Version. The English Bible, and our Duty with regard to it. With an Appendix, containing a Concordance of the most important terms in the New Testament, Compared with the Original Greek, adapted to the English Reader.* By Philalethes. Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill, 50, Upper Sackville Street. London: Whittaker & Co., Ave Maria Lane. 1857.
4. *The Gospel according to St. John, after the Authorized Version, newly compared with the Original Greek, and Revised by Five Clergymen.* London: John W. Parker & Son, West Strand. 1857.

It was with no small satisfaction we saw it announced that the learned and excellent Dean of Westminster had produced a work on the subject announced in the title of this article; and we have taken the earliest opportunity of examining what so competent an author has to say. But before we proceed to lay before our readers our remarks on his volume, we shall briefly dispose of the publications before us.



Mr. Slater's pamphlet deserves a careful perusal. He states briefly the main arguments for a revision of the English Bible, and he adduces sundry texts as they stand in our common version, as susceptible of improvement or correction. By printing in parallel columns "the old version," as he calls it, and "the new," he thinks he can "put the question before the ordinary English reader in a form to enable him to determine for himself, with tolerable correctness, the validity of the plea for a more correct version of Holy Writ" (p. 12). We doubt this. The "ordinary English reader" is not a competent judge; and it is vain to attempt to gain the suffrages of "ordinary readers" in favour of a revised version by such means. Devoutly pious and prayerful readers of their English Bibles love the very words of the book they have used all their days; and they love the whole so sincerely and so intensely that to expect *them* to prefer a new revision, placed side by side with *their own* precious Bible, endeared by long use and by many sacred associations, is to expect too much. Then as for careless and indifferent persons, who may look at the compared passages, they judge of the versions as a mere question of English literature. They are doubly disqualified. They have no feelings in sympathy with the subject, and are too little interested in the matter to pronounce a judgment of any weight in deciding the question.

We have more hope of the ultimate effect of such a specimen of revision as that offered by the "Five Clergymen," whose production is noted at the head of this article. They make their appeal, not to the mere "ordinary English reader," but to Christian scholars, to the most learned and best qualified to judge among the clergy as well as laity,—in short, to the Christian public, for their careful study and dispassionate sentence.

The first specimen Mr. Slater offers is, we think, ill chosen for his purpose. It is from Judges v.—the song of Deborah. The differences between the old and the new version, here presented to view, are many and striking; and are, most of them, of such a nature, that an "ordinary English reader" cannot say which is to be preferred. For it is not a question of rhythm, or grammar, or even perspicuity, which is presented to him, but a question of *interpretation* of the original text, which none but men learned in Hebrew can determine. We pass over other specimens the author has given, and also his enumeration of the advantages hoped for from the measure he advocates—advantages to the cause of religion, of education, of charity, of humanity. These are well stated, and we doubt not will in due time be realized, when the great work of revision is actually accomplished.

We must, however, express our doubts as to the wisdom of the proposal suggested by Mr. Slater, that our beloved Queen should "appoint to this work a body of men the most qualified for the task the realm affords." There are many preliminaries to be adjusted before we reach that stage of the enterprise; and even were preparations farther advanced than they are, it would still be requisite to consider very seriously whether the new version of the English Bible should be prepared by royal authority, and issued under the royal sanction. Such *may* eventually be the course to be taken, but it is neither a settled point, nor a necessary condition of our one day enjoying a Bible worthy of the zeal and erudition of the nineteenth century. In reference to royal authority in the matter of our "authorized" version, we would refer our readers to the sensible and enlightened remarks of Philalethes, in the pamphlet under that pseudonym, noted among other publications on a former page. We wish our space admitted of more enlarged reference to that pamphlet, which we have read with cordial approval. Philalethes is well read on the whole subject, and proves himself to be perfectly competent to treat the question of the revision of the English Bible in a broad, generous, and Christian spirit, neither trammelled by prejudices on the one hand, nor reckless of the consequences of change on the other.

We had marked several passages of this able pamphlet for extract, but must content ourselves with one which well expresses an opinion opposed to that of some men, who allege that the Greek scholarship of the day is not equal to the task of producing a revised New Testament such as we desiderate:—

"We have, doubtless, as good Greek scholarship in England as anywhere, but it has been hitherto almost entirely confined to the illustration of the dramatists. Editors of Æschylus and of Aristotle are fond of representing their works as material to aid the study of the Greek Testament, and rightly so; but it seems not to have occurred to them that, while every one was engaged in adding to the vast mass of materials, the structure itself was wholly neglected. It is a fact, that in the middle of the nineteenth century we are still in want of a good Lexicon to the New Testament. Now, at last, scholars have turned their attention to the subject. We have promised Lexicons, and we already possess commentaries by Mr. Alford, Mr. Ellicott, and others, which will not suffer by comparison with those of any age or country. The long-neglected study of Hebrew, also, is beginning to revive; but as yet the greatest works of Hebrew learning come from Germany. We have not a sufficient number of *proved* scholars to afford scope for the selection of revisers in whom the public would have confidence, nor have we a learned public capable of estimating scholarship, or testing its results. How

then is England to obtain that 'company of wise and cunning craftsmen into whose hands she may hopefully confide her jewel of most precious price?' Mr. Ellicott answers judiciously,—By encouraging small bands of scholars to make independent efforts on separate books, by their failures to learn wisdom, out of their censors to secure coadjutors, and by their partial success to win over the prejudiced and gainsaying."—P. 38.

Mr. Alford and Mr. Ellicott are two of the five clergymen,\* who have given the first instalment of their quota of "independent effort on separate books" of the New Testament. The Gospel of St. John, as revised by them, is printed in parallel columns with the received version, and we trust this first specimen of their learned labours will be followed up soon by similar revisions of other parts of the New Testament. Indeed, their revision of the Epistle to the Romans is already before the public, but we cannot now do more than recommend these very respectable and able essays to the attention of our intelligent readers. We now come to the work of Dr. Trench.

Though the volume extends to no more than about one hundred and forty pages, he has managed within that space to give a thorough sifting to the opinions current on the theme, and to state his own.

By confining his inquiries upon revision to the New Testament, Dr. Trench has narrowed the problem, and given greater definiteness and practicability to the valuable thoughts he has submitted upon it. The same principles are of course involved, whether the revision of the Old Testament or the New be contemplated; but by taking the New Testament by itself, the difficulties arising out of the Hebrew text are left untouched, and the discussion is kept within more moderate compass.

—Before opening Dr. Trench's volume, we anticipated that he would address himself to the subject with characteristic calmness and breadth of view; nor have we been disappointed. We shall let our readers judge for themselves, by giving such extracts as may enable them to see the light in which our author views the question of the revision of the New Testament; and to what extent he considers revision called for, or desirable.

After referring in his Introductory Remarks to the prominence this question has now assumed, he says:—

"It is manifestly a question of such immense importance, the issues depending on a right solution of it so vast and solemn, that it may well claim a temperate and wise discussion. Nothing is gained,

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\* John Barrow, D.D., George Moberly, D.C.L., and William C. Humphry, B.D., are the remaining three clergymen of the five.

on the one hand, by vague and general charges of inaccuracy brought against our version ; they require to be supported by detailed proofs. Nothing, on the other hand, is gained by charges and insinuations against those who urge a revision, as though they desired to undermine the foundations of the religious life and faith in England ; were Socinians in disguise, or Papists—Socinians who hoped that, in another translation, the witness to the Divinity of the Son and of the Spirit might prove less clear than in the present—Papists who desired that the authority of the English Scripture, the only Scripture acceptable to the great body of the people, might be so shaken, and rendered so doubtful, that men would be driven to their Church, and to its authority, as the only authority that remained. As little is the matter advantaged, or in any way brought nearer to a settlement, by sentimental appeals to the fact that this, which it is now proposed to alter, has been the Scripture of our childhood, in which we and so many generations before us first received the tidings of everlasting life. All this, well as it may deserve to be considered, yet as argument at all deciding the question, will sooner or later have to be cleared away ; and the facts of the case, apart from cries, and insinuations, and suggestions of evil motives, and appeals to the religious passions and prejudices of the day—apart, too, from feelings which in themselves demand the highest respect—will have to be dealt with in that spirit of seriousness and earnestness which a matter affecting so profoundly the whole moral and spiritual life of the English people, not to speak of nations yet unborn, abundantly deserves.”—P. 3.

Would that this spirit of seriousness and earnestness pervaded all who approached this question. There is reason to fear that some have spoken and written upon it rather under the influence of inveterate prejudice, or of unreasoning alarm ; and so they wrap it up as men usually do who take counsel of their fears rather than of a sound judgment. But before giving any further remarks of our own, we must cite another paragraph :—

“ In the pages which follow, I propose not mainly to advocate a revision, nor mainly to dissuade one, but to consider rather the actual worth of our present translation—its strength, and also any weaknesses which may affect that strength—its beauty, and also the blemishes which impair that beauty in part,—the grounds on which a new revision of it may be demanded,—the inconveniences, difficulties, the dangers, it may be, which would attend such a revision ; and thus, so far as this lies in my power, to assist others who may not have been able to give special attention to this subject, to form a decision for themselves. I will not in doing so pretend that my own mind is entirely in equilibrium on the subject. On the whole, I am persuaded that a revision ought to come ; I am convinced that it will come. Not, however, I would trust, as yet ; for we are not as yet in any respect prepared for it ; the Greek and the English which

should enable us to bring this to a successful end might, it is to be feared, be wanting alike. Nor certainly do I underrate the other difficulties which would beset such an enterprise; they look, some of them, the more serious the more I contemplate them: and yet, believing that this mountain of difficulty will have to be surmounted, I can only trust and believe that it, like so many other mountains, will not on nearer approach prove so formidable as at distance it appears. Only let the Church, when the due time shall arrive, address herself to this work with earnest prayer for the Divine guidance, her conscience bearing her witness that in no spirit of idle innovation, that only out of dear love to her Lord and his truth, and out of an allegiance to that truth which overbears every other consideration, with an earnest longing to present his Word, whereof she is the guardian, in all its sincerity to her children, she has undertaken this hard and most perilous task, and in some way or other every difficulty will be overcome. Whatever pains and anxieties the work may cost her, she will feel herself abundantly rewarded if only she is able to offer God's Word to her children, not indeed free from all marks of human infirmity clinging to its outward form,—for we shall have God's treasure in earthen vessels still,—but with some of these blemishes which she now knows of removed, and altogether approaching nearer to that which she desires to see it—namely, a work without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; a perfect copy of an archetype that is perfect.”—P. 4.

Referring to his own work as a contribution toward the accomplishment of the object, he speaks in this sensible and modest strain:—

“To have cast even a mite into this treasury of the Lord, to have brought the smallest stone which it is permitted to build into the walls of this house, to have detected one smallest blemish that would not otherwise have been removed, to have made in any way whatever a single suggestion of lasting value toward the end here in view, is something for which to be for ever thankful. It is in that intention, with this hope, that I have ventured to publish these pages.”—P. 5.

The sentiment in this passage we would humbly adopt as our own, and claim for the remarks we now make the merit, at least, of being a willing and grateful offering to the cause of Scripture truth and purity. The Dean of Westminster, in a paragraph above quoted, speaks of *a revision coming*; and utters his conviction that “it will come;” but a work of toil, anxiety, protracted study, and united effort, cannot in the nature of things come as we speak of the appointed weeks of harvest coming, without due preparation—without much preparatory work—without earnest consultation and strenuous endeavours of men desirous to help forward the work. Without such preliminary toil, anticipative of a blessed and successful issue, a

revision will never come. Hence the importance we attach to the publication before us—and we may add without arrogance—to every worthy attempt by reviewers and otherwise, to keep the subject before the minds of the public.

Dr. Trench, in the second chapter of his book, "On the English of the Authorized Version," in just and measured language estimates the merit of that translation, and vindicates it against the charge of being inexact in rendering the meaning of the original. This he does on the ground that the English language itself has been undergoing a gradual change, and that words have drifted imperceptibly away from those meanings they bore two hundred and fifty years ago, when King James's version was made. No doubt, he says, our authorized version, by its recognised authority, has given fixity to the meaning of words, which otherwise they would not have possessed; but the currents at work in language have often been so strong as to overbear this influence. Of this the author then gives some examples.

We would only remark in passing, that the defence here set up for our authorized version, that its language was not wanting in precision at the time it was made, serves but to prove the advantage, not to say the necessity, of a revision now. The reason for insisting on a revision is not that our translators were unfaithful or incompetent, but that with all their high merits and unquestionable learning, diligence, and acumen, the changes our language has undergone, to say nothing of the philological advantages we possess above the scholars of the beginning of the seventeenth century, sufficiently warrant the attempt. If we are as yet incompetent to the task, or have not our tools in readiness for it, that is another affair; and we shall come to that view of the question by-and-bye.

Dr. Trench, with much good taste and right feeling, shows the evil that would arise were all the old but not obsolete words expunged from our version, and modern ones substituted for them. He refers to some critics, who, in this way, would have swept away many hundreds of good words, and thereby reduced our English Bible to at best a patchwork of old English and new, recommended by no superior plainness or accuracy, and offensive to the ear of taste and the heart of piety. He adverts also to the fact of so long a period as two hundred and fifty years having elapsed since our present version came into use, as greatly enhancing the difficulty of dealing with it. The problem, however, although now very complicated, is not insoluble; the difficulties, although great, are not insurmountable; and since a period of two centuries and a half has rendered the task of revision so formidable, it is not easy to see how *delay* is



to render it easier. If we are not yet ready to undertake the work, let it not be attempted at present; but let not a day be lost in setting about such preparation as may be requisite. Dr. Trench refers to "some suggested changes that would be positively offensive," and he adduces specimens of proposed renderings of certain texts, which we agree with him in saying would be no gain either in perspicuity or accuracy. But these unsuccessful attempts prove nothing but the incompetence of the self-constituted revisers; and when we see "what manner of stuff is offered to us in exchange for the language of our authorized version, we learn to prize it more highly than ever;" and yet we feel that the question of the importance and necessity of the revision proposed remains untouched. Our author is too candid not to admit that there have been more successful attempts than those here referred to; and he mentions with well-merited commendation, the "Revision of the Authorized Version by Five Clergymen." Of that attempt, he says:—

"It is an eminent merit of the work of these five clergymen, of which the Gospel of St. John, and the Epistle to the Romans have already appeared, that they have not merely urged by precept, but shown by proof, that it is possible to revise our version, and at the same time to preserve unimpaired the character of the English in which it is composed."—P. 25.

It appears to us, that the specimen these five clergymen have given us, should set at rest all suspicions as to the "great harm and loss" to be suffered from *any* attempt to meddle with our venerable translation. Whatever may be thought of the correctness of some of their proposed alterations, it must be admitted that the character of our version itself remains the same—its solemn dignity, its fine rhythm, its expressive simplicity, its faithful rendering of the idioms of the original tongues, without violating the idioms of our own. These appear in all their integrity in the work of these learned men. On this point we must give a few more of Dr. Trench's well-chosen words:—

"Nor is it only on this account [that it preserves unimpaired the character of the English in which it is composed] that we may accept this work as by far the most hopeful contribution which we have yet had to the solution of a great and difficult problem; but also as showing that where reverent hands touch that building, which some would have wholly pulled down that it might be wholly built up again, these find only the need of here and there replacing a stone which had been incautiously built into the wall, or which, trustworthy material once, has now yielded to the lapse and injury of time, while they leave the building itself in its main features and framework untouched."—P. 25 (note).

The next chapter, "On some Questions of Translation," is an important one, and suggests some thoughts which may be of great use to those who may one day be employed in the responsible task of making a revision of our English Bible for common use. Dr. Trench states, with clearness and with becoming solemnity, the difficulties attending every attempt to translate the inspired oracles from one language into another. These difficulties, great even in the case of translating some high and original work of human genius, can "nowhere be so many and so great as in the rendering of that Book which is sole of its kind; which reaches far higher heights, and far deeper depths, than any other; which has words of God and not of man for its substance; while the importance of success or failure, with the far-reaching issues which will follow on the one or the other, sinks in each other case into absolute insignificance as compared with their importance here."

The following sentences come home to our own heart, for we have ourselves felt the burden of that responsibility our author speaks of, and that to a degree which must be experienced to be understood. We *know* of such a thing as a translator's health actually giving way, not under the mere tension of mind as engaged in severe study, but under the load of anxiety, and the racking perplexity of one who felt that the work he was engaged in would affect, for good or evil, whole nations for generations to come, as he performed his task well or ill. On this head Dr. Trench says—

"The missionary translator, if he be at all aware of the awful implement which he is wielding, of the tremendous crisis in a people's spiritual life which has arrived, when their language is first made the vehicle of revealed truths, will often tremble at the work he has in hand—tremble lest he should be permanently lowering or confusing the whole religious life of a people, by choosing a meaner, and letting go a nobler, word for the setting forth of some leading truth of redemption. . . . And even where the issues are not so vast and awful, . . . how much may turn on having or not having the appropriate word. Very often there is none such; and some common, some profane word has to be seized, and set apart, and sanctified, and gradually to be impregnated with a higher and holier meaning than any which, before its adoption into this sacred service, it knew. Sometimes, when the transfer is being made into a language which has already received a high development, the embarrassment will not be this, but the opposite to this. Two, or it may be more words will present themselves, each inadequate, yet each with its own advantages, so that it shall be exceedingly difficult for the most skilful master of language to determine which ought to be preferred."—  
P. 86.

Such remarks do not seem to us to be irrelevant to the subject our author had more immediately before him. They serve to show in how cautious and in how prayerful a spirit so responsible and so difficult a task—the translation of the Scriptures for the first time into the language of a whole people—actually is; and not less responsible, and not less arduous, is the task of the men who undertake to *revise* an existing version. Right impressions as to this are of unspeakable value, and therefore we have great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the just sentiments expressed by Dr. Trench on this head. He has evidently *thought* much more than he has written, and accordingly his concise utterances have great weight, and deserve to be carefully considered. Thus, before entering on the subject of his fourth chapter, “On some Unnecessary Distinctions introduced,” he has a paragraph or two, which we must lay before our readers:—

“The advantages, doubtless, were great of coming, as our translators did, in the rear of other translators, of inheriting from those who went before them so large a stock of work well done, of successful renderings, of phrases already consecrated by long usage in the Church. It was a signal gain that they had not, in the fabric which they were constructing, to make a new framework throughout, but needed only here and there to insert new materials where the old from any cause were faulty or out of date; that of them it was not demanded that they should make a translation where none existed before, nor yet that they should bring a good translation out of a bad or indifferent one; but only a best, and that not out of one, but out of many good ones preceding. None who have ever engaged in the work of translating but will freely acknowledge that in this their gain was most real; and they well understood how to turn their advantages to account.

“Yet, vast as these doubtless were, they were not without certain accompanying drawbacks. He who revises repeatedly, when he comes to the task of revision with a confidence, here abundantly justified, in the general excellency of that which he is revising, is in constant danger of allowing his vigilance to sleep, and of thus passing over errors which he would not himself have originated, had he been thrown altogether on his own resources. I cannot but think that in this way the watchfulness of our translators, or revisers rather, has been sometimes remitted, and that errors and inaccuracies, which they would not themselves have introduced, they have yet passed by and allowed. A large proportion of the errors in our translation are thus an inheritance from former versions. This is not, indeed, any excuse, for they who passed them by became responsible for them; but is merely mentioned as accounting for the existence of many.”—P. 48.

To this we might add that, as King James's company of

translators were men very deferential and polite to each other, it is quite supposable that oversights committed by one band of these translators might be too easily passed when undergoing revision by the rest. This, no doubt, accounts for existing discrepancies between the work of some companies of these men, and the work of others, and too little care was taken to reconcile these differences, and reduce the whole to a uniform and homogeneous texture. Two obvious practical lessons may be deduced from these views. First, if our translators, who were in fact *revisers* also, were "in constant danger of allowing their vigilance to sleep, because they came to their task with a confidence in the general excellency of that which they were revising," it is manifest that those who now undertake the revision of our English New Testament will be exposed to special danger of relaxing their vigilance; and, therefore, should guard against that temptation with special care. Second, the fact that our translators actually "allowed their vigilance to sleep," and so left their work less perfect than it might have been—and of this Dr. Trench has collected many examples—becomes one valid reason among others, why a revision should be undertaken.

The learned Dean gives many illustrative instances in the course of his work of the imperfections adhering to our authorized version; and, in whatever way we may account for them, there they are; and surely no one should wish them to remain if they can be removed. It would be out of the question to transcribe more than a single specimen or two of what is here referred to. The following may suffice:—

"It will sometimes happen that, when St. Paul is pursuing a close train of reasoning, and one which demands severest attention, the difficulties of his argument, not small in themselves, are aggravated by the use of different words when he has used the same; the word being sometimes the very key of the whole; as, for instance, in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. λογίζομαι occurs eleven times in this chapter. We may say that it is the key to St. Paul's argument throughout, being everywhere employed most strictly in the same sense, and that a technical and theological; but our translators have no fixed rule of rendering it. Twice they render it 'count' (v. 3, 5), six times 'impute' (v. 6, 8, 11, 22, 23, 24), and three times 'reckon' (v. 4, 9, 10). While at Gal. iii. 6, they introduce a fourth rendering, 'account.' Let the student read this chapter, employing everywhere 'reckon,' or, which would be better, 'impute,' and observe how much of clearness and precision St. Paul's argument would in this way acquire."—P. 53.

Every person competent to form a judgment in this matter—and English readers are competent as well as Greek scholars—must at once see that revision is here called for,

would be very easy, would involve no departure from the *style* of the old version, and would add greatly to the true value of the English New Testament, making it, so far as this chapter and the word in question are concerned, a fair transcript of the original. Dr. Trench gives many instances of texts where emendation is equally needed, and would be equally practicable. In some places the uncalled-for change in the translation of a word may involve no doctrinal error, and yet it is injurious to the sense, and unfaithful to the inspired original. Sometimes our translators neglect "the finer and more delicate turns of the rhetoric of St. Paul" by losing sight of terms containing allusions to similar words in the context. The point of a sentence often lies in the recurrence of the same word, and when another is employed, of course the point is lost. Acts xvii. 18 compared with verse 23, 1 Cor. iii. 17, Matt. xxi. 41, Gal. iii. 24, contain illustrations of this. The following remark is too important to be passed without notice :—

"It would have been clearly desirable that where in two or even three gospels exactly the same words, recording the same event, or the same conversation, occur in the original, the identity should have been expressed by the use of exactly the same words in the English. This continually is not the case. Thus Matt. xxvi. 41, and Mark xiv. 38 exactly correspond in the Greek, while in the translation the words appear in St. Matthew, 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak;' in St. Mark, 'Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation; the spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak.' So too, in a quotation from the Old Testament, where two or more sacred writers cite it in identical words, this fact ought to be reproduced in the version." —P. 59.

Another to this effect bears upon the same subject :—

"Sometimes interesting and important relations between different parts of Scripture would come out more strongly, if what is precisely similar in the original had reappeared as precisely similar in the translation." —P. 59.

This remark is illustrated by an array of instances, for which we must refer to the work on our table. It is no good reason for allowing such variations to remain, that many of them contain no real error, and convey no false impression of the Greek text. They do at least convey this false impression, that the English reader may conclude that, when the version is given in different words, the original must contain the warrant for this difference by a corresponding variety of phrase. In the important duty of searching the Scriptures, the comparison of similar or nearly related texts is an essential element; and

the English reader ought to have all the help which accurate translation can yield. Our authorized version, with all its excellence, fails in this particular. By the loose and uncertain rendering of words, the English student is deprived of the means of tracing phrases which are identical in the original, and wanders in uncertainty among words nearly synonymous, and which perhaps give the sense, but with the unnecessary changes of word and phrase, obscuring the relation of one part of Scripture to another, and multiplying the occasions of misinterpretation.

The chapter where the remarks we have now cited occur is "On some Unnecessary Distinctions introduced." The next is "On some Real Distinctions effaced." This title will at once convey to our readers an exact idea of the class of errors or oversights belonging to this division of the subject, and it will at once be manifest that, as great disadvantages to the English student will spring out of the effacing of distinctions where they really exist, as out of the making of distinctions where there are none. Both classes of imperfect translation require the careful and patient study of a reviser, and their existence constitutes one part of the argument for a revision. And we can scarcely believe that those writers who have wielded their pens against the sacred task devolving upon the best and most learned men of the Church, can have duly examined the subject on which they hold and publish so decided an opinion. As to real distinctions which are effaced in our translation, it is freely admitted that, in many instances, the poverty of our English tongue, and our paucity of terms as compared with the Greek, must bear the blame. But there are other instances where the distinction in the original might have been marked in the translation, and ought to have been. Our author comments with great good sound sense, and with much nice discrimination, on such words as these: ἄδης and γέννα, θηρίον and ζῶον, δούλοι and διάκονοι, ἀπιστία and ἀπείθεια, σοφός and φρόνιμος, ἄφροισις and πάρεσις, and others. One short paragraph on this head, relating to a term of deep significance, and obscured or obliterated by our translators neglecting the precision demanded of them, is so good a specimen of biblical criticism in itself, altogether apart from its bearing on the argument for revision, that we are tempted to cite it.

"Our translators obliterate, for the most part, the distinction between παῖς Θεοῦ, and υἱός Θεοῦ, as applied to Christ. There are five passages in the New Testament in which the title παῖς Θεοῦ, is given to the Son of God. In the first of these (Matt. xii. 18), they have rendered παῖς by 'servant;' and they would have done well if they had abode by this in the other four. These all occur in the



Acts, and in every one of them the notion of 'servant' is abandoned, and 'son' (Acts iii. 13, 26), or 'child' (Acts iv. 27, 30), introduced. I am persuaded that in this they were in error. *παῖς Θεοῦ* might be rendered 'servant of God,' and I am persuaded that it ought. It might be, for it needs not to say that *παῖς* is continually used like the Latin 'puer,' in the sense of servant, and in the Septuagint *παῖς Θεοῦ*, as the servant of God. David calls himself so no less than seven times in 2 Sam. vii; so Luke i. 69; Acts iv. 25; Job i. 8; Ps. xix. 11, 13. But not merely it might have been thus rendered; it also should have been, as these reasons convince me. Every student of prophecy must have noticed how much there is in Isaiah prophesying of Christ under the aspect of 'the servant of the Lord;' 'Israel my servant;' 'My servant whom I uphold' (Isa. xliii. 1—7; xlix. 1—12; lii. 13; liii. 12). I say prophesying of Christ; for I dismiss as a baseless dream of those who, *a priori*, are determined that there are, and therefore shall be, no prophecies in Scripture, the notion that 'the servant of Jehovah' in Isaiah is Israel, according to the flesh, or Isaiah himself, or the body of the prophets collectively considered, or any other except Christ himself. But it is quite certain from the inner harmonies of the Old Testament and the New, that wherever there is a large group of prophecies in the Old, there is some allusion to them in the New. Unless, however, we render *παῖς Θεοῦ* by 'servant of God' in the places where that phrase occurs in the New, there will be no allusion throughout it all to that group of prophecies which designate the Messiah as the servant of Jehovah, who learned obedience by the things which he suffered. I cannot doubt, and, as far as I know, this is the conclusion of all who have considered the subject, that *παῖς Θεοῦ* should be rendered 'servant of God,' as often as in the New Testament it is used of Christ. His *Sonship* will remain sufficiently declared in innumerable other passages."—P. 69.

The reference here to the Old Testament, and its phraseology as reflected in the New, opens up before us an aspect of the question of revision, which we cannot designate by any other term that expresses our idea of it, but by the term *formidable*. Dr. Trench, in the work before us, confines himself to the New Testament, as the very title of his volume shows; but whenever the question of revision shall be taken up for the practical working out of the problem, it will be found impossible to undertake a revision of the New Testament without taking into account the Old, and dealing with texts and references belonging to that portion of revelation, as the occasion demands. Not that the actual revision of both Testaments must go on simultaneously, and by the same set of literary workmen; but on the understanding that principles laid down, canons admitted, and style and manner adopted, shall be applicable alike to every part of the sacred books, and not be confined to certain portions of them.

Hebrew criticism, therefore, as well as Greek criticism, must be brought to bear on the work; and what is more, the Old Testament must be revised so as to be at once homogeneous and pure throughout, according to the canons; and the New Testament, in like manner, must be rendered homogeneous and correct, as Dr. Trench has shown; and, at the same time, both Testaments must be made one harmonious whole, as uniform in the rendering of words and phrases throughout the entire Scriptures as sound criticism shall direct and guide.

This, in truth, is a *formidable* task, and we have never thought or written of it as otherwise. But that ought not to be regarded as any argument at all for not attempting it. Rather let us say, for not making all possible *preparation* for it. We have no hesitation in expressing our concurrence with the opinion of those who say that there are preliminary points to be settled, and important questions to be determined as to the Hebrew and Greek texts to be used as the standards of the proposed revision. We repeat our conviction to the same effect, but with equal earnestness would we maintain that no time should be lost in making all the progress our best scholarship can enable us to make, in paving the way for the contemplated undertaking.

We may recur to this ere we close, but before doing so, have still some account to give of the remaining chapters of the work before us.

Dr. Trench devotes a chapter to another particular, proving at once the confessedly imperfect state of our version as it stands, and the advantage of revision. It is "On some Better Renderings forsaken, or placed in the margin." He adduces many passages illustrative of the fact assumed in this title. They deserve careful study, and we think few scholars will dissent from the conclusions of our author. As to the renderings placed in the margin, they are often preferable to those inserted in the text, and yet for the great mass of readers of the sacred Scriptures they are as good as non-existent; for only the Bibles printed with marginal references contain them, and so they are excluded from all the commonly used and smaller editions. This is a serious matter, for it deprives that class of persons who need every help and facility for the understanding of their Bibles of an important means of interpretation placed within the reach of the richer and better instructed portions of the community.

Our learned author is very careful to show that he has a very high estimate of the care and diligence of our translators, although some *maculæ* may still be detected in their work. Dr. Trench need scarcely have formally professed this deep reverence and high respect for the distinguished men who are known

as the revisers or translators of the version of the English Bible in common use ; for the entire spirit of his work is pervaded with thankful and admiring acknowledgment of their merits. This gives double emphasis to his opinion as to there being ample room for now undertaking such a revision of our authorized version, as those men undertook of previously existing translations in their day. Their work was a great improvement on what their predecessors had achieved ; and it seems scarcely credible that a wise revision, made with all the advantages possessed by biblical scholars of the nineteenth century, would not be an improvement on the work of King James's translators. We only add here, that he must be a weak reasoner, as well as a timid friend of truth, who would ascribe the diligence of such men as the author before us in pointing out defects in our English Bibles, to a low estimate of the version as a whole ; and would plead for the retention of those defects, lest the removal of them might injure the cause of true religion.

There are interests—pecuniary interests—vested interests—literary interests, which will be seriously affected by a revision of the Old and New Testament ; and it is needless to mince the matter. Were a revised Bible to come into use, the existing *stock* of all the great printing and publishing establishments would be greatly reduced in market value. This deterioration is clearly understood by the parties interested, and they, of course, will be strongly opposed to the contemplated undertaking. It is not in the nature of things that they should regard favourably a proposal which would reduce their large and costly stock of Bibles of all forms, and sizes, and prices, to the value of a superseded article. Without imputing either to Bible Societies or to mercantile establishments a mercenary spirit, or a disregard to the interests of God's pure truth, it is quite conceivable that their position may blind them to the force of arguments for a revision, and that from such bodies may be expected the most strenuous and systematic opposition. To them the evils and dangers of forsaking the Bible of our forefathers, and of our own childhood, as they will phrase it, will appear of gigantic proportions, while the advantages to be derived from a well, and cautiously, and reverently revised Bible will appear infinitesimally small.

The seventh chapter, "On some Errors of Greek Grammar in our Version," opens up a new field for critical study, and sheds fresh light on the question of revision, affording additional proof that it is greatly needed. The Greek grammar is better understood now than at the period when our version was made, and many niceties of meaning, dependent on the proper rendering of the Greek particles, have been overlooked by our translators.

How much the sense is affected by these small mistranslations, as some may deem them, is best understood by those who are in the habit of reading the New Testament in the original, and carefully weighing every portion of it, losing sight entirely of the English version. Then verbal allusions spring up to view that are lost to the English reader, connexions of words and ideas that are broken off by neglecting the use of words, which bind the whole together, and the beauty and force of many portions of the Divine Book are marred. We cannot do better here than quote a brief passage in which Dr. Trench states what are the most frequently recurring blemishes which he has noted belonging to this category. They are these—

“1. A failing to give due heed to the presence or absence of the article; they omit it sometimes, when it is present in their original, and when, according to the rules of the language, it ought to be preserved in the translation; they insert it when it is absent there, and has no claim to have found admission from them. 2. A certain laxity in the rendering of prepositions; for example, *in* is rendered as if it were *in*, and *vice versa*; the different forces of *διά*, as it governs a genitive or an accusative, are disregarded, with other inaccuracies of the same kind. 3. Tenses are not always accurately discriminated; aorists are dealt with as perfects, perfects as aorists; the force of the imperfect is not always given. Moods, too, and voices are occasionally confounded. 4. Other grammatical lapses, which cannot be included in any of these divisions, are noticeable. These, however, are the most serious and most recurring.”—P. 85.

For the numerous examples produced by Dr. Trench under these heads, we must refer to his book, and also to the following chapter, “On some Words wholly or partially Mistranslated.” The fair and candid spirit of our author is shown in a chapter devoted to some charges unjustly brought against our version. Here he vindicates the translators from charges affecting their honour and good faith. They are accused of tampering with the integrity of the text, giving a version which suited some party, or promoted some supposed interest, regardless of the violation of principle. After all, the passages are few that can be justly regarded as so dealt with, and we are disposed to admit Dean Trench’s explanations as at once charitable and honourable to the authors of our version.

The last chapter of the work is in some sense the most important of all, for it is “On the Best Means of Carrying out a Revision.” Dr. Trench by no means overlooks the difficulties and dangers which beset a revision; and he states as one of the first the formation of a Greek text which the revised version would seek to represent. He also gives prominence to another

consideration, which weighs much with him as at once a minister of the English Church, and a man who values the Christian bonds which unite Churchmen and Dissenters as having a common faith. He considers our English version as one of the chief bonds that bind the one to the other, and that that bond would be snapped asunder by the introduction of a revised version. We confess that we do not see that this effect must necessarily follow. May not the work be so conducted as to combine the suffrages of all? May not Dissenters take a part as learned men in the task, and be acknowledged by their brethren of the Establishment in that capacity, and may not their common work become the joint inheritance of all? Dr. Trench suggests "a most serious consideration" in the form of a query—"Will one revision satisfy?" and shrinks from the anticipated *instability* frequent changes would occasion. On this we need not enlarge, and can now make room for only one extract more, which we commend to the serious attention of all who feel interested in this momentous question :—

"These are the main arguments, as it seems to me, against a revision of our version; none will deny their weight. Indeed, there are times when the whole matter presents itself as so full of difficulty and doubtful hazard, that one could be well content to resign all gains that would accrue from this revision, and only ask that all things might remain as they were. But this, I am persuaded, is impossible; however we may be disposed to let the question alone, it will not let us alone. It has been too effectually stirred ever again to go to sleep; and the difficulties, be they few or many, will have one day to be encountered. The time will come when the inconveniences of remaining where we are will be so manifestly greater than the inconveniences of action, that this last will become inevitable. There will be danger in both courses, for that word of the Latin moralist is a profoundly true one, 'Nunquam periculum sine periculo vincitur;' but the lesser danger will have to be chosen; and that will be in the course which I desire; not that we should now take, but should prepare ourselves for afterwards taking, and should regard as one which we are inevitably approaching."—P. 137.

We find it needful to come to a close without dwelling as we might have done on the suggestions here thrown out as to the means of carrying out the proposed revision. They are summed up in the selection of a body of learned men to whom the task may be confided, and whose labours, in due time being published, the revision will be left to make its way gradually as its excellence is perceived, and prejudice against it dies away, just as our own version gradually superseded the Bishops' Bible,

and the Geneva version, the one the favourite of Churchmen, the other of the Puritans.

Of all the works that have yet appeared on the subject of our authorized version, and the necessity for its revision, we consider Dr. Trench's as furnishing the most conclusive arguments in favour of the proposal. His statements have all the more weight that his volume breathes nothing of the air of controversy. It is as calm and dispassionate, as candid and impartial, as if the author had no leaning to one opinion on the subject more than another. No one, therefore, can regard him as a partisan or a pleader for a foregone conclusion. From his position and character we should deem him conservative enough to prefer allowing things to remain as they are. Clergymen of the Church of England are never among the first to propose or to patronize innovations. Their educational prejudices, to say nothing of more selfish motives, would dictate rather opposition to change. But the Dean of Westminster is too enlightened and liberal a man to be fettered by class prejudices, or to dispose of such questions as the revision of our English Scriptures by considerations drawn from the influence of such a measure upon the section of the Church to which he belongs. Dear as the Church of England doubtless is to him, truth is dearer still; and he surely must be perfectly satisfied that his Church can have no interests he would wish to preserve, which are not in harmony with the truth of the Scriptures, truly translated, and faithfully interpreted.

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### ART. III.—BACON'S PHILOSOPHY.

1. *Bacon : sa Vie, son Temps, sa Philosophie, son Influence jusqu'à nos jours.* Par Charles de Rémusat, de l'Académie Française. 8vo. Paris : Didier.
2. *Francis Bacon of Verulam. Realistic Philosophy and its Age.* By Kuno Fischer. Translated from the German, by John Oxenford. 8vo. London : Longman.

THE controversies which have from time to time divided metaphysicians, respecting the claims of Bacon and Descartes, do not seem yet satisfactorily settled. Indeed, will they ever be settled? We doubt it. Four hundred years ago, university students were wont to draw their rapiers in the streets of Paris in defence of either Aristotle or Plato. We, the philosophers



of the nineteenth century, do not resort to *voies de fait* as the means of silencing our opponents; but, under different names, it is still the same discussion which is going on, for whether it be Aristotle and Plato, or Bacon and Descartes, the real question in dispute is the following one: Whence do our ideas originate? are we indebted for them to our senses alone or no? Idealism on the one hand, sensationalism on the other: such are the two terms of the argumentation, such are the two poles around which all the metaphysical evolutions of mankind have taken place.

It is about thirty years since a great reaction towards idealism set in throughout the whole of Europe. The teaching of Messrs. Royer-Collard, and Cousin, in France, and of Kant in Germany, had dealt a mortal blow to the infidelity and materialism of the last century; then Descartes was, for a short time, reinstated to his position as the founder of modern philosophy. Now, it is quite different; with the growth of positivism, with the popularity of Feuerbach, Bruno Bauer, and their disciples, Bacon has gradually been recovering his lost authority; to him both critics and admirers trace the earliest manifestations of a system which we now see in full luxuriance; in short, the author of the "*Novum Organum*" may be considered as the god of contemporary thinkers, and M. Auguste Comte is his prophet.

Under these circumstances we are not astonished at seeing new monographies of Bacon claiming the attention of the public; works bearing the names of Dr. Fischer and M. Charles de Rémusat, would at all times be entitled to the most serious consideration; but the volumes now before us come with special *à propos*, and we shall proceed, without any further preface, to examine, as completely as we can, the conclusions embodied in them.

The life of Bacon, which forms the subject of M. de Rémusat's first book, is now so well known that it need not detain us. What we want to find out is, his thought, his doctrine, the true interpretation of those views which not long since excited the enthusiasm of Diderot, and the indignation of Count de Maistre. One preliminary question arises here, however, which must be disposed of, and to which Dr. Fischer supplies a satisfactory answer. Some persons regret that, being a scientific character of the first order, Bacon should have, at the same time, allowed ambition to lead him away from the repose of a scholar's life to the turmoil of high and influential office. Yet,—

"The misfortune was his destiny, and likewise the destiny of his

science. Not only he, but his science also, was too ambitious, too practical, too much open to the world, to bury itself in seclusion. To advance the power of man is, on one occasion, called, by Bacon himself, the highest degree of ambition. And this ambition belonged to his science; this effort was its first and last thought; on account of this very ambition, Bacon became a scientific character. His science was of a kind that could not endure a life of quiet retirement; it would rather float along the stream of the world than remain in a state of tranquil and secluded contemplation. 'A talent is cultivated in seclusion,—a character in the stream of the world.' To adopt these words of Göthe, the home of Baconian science was the school, not of talent, but of character,—that is to say, it was worldly life on a grand scale. To this his philosophy and all his efforts were inclined."\*

The revolution which closed definitively the mediæval epoch, must be complete, and its principles are intended to modify even the most trifling forms of social existence. Such is the key to Bacon's whole career. Cloister-life seclusion, under the protection of the Church, was the only possible form scholasticism could affect; as soon as a blow is dealt at the principle of authority, metaphysics—that great tool in the hand of the clergy—becomes secular. The *ductores dubitantium* in the paths of ontology mingle with the world; they turn soldiers, like Descartes, or apply themselves to statecraft, like Bacon. Of course, whilst justifying our philosopher's consistent plan of bringing down metaphysics from the lofty realms of abstruse speculation to the circumstances of every-day life, we do not mean in the slightest degree to extenuate his faults, his delinquencies, and his crimes, as a statesman; but we think, as Dr. Fischer does, that these are easily explained from a thorough acquaintance with his intellectual nature.

"There is *no elastic morality*; and Bacon's moral nature was as elastic, as facile, as completely directed towards practical ends, and as compliant with circumstances, as his intellect. It quite accorded with the key-note of his individuality. Here is the perceptible harmony of his character, which has often escaped notice, or (as in the case of Mr. Macaulay) has been missed altogether. We see in Bacon's moral character, as compared with his intellect, not a distinct being, but only the shadow of his individuality, which grew larger as its substance increased in power and importance. Elastic morality is lax. Moral virtue demands, above everything, a firm, tough, obstinate power of resistance, for it consists in a victorious struggle with the allurements and temptations of life. If this power of resistance has its fulcrum in the natural disposition of the

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\* Fischer, pp. 2, 3.

individual, it is a talent. Now, this moral talent was wanting in Bacon's nature; and the virtue that corresponds to it was therefore wanting in his life. All the moral blemishes that disfigure his life have their real foundation in this absence of virtue; in this natural want of resisting power; in that mental facility which gave such extraordinary animation to his scientific, and so grievously crippled his moral, energies."\*

The second book of M. de Rémusat's volume contains an excellent analysis of Bacon's principal works: the "De Augmentis," and the "Novum Organum;" the third gives us a critical discussion of the doctrines embodied in these works, and of the leading theories with which the name of the English philosopher has always been associated. In the first place, M. de Rémusat very justly notices the error or unfairness of those who seek in Bacon's system more than he professed to give, and who blame him for teaching a dangerous psychology, whereas his object was to leave psychology out of the question altogether. For instance, we must remember that till the time of Descartes, the principle of the unity of the soul was quite unknown, and, consequently, it would be calumniating Bacon to accuse him of denying the existence in man of a distinct spiritual principle, merely because he regards the *sensible soul*, which he supposes to be material, as the object of the researches of natural philosophy, whilst the *intelligent soul* is cognizable only by divine inspiration, that is to say, with the help of theology. It seems to be a one-sided and imperfect view likewise, which has proclaimed Bacon as the chief of that school of philosophers who adopt for their war-cry the motto: "Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuit in sensu."

"To speak correctly," says M. de Rémusat, "this axiom is not to be found in Bacon. He says, indeed, that science should open to herself a track, by starting from the first perceptions of the senses (*omnis via usque a primis sensuum perceptionibus certa ratione munienda*.—Inst. Mag. Præf. Gen.). He adds, that unless we are willingly mad, we must, in the study of natural sciences, draw all our observations from our senses (*sensus, a quo omnia in naturalibus pretenda sunt, nisi forte libeat insanire*). . . . But in the passages for which he has been most blamed, he treats of those experimental notions, which are the starting-point of all the physical sciences. It is not of all human knowledge in itself, it is not of all the ideas of the human mind, that he wishes to speak. Nay, we are expressing two facts, entirely different from each other, if we say, on the one hand, that all knowledge is derived from experience; or, on the other, that our knowledge is derived exclusively from the *data* of

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\* Fischer, pp. 15, 16.

experience, and that everything which is in our intellect has previously been in our senses. Now, Bacon has not maintained the latter of these assertions; he has not even quite maintained the former; he admits that there are facts which we know by inspiration. On the subject of God, the soul, and morality, he perceives in the mind of man a light, which does not proceed from the torch of sensation. There is a revelation from above; science, like the waters, proceeds both from heaven and from the earth. The spirit of God, sent forth at the beginning, participates in no wise of that mud from which the body, and sensibility itself, originate. The soul, which understands and reasons, stands to the soul which feels in the same relation as the heavens to the earth. Of those ideas which illumine the soul, Bacon does not decide that they are not innate, and the natural light which we possess is for him as much an instinctive, as an acquired knowledge. When he says that the excellence of the human soul has struck even sensationalist philosophers, he certainly does not deserve to be placed amongst them. He separates himself formally from the philosophers, *maxime immersi sensibus, minimeque divini* (De Aug.), who deny the immortality of the soul, without being able to deny that of the mind. If he describes the perceptions from without, as necessary materials towards the science of nature, he, nevertheless, supposes a general science, which cannot result altogether from experience; for it is the science of the universal, and we can perceive only what is particular. . . . He goes further still: he affirms in the human mind the pre-existence of a primary science, of which the wrecks alone now subsist. . . . All these ideas would not be very compatible with the doctrine, which represents knowledge and sensation as identical; and although Bacon has neither affirmed, nor, perhaps, perceived this incompatibility, he should have the benefit of it, and not be classed amongst the sworn champions of the philosophy of sensationalism. Supposing his not being a sensationalist were an act of inconsistency, he is entitled to the merit of it: I praise him for being less consistent than Hobbes; he was all the freer from error."\*

The statement we have just quoted is a very fair one; and whilst justifying Bacon from the responsibility which the *idéologues* of the last century would have fastened upon him, it maintains him in his position as one of the greatest philosophers—as a leader and pioneer of modern thought. If we are now asked still why Bacon has been considered the father of sensationalism, we shall answer, that it is because within the limit of his favourite sciences, he assigned to the method he advocated an authority closely bordering upon infallibility, so that, blinded by the supposed virtue he saw in observation, he extended its sway even beyond the boundaries of natural

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\* Rémusat, pp. 267, 268.

sciences, and even decided that the whole range of moral science was amenable to its jurisdiction.

M. de Rémusat reduces (p. 283) to two fundamental points the Baconian system—division and method. As a critic, the English philosopher is no very safe guide, and, to quote M. de Rémusat's own words, "ce n'est pas de lui qu'il faut apprendre à connaître Aristote ou Platon." Let us first see how Bacon understands the division, the classification of sciences.

The idea of introducing a kind of order amidst the various branches of human knowledge is not a new one. As soon as the field open before the mind of man became at all enlarged, the necessity of avoiding confusion was felt. Plato, the first, proposed the subdivision of philosophy into logic, ethics, and physics. Aristotle, after him, divided the sciences into theoretical and practical, and grounded upon that partition a classification which is nothing else but the *catalogue raisonné* of his works.\* The attempts made during the Middle Ages by Marianus Capella, Cassiodorus, Isidorus Hispalensis, are well known; the "Summa" of Thomas Aquinas, and other similar works, belong to the same category. The originality of Bacon in this part of metaphysical science does not consist, therefore, in the attempt to classify the whole series of the sciences, but in arranging them according to the faculties of the human mind. Here he can undoubtedly claim the priority, for the Cyclopædia of Alstedius, which has sometimes been opposed to Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," quotes the English philosopher (ed. 1649, Lugdun.) amongst various other authors. In the nineteenth chapter of his work, Dr. Fischer gives a very interesting sketch of the Baconian philosophy, "as an encyclopædia of the sciences." To this we must refer our readers, merely giving here a quotation which may illustrate the leading idea in Bacon's methodology:—

"The principle according to which Bacon divides the intellectual world (*globus intellectualis*) is psychological. He distinguishes the scientific, as Plato does the political classes, according to the faculties of the human soul. As many faculties as we have to copy, and reproduce the real world, as many various images of the world as are possible to the human mind, into so many parts may the total intellectual image of the world be divided. Our faculties in this respect are memory (as a retaining perception), imagination, and reason; consequently there is a copy of the world referable to memory (or experience); an imaginary copy, and a rational copy: the purely empirical copy is history, the imaginary is poetry, the rational is science, in the confined sense of the word."†

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\* Rémusat, p. 284.

† Fischer, p. 234.

M. de Rémusat remarks, that the great merit of this division is its being natural. In a work of that kind, the only choice is between subject and object. If we knew all that can be known, the classification of the sciences according to their objects would be the most perfect, for it would of itself impart to us science; but such is not the case; and supposing we adopted the course we are now criticising, we must lay ourselves open to the charge of mapping down a science ever liable to variation and improvement. The method adopted by Bacon being, on the contrary, constructed upon the very powers of the human mind, is *ipso facto* exempt from those fluctuations just now alluded to, and this is a merit which compensates for many difficulties of another nature. It is true that, to begin with, a complete enumeration of our faculties is by no means easy, and that the arrangement of each branch of human knowledge under the one or the other of these faculties is not easy. Does history, for instance, belong to imagination or to memory? Is poetry exclusively an imaginary copy of the world? The mere enunciation of these problems shows how difficult it is to obtain an exact solution of them.

In the meanwhile, we prefer Bacon's scheme as perfected by D'Alembert, in the preface to the Encyclopædia; and we are quite willing to adopt it, with M. de Rémusat's proviso, that "elle n'ajoute rien à la science, et ne peut être donnée comme l'expression d'un système qui touche au fond des choses." Since the times of the English philosopher many other classifications have been proposed; M. de Rémusat examines them in succession, remarking more particularly on Hegel's theory, that in giving, as the basis of his Cyclopædia, the identity between thought and the objects of thought, the German thinker was correct thus far, because there is everywhere *unity*, although there may not be *identity* of substance. "C'est là," continues our author, "le principe suprême de toute encyclopédie comme de toute science, et l'on ne peut prétendre qu'il ait tout-à-fait échappé à Bacon, lorsqu'il a dit que la vérité de l'être et du connaître ne faisaient qu'un, et ne différaient que comme le rayon direct et le rayon réfléchi."\*

The whole chart of human knowledge being laid down before us, it remains that we should be provided with a clue to guide us through the labyrinth, with a method for acquiring the sciences, now duly classified in a distinct and settled order. This method, this clue, is *induction*. Induction will dispel the mists of ignorance, and clear away those phantasms which

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\* Rémusat, pp. 303, seq.



are—1st, inherent to human nature (*idola tribus*); 2nd, peculiar to each individual (*idola specus*); 3rd, introduced and vulgarized by common language (*idola fori*); and, 4th, consecrated in the theories of philosophers (*idola theatri*). But what is induction? Dr. Fischer here will furnish us with a reply:—

“Every natural phenomenon is presented to me under certain conditions. The point therefore is, among the various *data*, to ascertain those that are absolutely necessary and essential to the phenomenon in question; so that it would not be possible without them. ‘How shall I find the essential conditions?’ That is the question, and the answer is, ‘By setting aside whatever is non-essential or contingent.’ The residue of the data, after the operation, will manifestly consist of those that are essential and true. As the necessary conditions in all instances consist of the data that are left after this deduction, Bacon terms these the ‘true difference’ (*differentia vera*); which he further designates as the fountain of things, operative nature, the form of a given phenomenon.\* As the true contemplation of things is the perception of them by man after the removal of all idols, the true conditions of a phenomenon are those that remain after the deduction of contingencies. Now arises the question: ‘How shall I know what is contingent?’ The discovery of contingencies, and the separation of them from the other data, is the real purpose and aim of the Baconian experience. If this problem is solved, we have arrived at the discernment of the essential conditions of a phenomenon, consequently at the knowledge of the natural law itself, or the *interpretatio naturæ*.

“There is only one way of obtaining the solution, viz., the comparison of a number of similar instances. This comparison must be of a twofold kind. In the first place, we should compare several instances in which the same phenomenon (heat, for instance) occurs under various conditions; then with these instances we should compare others, when under similar conditions, the same phenomenon does *not* occur. The former instances, which Bacon calls ‘positive’ (*instantiæ positivæ sive convenientes*), are similar with respect to the phenomenon under consideration; the latter, which he calls ‘negative’ (*instantiæ negativæ vel contradictivæ*), are similar with respect to the conditions. What is required, therefore, is a comparison of the positive instances with each other, and also with the negative. Thus if, for instance, heat is the phenomenon under consideration, the sun that gives warmth is a positive instance; while, on the other hand, the moon and stars that give no warmth are negative. From the comparison of these, it is clear that a celestial luminary is by no means an essential condition of light. Those conditions alone are necessary that are connected with the phenomenon in every instance; those that are not, are merely contingent. There is heat connected

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\* Nov. Org., I., 1.

with the phenomena of light, but there is also heat without light, and light without heat; hence light is not an essential fact of heat.\*

"Thus, by accurate and frequent comparison, non-essential conditions are detected, and by their exclusion (*rejectio*) the essential conditions are attained. Thus experience proceeds from fact to fact till it arrives at a law—from the singular to the universal. It confirms fact by experiment; discovers, by a fitting comparison of facts, the universal law, principle, or axiom, by which the operation of nature is guided. Thus, to speak in the manner of Bacon, experience ascends from the experiment to the axiom."†

Our readers will, we hope, excuse the length of the above quotation, on account of the subject which is discussed in it, viz., the inductive method which has produced in science and in experimental philosophy all the results now available for the purpose of modern industry. "L'analyse et la philosophie naturelle," says Laplace, "dérivent leurs plus importantes découvertes de ce moyen fécond que l'on nomme induction. Newton lui est redevable de son théorème du binôme et du principe de la gravitation universelle."‡ Lord Bacon has been much praised by some authors for having struck out a new path far from the worn-out syllogistic road, and for having demolished the Aristotelic method. M. de Rémusat proves,§ that whatever Bacon's claims may be to originality and to boldness, his opposition to Aristotle is not nearly so great as Reid, amongst others, would have it; induction, before Bacon's time, was known and acted upon; Cicero, for instance, says, that Socrates made great use of that form of argumentation,|| and Aristotle himself has placed induction in the same rank as syllogism. The scholastic metaphysicians are, through a similar mistake, commonly thought to be the exclusive champions of syllogism and of deductive reasoning:—

"But, for them, as well as for everybody else, syllogism was simply a demonstrative method of exposition rather than a key for discoveries; only they abused that method, and lost themselves in the infinite mazes of deduction. As for the inductive system, they neglected to avail themselves of it, less by an error of logic, than because they sought from authority, not from observation, the immediate principles of science. Now this authority was really that of Aristotle, and 'the prince of philosophers, the genius of nature,' says Malebranche, 'instead of explaining by the means of clear and distinct notions, the true cause of natural effects, builds a heathen

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\* Nov. Org., II., 11—20.

† Fischer, pp. 97—100. Rémusat, liv. ii., cap. 4.

‡ Ess. Phil. sur les Probabilités. Cf. Rémusat, p. 308.

§ Ib., liv. iii., cap. 3.

|| Top. x.

philosophy upon the false and confused ideas supplied by the senses, and upon ideas too general to be of any use in the search after truth.\* This is sound criticism. It is the metaphysical tendency of Aristotle, rather than a false and incomplete theory of induction, which led the human mind so long astray far from the road to discoveries; and when Bacon attacks especially the 'Organon,' and the views of the Stagyrice on method, experience, and the seeking of true principles, when he pretends to make the reform of philosophy consist exclusively in the substitution of another system of logic, instead of that taught by Aristotle, he shows himself neither just, exact, deep, nor even original."†

Without further attempting the task of rescuing the fame of Aristotle from Bacon's criticism, without discussing the respective claims of the inductive and syllogistic methods, we shall now turn to the latter portion of the works of Dr. Fischer and M. de Rémusat, comprising the history of the influence exercised by Bacon upon his contemporaries, and his successors. The *idéologues* of the eighteenth century in France, loudly proclaimed themselves the disciples of Bacon; and when Voltaire, on his return from England, brought back with him the admiration for the English philosopher, which Addison's friends had instilled into him by the perusal of the "Spectator," all the infidel tribe, all the *encyclopédistes*, who aimed at raising up the gross idol of materialism, were delighted to repeat the assertion, that Bacon "est le père de la philosophie expérimentale."‡ D'Alembert, in the preface to the "Encyclopédie," calls him "le plus grand, le plus universel et le plus éloquent des philosophes." After such declarations as these, we need not repeat the concert of praises chanted by Condillac, Thomas, Turgot, Condorcet. We shall only say that, issuing from the lips of such notorious men, these praises very soon seemed questionable to thinkers, who watched with no ill-grounded anxiety the development of a destructive system of philosophy: we are less surprised at reading the frantic attacks of Joseph de Maistre upon Bacon, when we know that Diderot, Naigeon, and Lasalle, seriously represented the English philosopher as an atheist, and that the National Convention of France voted the funds necessary towards the translation of his works, "pour hâter les progrès de la philosophie et de la raison."

The latest exponent of the philosophy which traces its origin to Bacon, is that empiricism sprung in Germany from the Hegelian school, and in France from a reaction against the eclectic doctrines of M. Cousin and his friends. This dangerous

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\* Recherch., vi., 1.

† Rémusat, pp. 314, 315.

‡ Voltaire, Lett. sur les Anglais.

system is attacked by M. de Rémusat with no unsparing hand, and his critique of M. Auguste Comte's *positivism* strikes us as one of the best parts of his excellent book. The ambition entertained by modern French empirics is that of eliminating entirely religion and philosophy, in order to leave nothing but science behind. However complete the work of destruction may be, there must always exist, as M. de Rémusat very well shows, man's consciousness, his reason, with its laws and its principles. Hence a science of man, which is just as real as any other science, and which baffles the dissolving efforts of the whole of the positivists put together. Hence, also, the merit and the force of that doctrine now so much attacked, which makes of psychology the foundation of philosophy:—

“Thus it is that Descartes is the founder of modern sciences. In his immortal *cogito, ergo sum*, lies a whole metaphysical world. It seems as if after having, through desperate resolution, thrown everything overboard into the sea of doubt, he raised, like another Camoens, with a powerful hand, the work of his thoughts above the angry waters, and, swimming for the shore, safely placed upon the solid rock that which cannot perish.” \*

Dr. Fischer, far from finding fault with the realistic philosophy of our own day, is disposed to adopt it, and claims for Lord Bacon the honour of having produced Kant and Hegel. Nominalism, sensualism, materialism, these are only three different modifications of one and the same system, which we now see resolved into realism. In creating a science of pure reason, in isolating the necessary laws of thought, Kant has really opened the way to scepticism, or reduced man to the other alternative of calling in the data of experience to complete the notions which we derive from other sources. Thus it is that from a quasi-idealistic system have sprung conclusions leading directly to sensationalism.

“Bacon sought the right road to discover the necessary laws of experience, and discovered transcendental or critical philosophy. Bacon asked how and by what means natural phenomena are possible. Kant asked how and by what means are physics, mathematics, and metaphysics possible, and he solved his questions in ‘The Critique of Pure Reason,’ the ‘Novum Organum’ of a new philosophy. To this work German philosophy, rendered fruitful by English philosophy, gave birth.” †

The above quotations will make it quite plain that M. de Rémusat and Dr. Fischer are two writers who appreciate from

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\* Rémusat, pp. 452, 453.

† Fischer, pp. 498, 499.

somewhat different standpoints the facts which a careful investigation of the Baconian philosophy lays before them. They both appeal to us in favour of the English thinker, but the admiration bestowed by the one is much more qualified than the panegyric delivered by the other. In point of style Dr. Fischer's volume seems to us inferior to M. de Rémusat's. The former is strictly a metaphysical treatise and nothing else; the latter begins with a biography of Bacon, and claims attention as much on the score of its literary merits, as it does for the amount of learning it displays. In fact, M. de Rémusat's very first assertion in his preface is, that if works on the history of metaphysics have been hitherto so little read except by *savants*, it is the fault of the historians themselves. "Pour écrire," says he, "l'histoire de la philosophie avec une variété et un mouvement qui soutînt l'attention, il suffirait peut-être de se rappeler davantage qu'elle est une histoire."\* In conclusion, however, both works deserve an attentive perusal, and will add considerably to the reputation of their respective authors.

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#### ART. IV.—THE INDIAN MUTINY.

1. *An Account of the Mutinies in Oude, and of the Siege of the Lucknow Residency; with some Observations on the Condition of the Province of Oude, and on the Causes of the Mutiny of the Bengal Army.* By Martin Richard Gubbins. London: Bentley.
2. *Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion in Rohilcund, Futtehghur, and Oude.* By William Edwards. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
3. *Eight Months' Campaign against the Bengal Sepoy Army during the Mutiny of 1857.* By Colonel George Bouchier. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

It will be the duty of some future historian to analyze the mass of evidence accumulated on the subject of the Indian mutinies, and ascertain, as far as possible, the origin of that fiery trial, through which the British power has been passing in the East, during the last fifteen months. For ourselves, too many and conflicting feelings are perhaps at work to permit us altogether

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\* Rémusat, p. 111.,

to arrive, with perfect calmness and impartiality, at a correct judgment. In fact, we are too interested in the matter to enable us to view the signal catastrophe without a bias, prejudicial to truth; and we may, therefore, justly fear, that should we at present undertake the office of censor or advocate, our opinions would oscillate too far on either side. It must be left, indeed, to another age to sift the false from the true, the exaggerated from the exact, the statement of the inflamed partisan from the narrative of the simple recorder of facts. For contemporary reviewers of passing events, it must suffice to weigh the accounts placed before them, and to form from such sources a rapid estimate of the scenes they have either witnessed, or been deeply concerned in.

To aid us in attaining a tolerable decision, no less than three distinct works, written by persons deeply connected with the late terrible rebellion, and all holding high positions in the disturbed countries, have been published within a very short period. The first which appears before us, "An Account of the Mutinies in Oude," by Mr. Gubbins, comes to us with the weight of official authority, its author having, during the cold season of 1856—7, in his capacity of financial commissioner of Oude, completed a tour through the whole province, with the very object of inquiring into the working of the recent settlement of the land revenue. This view of the mutiny is altogether an official one, and the "greased cartridges" figure largely as the *primum mobile*. But by the side of this volume, written by the commissioner, we have another by Mr. Edwards, of the Bengal Civil Service, judge of Benares, and late magistrate and collector of Budaon, in Rohilcund. This gentleman sees the causes of the mutiny in the arbitrary and treacherous alienation of land, which, according to his testimony, threw his own and neighbouring districts into a state of complete disorganization. He maintains that had justice been meted out with that equity which is the boast of British orators and legislators, the goodwill of the natives would not have been lost, and the fearful harvest which was eventually reaped would never have been possible.

"By fraud or chicanery, a vast number of the estates of families of rank and influence have been alienated, either wholly or in part, and have been purchased by new men—chiefly traders or Government officials—without character or influence over their tenantry. These men, in a vast majority of instances, were also absentees, fearing or disliking to reside on their purchases, where they were looked upon as interlopers and unwelcome intruders. The ancient proprietary of these alienated estates were again living as tenantry on the lands once theirs; by no means reconciled to their change of



position, but maintaining their hereditary hold as strong as ever over the sympathies and affections of the agricultural body, who were ready and willing to join their feudal superiors in any attempt to recover their lost position, and regain possession of their estates. The ancient landed proprietary body of the Budaon district were thus still in existence, but in the position of tenants, not proprietors. None of the men who had succeeded them as landowners were possessed of sufficient influence or power to give me any aid in maintaining the public tranquillity. On the contrary, the very first people who came in to me, imploring aid, were this new proprietary body, to whom I had a right to look for vigorous and efficient efforts in the maintenance of order. On the other hand, those who really could control the vast masses of the rural population, were interested in bringing about a state of disturbance and general anarchy.

“For more than a year previous to the outbreak, I had been publicly representing to superior authority the great abuse of the power of the civil courts, and the reckless manner in which they decreed the sale of rights and interests connected with the soil, in satisfaction of petty debts, and the dangerous dislocation of society which was in consequence being produced. I then pointed out, that although the old families were being displaced fast, we could not destroy the memory of the past, or dissolve the ancient connexion between them and their people; and I said distinctly, that in the event of any insurrection occurring, we should find this great and influential body, through whom we can alone hope to control and keep under the millions forming the rural classes, ranged against us on the side of the enemy, with their hereditary retainers and followers rallying around them, in spite of our attempts to separate their interests. My warnings were unheeded, and I was treated as an alarmist, who, having hitherto only served in the political department of the state, and being totally inexperienced in revenue matters, could give no sound opinion on the subject. Little did I think at the time, that my fears and forebodings were so soon to be realized.”

The attempt to sink the revolt into a sepoy mutiny, if we are to place any confidence in Mr. Edwards's narrative, must fall to the ground. Here were evidently inflammable materials at hand, and it required the ambition of no Caesar or Napoleon to seize the opportunity, and turn it to his advantage. Without enumerating the other causes assigned—the insubordination of the native regiments, and the numerical inferiority of the Europeans—we may easily infer that the whole state of the country was rotten to the core, that the East India Company had lamentably failed in their most essential duties towards the country, and that it was by the rude though merciful interposition of Divine Providence, that the two hundred millions of neglected human beings who people this vast dominion, were

thus rescued from the apathetic control of the Leadenhall Street Directors.

We do not, however, ignore the valuable work of Mr. Gubbins; for valuable it is, in spite of a few inaccuracies, and its semi-official interpretation of the causes of the mutinies. He reviews the whole subject of this vast conspiracy against European power and civilization, with great clearness and knowledge, and helps us onward towards a general solution of its origin. To the contemporary reader, his narrative is most interesting and instructive; to the future historian of these national troubles it will be essential. In fact we may safely say, that none of the volumes which have yet appeared on this absorbing subject, are so trustworthy, so full of important information, so pregnant with sound reflections, or have attempted to probe the "fiery pestilence" so deeply. With respect to Oude, his opportunities for acquiring knowledge are altogether exceptional. Whilst making his official survey of its condition, he mixed with the people in a most familiar and friendly way; he exhibited his confidence in their good-will and loyalty to British sovereignty, by entering their villages alone, or accompanied by a single horseman; he gossiped with the natives in the most unassuming manner, patiently heard their griefs, with a view to having them redressed, and thus inspired them with a spirit of reliance in the honour and integrity of himself personally, and through him, of the powerful nation he represented. Everywhere on the road he excited the sympathy of the population; and the narrative that he has laid before us, supplies us with a very ample and vivid picture of the real state of the country previous to the outbreak.

Without questioning the justice or injustice of the annexation of Oude, without inquiring how far it tended to weaken the power of the East India Company over the whole country by dividing its European army, never augmented, there cannot be a doubt existing in the minds of any who have studied the history of this province that the whole kingdom was in a state of frightful disorganization. The court was corrupt and profligate in the extreme; from the king downwards through all classes of officials luxury and extravagance everywhere prevailed; the people were oppressed and tortured, whilst their masters revelled in idleness and debauch; the army was nothing better than a legalized band of brigands; and the police who existed, or ought to have existed, for the protection of life and property, were under the direction of men not only of the most unscrupulous character, but the greater part of whose lives had been spent in pillaging and in the perpetration of every kind of villainy. Looking at the picture of the condition of the

kingdom of Oude previous to its annexation to our Indian empire, and what it subsequently became within the short time it fell under our sovereign control, something must be pardoned to Mr. Gubbins if he did not see all those instances of oppression and misrule which served to keep alive the spirit of discontent, and, in spite of the generous though slow efforts of the British in the direction of reform, still kept alive the smouldering ashes of rebellion. It is not improbable that the most active agents of the great mutiny issued from Oude, and that they were the paid emissaries of the dethroned court of Lucknow. To those determined to undermine European influence there were many weapons at hand to launch against us. Amongst the high caste what was more easy than to excite the worst passions of the sepoys by preaching up the doctrine of sutteeism, and denouncing those who in the name of humanity and pure religion had endeavoured to suppress it? whilst nothing could be more impious in the eyes of the Brahmins than the decrees which had been issued against ceremonial infanticide. When, therefore, it was determined amongst the ambitious and dissatisfied native chiefs, especially the Mohammedan, to attempt the destruction of the Feringhee, what pretext could serve their purpose better than an appeal to the superstitious prejudices of the people? And the people throughout Bengal were accordingly appealed to, but in a mysterious manner; they were taught to expect the coming of some great event; they were flattered with the hope of some vague deliverance; and though none knew what it was, still there existed sufficient alarm to unsettle men's minds; and though none could say from what quarter the apprehensions arose, they felt, like persons on a sultry summer's day, that there was a storm brewing in the atmosphere, and that before evening it would burst forth. In the district of Budaon this feeling was more or less experienced.

“The leaders and promoters of this great rebellion, whoever they may have been, knew well the inflammable condition, from these causes, of the rural society in the North-Western Provinces, and they, therefore, sent among them the chupaties, as a kind of fiery cross, to call them to action. These cakes passed with the most amazing rapidity over the length and breadth of the land. Where they came from originally it is impossible to say, but I believe Barrackpore was the starting-point, where large masses of mutinous sepoys were congregated. The chupaties entered my district from the adjoining one of Shajehanpore; a village watchman of that place giving to the watchman of the nearest Budaon village two of the cakes, with an injunction to make six fresh ones, retain two for his own, and give the others to the watchman of the next village, who would follow the same course, and continue the manufacture

and distribution. I truly believe that the rural population of all classes, among whom these cakes spread, were as ignorant as I was myself of their real object; but it was clear they were a secret sign to be on the alert; and the minds of the people were through them kept watchful and excited. As soon as the disturbances broke out at Meerut and Delhi, the cakes explained themselves, and the people at once perceived what was expected of them.

“In Budaon the mass of the population rose in a body, and the entire district became a scene of anarchy and confusion. The ancient proprietary body took the opportunity of murdering or expelling the auction purchasers, and resumed possession of their hereditary estates. The danger now is, that this vast mass of our subjects, who are numbered by tens of thousands, and who are the real thews and sinews of the country, will never consent to the restoration of a Government to power, which they consider treated them with harshness; whose system tended to depress and dispossess them, and whose first measures, after the return of tranquillity, they consider must be to put back the auction purchasers, and evict them. I feel convinced that no amount of force will restore us to power, unless, at the same time, some measures be taken for undoing the evils of the past, and coming to some compromise, by which the old families may be reinstated, and their sympathies and interests enlisted on our behalf, while those of the auction purchasers are also duly cared for. I am fully satisfied that the rural classes would never have joined in rebelling with the sepoys, whom they hated, had not these causes of discontent already existed. They evinced no sympathy whatever about the cartridges, or flour, said to be made of human bones; and could not then have been acted upon by any cry of their religion being in danger. It is questions involving their rights and interests in the soil and hereditary holdings, invariably termed by them as ‘*jan se azeez*,’ ‘*dearer than life*,’ which excite them to a dangerous degree.”

The “inflammable materials” were evidently strewn throughout the country, according to the evidence of Mr. Edwards, by the rapacity or misgovernment of its rulers. A slight spark was sufficient at any moment to ignite them, and rapidly create a devastating conflagration throughout the length and breadth of the land. Not only were genuine pretexts at hand with which to inflame the passions of the rebellious and mutinous: the most exaggerated and ridiculous rumours were circulated, and implicitly believed in. It was thus currently reported that with a view of destroying caste, as they had put down sutteeism and infanticide, the British Government had freighted vessels with bone-dust, to be mixed with the bread and sweetmeats of the natives; and, to give a deeper colour and aspect of truthfulness to the rumour, it was added that the ships had arrived, that boatloads of this contaminating stuff were on their passage up the rivers, and even that quantities had already secretly

been placed in the common stores. At one station the sepoy—for it was they who were principally tampered with—flung away their food in disgust, refusing to taste it. On being asked the reason, they replied that two camel-loads of bone-dust had entered the station the day before, and they knew the object was to make them eat it in their food. The fact was, that the camels alluded to had brought only ammunition, and this the angry Brahmins might easily have tested, had not an evil spirit created a feeling of alarm, distrust, and vindictiveness in their hearts. The “greased cartridges” was but another symptom of the same epidemic. The story propagated by the ex-king of Oude and the myrmidons of his court, was readily received. Mr. Gubbins illustrates the mischief created by these rumours in the following anecdote:—

“While the cartridges were being made up in the presidency arsenal, a low caste clasky employed in making them, asked water of a high caste Brahmin sepoy. The latter indignantly refused, for the act would have involved a breach of caste. ‘Oh,’ rejoined the low caste man, ‘you need not be so particular, for you will all of you soon have no caste, when you come to put pig and bullock fat in your mouths.’”

However, such pretexts as the “greased cartridges” and the “bone-dust” must be regarded simply as diagnoses of the disease, and not the disease itself. Discontent was prevalent even where the “greased cartridges” did not penetrate. The domestic servants of officials were dissatisfied, and credited any kind of rumour which fostered their discontent. The real causes of the mutiny, then, we suspect, must be sought for elsewhere, and on this subject we shall have presently to speak more at large.

Mr. Gubbins’s work, we should observe, is not simply an essay on the “Causes of the Mutiny.” He took an active part in the defence of Lucknow, and his name is intimately associated with that long and heroic struggle. At the first announcement of the outbreak, shrewdly foreseeing to what an extent it would, in all probability, develope itself, he converted his own residence into a fortress, and persuaded Sir Henry Lawrence to permit a detachment of Europeans to garrison the Residency. His knowledge of the native character enabled him to raise levies which remained faithful to us during the whole siege, and scarcely was a military operation projected but Mr. Gubbins took a prominent share in it. His house was repeatedly attacked, but in consequence of the gallantry of its defenders, its assailants were as repeatedly repulsed. The hazardous and wearying

character of the defence may best be illustrated by the following, which occurred on the 21st of July:—

“ They had discovered our weak side, and crowded in large numbers into the younger Johannes’ house and adjacent buildings; and into the Goimbah lines. They proceeded to dig a hole in the wall of this latter enclosure, and entered the narrow lane which skirted our compound on that side. A screen of canvas now only separated them from our position, for the enclosing wall was so low that an easy jump would have cleared it. I was on the roof of the outhouses, at the south-west angle, when Lieutenant Hardinge summoned me to the defence of the lane. I at once comprehended the danger, and hurried to the single loophole by which the lane was commanded. Fortunately, the fire from it completely enfiladed the lane, except where two projecting pillars, which supported a pillar underneath Grant’s bastion, interrupted its line. No sooner did the enemy see me at this post than some ran back, while a number took shelter behind the portico pillars, and from which their muskets protruded. The projecting muzzle of my rifle prevented their leaving their cover, and without doing so they could not reach me, but discharged their muskets at an angle harmlessly. At my right hand was a large loophole, which it was necessary to close. A private of the 32nd, who joined me, creeping on hands and knees along the roof, brought some boards, with which the opening was quickly barricaded. And only just in time; for the enemy outside fired heavily upon the spot, and more than one bullet fell at our feet, hot and flattened, from the screen which we had put up. The enemy outside now began to throw over pickaxes and shovels to those beneath the portico, and our position became critical. Had they made a hole into Grant’s bastion and poured in through it, our post might have been taken. At this moment I heard the voice of a European behind me, and addressing the party, without turning, begged that the wall in rear of the mutineers might be loopholed, and musketry opened upon them. The person was Major Banks. He approached my post to get a sight of the enemy, and while looking out incautiously, received a bullet through the temples. I heard the heavy fall, and turned for a second. He was dead; he never moved, and I resumed my guard over the enemy. Long was I kept there, firing on every one who showed himself, from two double rifles, which were loaded for me by a faithful chuprasie at my side. After the lapse of two hours assistance came. A mortar was brought down and opened on the enemy. The shells passing close over our heads burst among the crowds below, while we threw ourselves flat along the parapet. The enemy soon fled, those detained beneath the porch springing across the lane with the speed of lamplighters. As they made off, a heavy fire was opened upon them from the top of the brigade mess. I did not get down from my post till late in the afternoon: and then Major Banks’ body was removed. It was buried, as was usual with us, the same night, sewn up in a white sheet. Since the deaths had become numerous, coffins had not been used (we had not, indeed, the means



of making them); but the bodies used to be sewn up in sheets, or bedding, and several were committed to the ground in the same grave."

Mr. Edwards's, as well as Colonel Bouchier's work, is more a personal narrative than a historical document. The former was a magistrate and collector at Budaon in Rohilcund. His position at the outbreak of the mutiny was by no means a pleasant one, as he was the sole European officer in charge of the district, and had a lawless population of no less than 1,100,000 under his surveillance. Fortunately he had sent away his wife and child to Nynsee Tal, a place of comparative safety, and had, therefore, only his own personal security to look after, when he was informed by a short note from Mr. Campbell, the joint magistrate, that the gaols had been broken open, and that among the escaped convicts was a notorious villain, Nujjao Khan, who was under sentence of transportation for having attempted the life of another magistrate. The narrative of Mr. Edwards's sufferings and escape is full of interest, and illustrates the career of those who, flying into the jungle, depended upon the natives for protection and subsistence. It tells many a painful tale; but it also exhibits a man patient under adversity, and looking to the God and Father of us all for guidance and support. Mr. Edwards, on leaving his once happy home, first made for Futtehghur, where he found several English families; but this fort was so beset with mutinous battalions, that he felt it prudent to withdraw. In vain, however, did he endeavour to persuade the majority of the others to follow his example. They determined to remain, although the peril was imminent; and their miserable destruction is now matter of history. The next station in which Mr. Edwards found a temporary shelter was Dhurumpore; but owing to the mutiny of the 41st and 10th Native Infantry, he was obliged to retire with his friend Mr. Probyn and family, consisting of four children, to a small village across the Ramgunga, under the doubtful protection of Hurdeo Buksh, a wealthy proprietor, where they experienced every kind of discomfort in a miserable outhouse. Here, too, the little party were kept in a constant state of alarm by rumours that the mutineers were on their track, and that large sums of money had been offered for their heads, and that even their present protector could not much longer shield them from harm. What added to the distress of their situation was, that they could distinctly hear the firing at Futtehghur, and in other directions, and the suspense of those moments became fearfully painful. On more than one occasion they had to make instant preparations for a start; and once they were obliged to seek the deeper recesses of the jungle for safety. The weariness and

misery of such journeyings is well described in the following extract :—

“ The road leading to the Ramgunga from the village, was one mass of mud and water ; poor Mrs. Probyn was scarcely able to wade through it, and we could afford her but little assistance. We had proceeded about half a mile in the direction of the boat, when a breathless messenger met us from Dhurumpore, telling us to turn back at once, and proceed to a village beyond Kussowrah instead of to the boat ; as the sepoy's were in full march from Futtehghur to attack Dhurumpore, and that Hurdeo Buksh had gone out to meet them with his people. We returned back in accordance with these orders ; every moment expecting to hear the firing commence.

“ We had gone about three miles in the direction of the village indicated, when we were overtaken by a second messenger from Dhurumpore, ordering us back to the boat ; as the sepoy's, who had advanced some way towards Dhurumpore, had retreated, and were reported to be re-crossing the Ganges. Accordingly we again retraced our steps, and stopped half an hour in Kussowrah to rest ; as Mrs. Probyn, who had on this, as on every other occasion, shown the most patient fortitude, was very much exhausted, and her clothes saturated with wet and mud. We were not allowed to remain long, but were ordered off, as we thought finally, to embark in the boat. God mercifully, however, ordered it otherwise.

“ When about half-way between Kussowrah and the river, we held a consultation together ; it was determined, as a last resource, that Probyn should go on ahead of us, try to get across the river to Dhurumpore, and procure an interview with Hurdeo Buksh ; as we thought that by so doing, he might prevail on him not to expose us to a cruel death by sending us down the river without a guard, and with boatmen who would certainly desert us. He started ; and Mrs. Probyn, the children, Wuzeer Singh, and I followed, and after much fatigue reached the bank of the Ramgunga. We were dismayed at finding the stream, instead of being in flood as we expected, a mere thread ; so that the villagers on either bank could, without much difficulty, reach the boat with their matchlocks as it passed down, and destroy us. No boat, however, was on the bank, which was one mass of thick mud. A log of wood furnished a seat for Mrs. Probyn, who was by this time much exhausted ; and a cloth was spread for the children on the driest spot we could find, where they slept in their innocence as soundly and securely as if they had been in their beds.

“ In this position we remained for about an hour, and were expressing our surprise that Probyn, who had crossed the river at the ferry, was so long in rejoining us ; when we were hailed by a man, who, we saw by the moonlight, was approaching us from some distance down the stream. He proved to be the connexion of Hurdeo Buksh who had visited us with the ‘ collector ’ some days previously, and we augured no good from his appearance. On this occasion, however, he agreeably disappointed our forebodings ; for he

gave us the welcome order to go back to Kussowrah, and there await further instructions. We accordingly set out: I took one of the children (Leslie) on my back, and carried in my arms my poor little friend the baby: now 'poor' no longer; for he is 'before the throne of God,' who has called him to Himself. We met one of the Thakoors, who lent his arm to Mrs. Probyn: she being too much fatigued to proceed without his help. We reached our old quarters about 3 A.M., soaking wet, and thoroughly worn out; as we had been moving almost continuously from 6 P.M. In about an hour after our arrival, Probyn joined us. He had been fortunate enough to see Hurdeo Buksh, who was at first displeased at his unexpected appearance; but after Probyn had explained, was very gracious, and assured him that for the present he would abandon all intention of sending us down the river. We then joined in prayer and thanksgiving to God for His gracious interference in our behalf, in thus delivering us in so remarkable a manner from this imminent danger; entreating, at the same time, His guidance and protection for the future."

And again:—

"On Saturday the 26th, we heard that we might return at night-fall to Kussowrah. A boat was in the afternoon sent to take off Mrs. Probyn and the children; for the waters were now deep enough between Dhurumpore and Runjepoorah. An elephant was also sent to assist in carrying us off. The Probyns went in the boat, and I and Wuzeer Singh on the elephant. This was the first time I had ever ridden one of these animals astride and barebacked, and as we had to go through deep water and mud, half-wading, half-swimming, it was no easy task to stick on. We felt it a more blessed deliverance getting away from Runjepoorah, and were really in a state of cheerful excitement on reaching, about 9 P.M., our old quarters, where we were received by Kussuree. The place had, immediately on our departure, and until within a few hours before our return, been occupied by the cattle, so our quarters were as filthy and disagreeable as when we first came to them from Dhurumpore; but filthy as they were, we looked upon them as most comfortable and commodious, after our sufferings during the previous fortnight at Runjepoorah.

"The poor little baby was by this time much exhausted, and breathing very hard. His mother, whose unceasing care and devotion had been the means of keeping him alive hitherto, procured after much difficulty some hot water for a warm bath for him, which seemed to restore him; she then laid him down on a charpoy and lay down beside him. She was perfectly exhausted, having had no rest for several nights previously, during which she had to keep him in her arms, and she soon fell asleep. I was lying down at some distance, and suddenly missing the heavy breathing, went up to the bed to look at the child: all was still, and the little spirit had fled. I woke up the parents, who, although in deep grief at losing their sweet child, felt thankful that its death had been natural, and not by

the hands of assassins. We all knelt down, and prayed beside the little body ; and then I went out with Wuzeer Singh, about 2 o'clock in the morning, to look for a dry spot where we might dig a grave for him. This was a matter of some difficulty, but at last we found a spot under some trees, which was not inundated, nor likely to be so. When all was prepared, the poor father took the little body, wrapped in a sheet, in his arms, and Mrs. Probyn followed, leaning on my arm.

"We had some difficulty in getting through the cattle which were penned in the enclosure. I read a few sentences of the burial service over him. There was no time for more, as day was fast breaking, and we dare not be seen beyond the village in the daylight ; so we laid him in his little resting-place, 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes, in sure and certain hope,' and hastily covered him in. I almost envied his quiet rest."

Fortunately, they knew where to look for healing consolation :—

"Our morning service to-day was one of peculiar solemnity ; for we knew not how soon our own fate might be the same as that of those dear friends and acquaintances so lately with us in health and vigour, and who we had too much reason to fear had all been massacred. In the midst of this depression, the reflection came upon me with a peculiar soothing and strengthening power, that the petition in the Litany—'That it might please God to succour, help, and comfort all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation,' which we knew would be offered in earnestness on this day for us by our beloved relations and friends wherever they were, and by thousands of God's servants throughout the earth, would, no doubt, go up with acceptance, and that we would yet be saved and be reunited to our people. The intimation, also, in the 11th of Hebrews, that some of God's people through faith had escaped the edge of the sword, seemed to be lit up, as it were, with a gleam of light as I read it. If they had been thus saved, why might we not hope to be so also ? The arm that saved them was not shortened that it could not save us, and the ear that heard and answered their prayers was equally open and ready to receive ours, offered as they were in the name and for the sake of the same Saviour and all-powerful Advocate. Already has the promise, 'I will be with him in trouble and will deliver him,' been fulfilled so singularly in my own case, that surely it does not now become me to doubt. My heart was thus raised from the borders of despair to nearly an assured hope and almost to cheerfulness."

Eventually Mr. Edwards, Mr. Probyn, and the two children—two had drooped and died from the excess of their privations—were enabled to drop down the river, and arrived safely at Cawnpore, not, however, without passing through many dangers, and eluding them in a most providential manner. At Cawnpore

they joined the European company, and found ultimate security at Allahabad.

In Colonel Bouchier's work, we have a striking contrast to the volumes of either Mr. Gubbins or Mr. Edwards. He dives into no profound theories, relative to the origin of the Indian mutinies. He is a soldier, and views the whole affair with a soldier's eye; he looks at the outbreak as a magistrate would a city riot, and attributes it to a deficiency in the police, or rather military, force of the country. The late lamented General Nicholson was of the same opinion. "Neither greased cartridges, the annexation of Oude, nor the paucity of European officers were the causes," observed this gallant soldier, who, it must be admitted, was admirably acquainted with the native character. "For years I have watched the army, and felt sure they only wanted the opportunity to try their strength with us."

When the disturbances commenced in Bengal, Colonel Bouchier was stationed in the Punjâb, where the energetic Sir John Lawrence at once took measures for the security of his own province, and organized measures for the relief of the distressed European regiments beyond the frontier. A moveable column was formed, to which Colonel Bouchier was attached, and this agile band patrolling the country with startling rapidity, crushed the incipient mutiny wherever it reared its pestilential head.

How many of the massacres which took place might have been spared, but for the infatuation of the officers in command of native divisions. "Nothing in the history of the revolution," remarks the colonel, "seems more wonderful than the temper evinced by every officer of the native army, if you only hinted at the probability of *his* corps going wrong; while the same man would willingly allow that no other was safe." Thus the truthfulness of the old adage, "Every crow thinks its own bairn the whitest," was fully verified. Take, for example, the affair of Sealkote. To raise the moveable column that was to patrol the Punjâb, it was necessary to withdraw the European troops from this station. Sir John Lawrence implored Brigadier Brind not to fancy that the political horizon was growing clearer; adding that the interests of individual stations must not be allowed to interfere with the salvation of the country. Yet even with this warning, and the fact that it had been found necessary to disarm the troops at Mean Meer, the 46th Native Infantry and a wing of the 9th Cavalry remained armed at Sealkote, until after the withdrawal of the European troops, when to disarm them was possible. What a commentary might be written upon the opinion of Sir John Lawrence, that "the interests of individual stations must not be allowed to interfere

with the salvation of the country." What hundreds of lives, what an extent of misery and humiliation, would have been spared this country, if the same view had governed other rulers and persons in authority, at the first blast of the storm. Had even Sir Henry Lawrence possessed the prescient knowledge of his brother, and had the moral courage to have fallen back upon Cawnpore, so as to keep the highroad open to the North-Western provinces, how different would have been the result. It is true we should have abandoned the territory of Oude by abandoning its capital. But were we not eventually compelled to do so? Had the other course been adopted, the massacres of Futtehghur and Cawnpore would not have tarnished the pages of history; Delhi would have been supplied with troops, diverted from their proper course, to relieve temporarily straggling companies of Europeans or isolated forts; and that vast slaughter which more than decimated the assaulting columns would never have taken place.

Colonel Bouchier's moveable column having done effective service in the Punjâb, and perfectly tranquillized the province, was despatched in all haste in company with other regiments to Delhi, the centre of the mutiny. This gallant soldier, though not actively engaged during the siege, being kept rather as a reserve, gives some graphic pictures of the taking of the city, in several of which there is ample room for comment, as exhibiting the British soldier behind the scenes on the field of battle. Referring to the fighting within the walls, he observes:—

"Unfortunately, that terrible license invariably consequent on the capture of a besieged city was deeply indulged in. At the very entrance were large stores filled with wine, beer, and spirits, in the greatest abundance; and for a time our tenure of the position we had gained was deeply imperilled. Our guard fell victims to their vice, and were all murdered at their posts, while champagne was taken by the followers outside the city to the Ludlow Castle, and sold for about threepence a bottle."

However, we learn in another page that though the passions of the troops were by drink and revenge worked up to burning heat, not a case, it is believed, was heard of a woman or a child having been intentionally hurt.

The colonel's style is as dashing as his gallantry, and in estimating the qualities of his book we cannot forbear illustrating his pleasant way of telling an anecdote by an extract. It will show the reader, too, that though war is a terrible thing, and men exposed to its fury may, at the first onset, shudder at its approach, they soon forget its horrors, and can become jocular even on a perilous march.



"A more serious engagement, followed by the entire defeat of the portion of our force engaged, took place later in the afternoon.

"To secure our flanks, some companies of the 93rd Highlanders, two guns, and a troop of Lancers had been posted at a village fronting the Fort of Jellalabad, at that time held by the enemy in force. All things seemed quiet; and, having been ordered to procure a return of the ordnance and ordnance stores in the depôt, and to get some idea of the nature of the surrounding country and of the enemy's batteries, I galloped off, and from the top of a large house inside the enclosure, witnessed, with several others, what appeared to be a dire disaster.

"From the direction of the advanced picquet alluded to, a cloud of dust at first was seen, then a few horsemen and loose horses, after them the troop of dragoons and my two guns, and last of all the Highlanders, running towards the main body of the convoy in the maddest confusion; yet no enemy was in view, and no firing was heard; still that the detachment was flying from some imminent danger there was no doubt, and with our glasses we could see the remainder of the party getting under arms. Not a moment was to be lost; and a few minutes brought us to the scene of action. There a scene the most ridiculous conceivable was being enacted: peal after peal of uncontrollable laughter greeted us, as with anxious faces we rode into the bivouac; and it was some time ere we could discover what was the cause of the apparent disaster and subsequent mirth.

"It appears that, while idly dozing on the ground, two officers espied in a tree an immense bees'-nest. Possessed by the demon of mischief, they commenced pelting it with clods; and this not answering their purpose, a lance was thrown, with deadly aim, into the centre of it.

"The disgraceful flight we had witnessed was now easily accounted for; one of the perpetrators of the mischief was dangerously ill from the effects; but, as a body, the kilted Highlanders suffered most, and they bolted, taking with them more bees than they carried in their bonnets. The result proved the truth of the old adage, that 'idleness is the root of all evil.' The convoy, without further adventure, returned late at night to camp."

When Delhi was captured, Colonel Bouchier moved about the country, quieting the disturbed districts, and relieving oppressed garrisons. His route lay, however, south-east, by Agra and Cawnpore, which last place he reached in time to join the forces under Sir Colin Campbell, eager for the possession of Lucknow, and the punishment of the assassins of European women and children.

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## ART. V.—CAIRD'S SERMONS.

*Sermons by the Rev. John Caird, M.A.* Edinburgh & London :  
W. Blackwood & Sons. 1858.

THE elements which constitute ministerial popularity are not unfrequently different from those which ensure ministerial success. Whosoever by the blessing of God becomes the means of leading others to exercise genuine faith in the Redeemer, and to manifest that allegiance by a distinctively Christian life, is a servant, owned by the Great Master Himself. The object of the Gospel, and the purpose of the ministry, is not the attraction of crowds, the production of intellectual pleasure, or of passing emotion, nor the collection of money for charitable purposes—it is the moral renovation of the world. More honoured far is he who, in the retirement of a rural district, trains souls for heaven, and fits men for life, than the preacher whose splendid gifts of oratory merely attract curious crowds, gratify their emotional religiosity, or who, to the intense satisfaction of that hybrid class which presides over the temporalities of spirituality, fills the capacious treasury. His may not be the applause of men, nor the distinctions awarded to the orator of the day—his may be the cold shrug and the harsh word, stinging to the soul and wounding the sensitive heart—his may be difficulties and trials, pinching want, and discouraging *hauteur* from the purse-proud, ignorant, self-satisfied “deacon ;” but his also are the approbation of His Master, the moral elevation which successful spiritual work ensures, and the noblest results which Man can achieve. Accustomed as we are to judge of things by a standard of externalism, we have well nigh been talked over into confounding, even in such matters, appearance with reality, and noise with sound. It may be that to such causes not a little of the decline in the value of pulpit ministrations is due. Our young men will cultivate the showy in preference to the solid, talk instead of thought—philosophy, falsely so called—and a style which we cannot characterize better than as the “heroic” of certain penny publications, instead of expounding Gospel truth in language plain and forcible, if they find that such performances give them a claim to distinction with the uninformed or the ill-informed. Under such a process, vital religion must decline ; men of sense will be disgusted and good men shocked ; while short-lived success by-and-bye gives place to mutual dislike.

Our readers will not suppose that we either ignore or dis-

parage ministerial popularity. For good or for evil it is a *power*; and both he that wields it, and they who are the means of bestowing it, are responsible for its exercise. To analyze the elements or the dangers of it, is not our present purpose; we rather turn to the more grateful task of showing that in some measure it is within reach of the many, rather than being the exclusive property of the few who now enjoy it. If by anything we say we shall, in however small a degree, contribute to the encouragement of any of our readers, or to rendering the style of pulpit ministrations more attractive, we shall deem ourselves indeed richly rewarded. Let us confess it, that on leaving the chapel of some popular preacher, we have occasionally been conscious of feelings not kindred to the subject which had engaged us. How, we have asked ourselves, does it come, that a thing so vapid and empty is capable of gathering around him such multitudes? We have known this man; we have watched him as a youth, we have followed him as a student, we have now heard him as a preacher. How inferior in every respect to half a dozen whose names occur to us, and who, in comparative obscurity, and amid not a little difficulty, are infinitely more deserving, and to us would appear more likely of success, than this man! Admitting that there are diversities of gift, and peculiarities of qualification, in voice, and gesture, and speech, do these alone account for the difference, or is there not something which may yet be attempted to raise the general platform of ministerial attractiveness? We believe there is. It concerns, in our opinion, the subject-matter, the arrangement, and the style of preaching.

1. To say that the burden of the sermon should be the high and holy truths of the Gospel, is but to utter a truism. Yet withal there is something in judicious selection, and in preserving the equipoise or right balance of truths. One of the main objects of the preacher must be to adapt his teaching to the peculiar state of his audience—another to present Christianity as an organism. He that lays exclusive stress on faith alone, is apt to engender in his hearers an intellectual belief without heart-emotions or life-practice. He that chiefly dilates on the moral renovation produced by the Gospel, is apt to induce only a sentimental admiration of the moral æsthetics of Christianity. The preacher who turns the pulpit mainly into an arena for theological controversy, or metaphysical disquisition, errs as much as he who only addresses the feelings of his audience. The right combination of these various elements implies a thorough understanding, not only of the doctrines of the Gospel, but also of their interconnexion; not only of the anatomy but of the physiology of the Bible. It also

implies a close acquaintanceship with the hearts and homes, with the minds and lives, of those to whom you minister.

2. It is of the greatest importance to have unity of purpose. The pleader, the philosopher, the man of science, the *littérateur*—each one sets before himself some one definite object. The more steadily he pursues it, bringing every argument and illustration to bear upon it, the more fully will he secure his aim. It is not otherwise with the preacher. He also should have some definite object—whether of truth to explain, or of duty to enforce. To this every train of reasoning, every variety of illustration, should be made subservient. A sermon of which the main purpose cannot be carried away in one or two sentences, is comparatively pointless. Many and varied avenues of thought may be opened up, but only one road can be followed, and only one goal sought. Whether the method adopted be analytical and textual, or synthetic and discursive, this general rule should be steadily kept in view by the preacher, and he should ever ask himself: What is it that I would have my hearers know, feel, or do—to what object am I employing my energies, and engaging their time and attention?

3. Each man has his own mental idiosyncrasy, and, consequently, his own peculiar form and style. The secret of stylistic beauty lies, we are convinced, in naturalness; as, indeed, all artistic perfection lies in the truthful reproduction of reality. To be natural—to use words, not as a cloak, but as a dress, for thought; to adopt language which most clearly and pellucidly discloses the meaning intended to be conveyed; to be natural—to be ourselves, and not to attempt to be some other person—to create a corresponding form for our own thoughts and views—is, we believe, a necessary condition of attractiveness. More persons, by far, have been upset in the ruts which thousands of wheels have made in the beaten track, than by travelling even over rugged and unbroken ground. You *may be* yourself—although this is not very easy—but you never can be another. In your own way, and as befits your own thinking, you may distinctly and distinctively enunciate your Christian thinking or feeling; but you never can attain better than miserable mediocrity, while walking manacled in the fetters of schoolform, or dragging on your slender form the heavy armoury of another to which you are unused.

The limits of our space prevent us from farther dilating on this subject, however full of interest. But it opens up another and kindred topic—we mean that of *national* peculiarities of form and style. These may be said to originate, partly in natural mental diversity, and partly in variety of education or

social circumstances. To confine ourselves to the style of pulpit oratory—we shall not expect that, however Frenchman, German, Englishman, or Scotchman, may agree in their theological views, they will present them in exactly the same manner. Something may here also be due to ecclesiastical organization, and to historical connexions with the past. Fluent and eloquent, graceful and elegant—ponderous, or addressed to the feelings—clear, pointed, chaste—argumentative and metaphysical—such are the adjectives by which we should, perhaps, characterize the different modes and forms in which, speaking generally, the one truth will be presented by preachers of different nations. The Scotch style of preaching, more especially, has long been marked by a peculiar and well-marked type, corresponding both to the religious training of that people, and to their habits of thinking. From an early period, a system of theology, peculiarly distinct, consistent, and developed to all its consequences, has been current among that people. It were scarcely possible to conceive a text-book of Calvinism more lucid, full, or judicious, than the “Shorter Catechism,” which, with the rudiments of secular lore, is, in school and family, indelibly imprinted on the memory of probably nineteen-twentieths of Scottish children. This catechism is peculiarly national. We do not, indeed, mean to assert, that its theology differs from that of Calvinism generally—on the contrary, we would designate it as a moderate exposition of that system of theology; nor is it sectarian, inasmuch as every Calvinist, whatever view of ecclesiastical politics he entertains, might adopt it, with, perhaps, the single exception of one clause in the question on baptism. But its form of close, continuous, and yet gradual reasoning, is singularly in accordance with the mental idiosyncrasy of the nation: it must be at home in Scotland; we doubt whether it could be permanently at home in any other country, or among any other people. Formed, we may almost say, under such training, and naturally fond of subtle disquisition, or thorough illustration, a Scotch audience expects what is popularly designated by them as “good matter,”—a substratum of truth, carefully presented in all its bearings, and guarded against all misconception or error. Those Scotch preachers which are best known in England—such as Chalmers and Guthrie—perhaps, give scarcely a fair impression of the teaching common in the North. The great and good man who, in Glasgow, and occasionally in London, electrified the thousands who hung on his lips, was less metaphysical in the pulpit than in the chair, and in other respects also, can scarcely be said to represent the school of Scotch theologians. The noble originator of “ragged schools,” whose eloquence

now fascinates the northern metropolis, is more distinguished for vividness of illustration and pictorialness of description than for depth of thought, or closeness of reasoning. In some respects, Mr. Caird, whose sermons are now before us, perhaps represents Scotch preachers generally more truly than either Chalmers or Guthrie, however superior in other respects they are to him. Subsequent remarks will show that we are not insensible to his defects. We speak of him rather as a representative, than as a model, of Scottish preaching.

To the English public Mr. Caird is chiefly known as the author of a sermon on "Religion in Common Life," preached before the Queen in the parish-church of Crathie, near Balmoral, printed at her command, and since translated into almost every European language. With that production we are not at present further concerned, than to say that its excellence lay chiefly in the amount of sterling good sense brought to bear on a subject too much kept out of view in ordinary pulpit ministrations. But long before that sermon was delivered, Mr. Caird was known as one of the most popular ministers in Edinburgh, a city which, on the whole, possesses, perhaps, more eminent preachers than any other. Finding the duties of a city parish too onerous, Mr. Caird accepted the small rural living of Errol in Perthshire, where he has continued till within a recent period, when he has removed to a church erected for him in the west-end of Glasgow. The vast commercial metropolis of Scotland will, no doubt, afford him a congenial field of ministerial usefulness, and his accession will be welcomed by the friends of evangelical religion, who have long felt that the supply of ordinances has not kept pace with the growing importance of that city. In characterizing Mr. Caird as a representative of Scottish preaching we have not only paid him a high compliment, but in part already indicated our opinion of his volume. It only remains to give a more detailed estimate of these sermons.

From the outset the reader will be struck with their argumentative character. Throughout the preacher not only reasons, but reasons continuously and progressively. Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, but steadily and surely, he advances. There is a peculiar charm about such a process; not only is the interest sustained, but it deepens as you go on; you are not fascinated by beauty of expression so much as you feel a kind of mental security and satisfaction in following such argumentation. Withal there is no exaggeration about the preacher's statement. You are ever conscious that he is speaking words of truth and soberness. And we feel convinced that there is more in this quality than appears at first sight. We could



mention a deservedly popular preacher, who has neither eloquence nor depth of thought, but whose main strength lies in the unexaggeratedness and calmness of his statements, which irresistibly carry along the convictions of the audience. Yet on the other hand, even in the two most argumentative sermons in this volume, the first and the last, we cannot discover any great depth of reasoning or elevation of sentiment. The reader is not borne aloft into regions of mental vision, where unexplored fields open upon him, or where he can descry massive thoughts like gigantic, overhanging rocks. We know not how better to describe Mr. Caird's style of thinking and ratiocination than by saying that it deals more in adjectives than substantives; in other words, he is more conversant with adjuncts and qualities than with great facts—with details than with principles. Almost invariably, having first stated his subject with great clearness, he leaves it, and proceeds to treat of its accessories. Thus, in Sermon III., on John iii. 7, 8, instead of explaining the doctrine of regeneration or detailing its phenomena, he discusses three points relating to it—its supernaturalness, sovereignty, and secrecy. If we were left to form our ideas of regeneration itself from that discourse, they would, to say the least, be exceedingly meagre. Secondary details are correctly given, but the broad and fundamental facts are superficially alluded to.

And this leads us to notice as the most serious defect of the volume, that the great cardinal truths of the Gospel are not always presented with due prominence. We are far, indeed, from asserting that these Discourses are not evangelical, or that the grand and fundamental realities of Christianity are ignored. But we should be glad to see them stand out in bolder relief. If Mr. Caird should think us somewhat exacting in our requirements on this head, let him be assured that we are actuated by no feeling inconsistent with the respect and admiration which are justly his due. Were he a mere ordinary sermonizer, we might have expressed our approbation in more general and unqualified terms. But we deem ourselves warranted in applying a higher standard to one whose reputation is so great, and whose popular gifts render his preaching so attractive; and we believe him to be capable of far more than he has yet accomplished. He has been placed, too, by Providence, in a position highly favourable to the full exercise of his talents, where they can be brought to act on a portion of society inaccessible to many of his brethren of equal or superior power. We are anxious he should make the most of this advantage—and we shall delight to hear him discuss the leading verities of our faith more fully and directly—detailing

the story of Divine redemption, and delineating the experiences and growth of the inner life. It is, in one word, our earnest desire to see him—what he already gives promise of being—a “burning and a shining light,” not only to his own communion, but to the Church Universal.

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#### ART. VI.—MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK.

*Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, Author of “Select Memoirs of Port-Royal,” &c.* Edited by C. C. Hankin. In Two Vols. London : Longmans.

CAN there be a human life which does not afford some instructive lessons to those who are made acquainted with its upward strivings, its manifold perplexities, defeats, and victories? If not, how are we to decide which ought to be published and which not? Or what kind of teaching must a life convey in order to merit publication?

These are questions which though difficult are ever being practically answered,—not by propounding canons that shall be infallible guides to executors and friends; but by fearlessly piling biography upon biography, and autobiography on these again, until it reminds one of the noted attempt to place Ossa upon Pelion. The only law which seems to be recognised at present is—ability, or otherwise, on the parts of those who may possess, or have access to, materials for such works. If the very idea of a censor of the press were not alien to the instincts of the Anglo-Saxon mind, we should feel inclined to propose the appointment of such an officer—were it only in mercy to those who have *ex officio* to wade through such masses of unreadable matter.

It is, therefore, with no small pleasure that we find the life of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck—poetic name!—to be worthy of meritorious mention. It is valuable both as showing how insufficient the highest moral education is to satisfy the deep-longing needs of the soul, and for the impressions which she has recorded, that such men as Doctors Darwin and Priestley, and other celebrities of that period, made upon her at a time when her mind was without any guiding star or fixed place of rest.

The subject of these volumes was born in 1778. Her parents belonged to the Society of Friends—at least, in external conformity—the society being at that time in a very inane, lifeless state; and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck tells us that “they never had an opportunity of hearing the truth in Christ luminously set forth.” Her mother, Mrs. Galton, was a woman of strong intellect, and strictest morality, but seemingly a stranger to the softening influences of the religion of Jesus. She was very assiduous, however, in inculcating upon her daughter the truths of the Bible; but she did not teach them as if she leaned upon them for daily support and hope; but rather as one who was merely impressed with their moral grandeur. Thus she was rather a stoic than a Christian; and, accordingly, we find her teaching her child to bear pain like that ancient school of philosophers—a lesson which the following extracts will show her daughter to have aptly learned.

“I well remember,” says Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, “one day, when George Bolt, the Friends’ dentist, came to examine my teeth. I agreed to have my front teeth drawn before my mother came in from her walk, that I might puzzle her as to my classification, as I should want the four teeth in the upper jaw, the distinctive mark of the primates. I sat still and had them all out, that it might be over when she arrived. George Bolt said I was the ‘best little girl he had ever seen,’ and took from his pocket a paper of comfits as my reward. But I drew up and said, ‘Do you think Regulus, and Epictetus, and Seneca would take a reward for bearing pain, or the little Spartan boys?’ He laughed heartily, and my mother just then coming in, he said—‘Thy little girl is too much of a philosopher to be rewarded for bearing pain; but still I hope she is enough of a child to like these comfits, as a mark of love and kindness;’ to which I acceded with great delight.”—Vol. I., p. 7.

Moreover, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck tells us that at that time she was exceedingly fond of “Sandford and Merton” (what child is not?); and the influence of this book, together with the instruction of her mother, led her thoroughly to despise outward show of all kinds—especially in dress. Hence we find that when a lady, who wore a very fine head-dress, came to take tea with the family one evening, Mary Anne went up to her, and inquired “what she had done,” and “if she might not take off her fool’s-cap!”

These incidents will suffice to show the reader what kind of education the subject of this memoir received in her early youth—the great evil of which, disconnected as it was from Christian principles, was, that it tended to induce a self-reliant

and self-sufficient spirit, and which proved afterwards her most baneful possession when the light of a higher life began to dawn upon her.

In 1785 her parents removed to Great Barr House, the seat of Sir Joseph Scott, in Staffordshire, where Mr. Galton often entertained the members of the Lunar Society. Amongst these were some of the most vigorous intellects of that time—Messrs. Boulton, Watt, and Edgeworth—Doctors Withering, Priestley, Stoke, Parr, and others.

Here is a good picture Mrs. Schimmelpenninck has given us of her conception of two of these at that period :—

“I well remember that in the assembly of these distinguished men, amongst whom Mr. Boulton, by his noble manners, his fine countenance (which much resembled that of Louis XIV.), and princely munificence, stood pre-eminently as the great *Mæcenas*; even as a child I used to feel, when Dr. Priestley entered after him, that the glory of the one was terrestrial, that of the other celestial; and utterly far as I am removed from a belief in the sufficiency of Dr. Priestley's theological creed, I cannot but here record this evidence of the eternal power of any portion of truth held in vitality.”—Vol. I., p. 38.

The reader will feel that there is considerable ambiguity in the latter part of this extract—that, indeed, without serious limitation, it is liable to exception.

“How often,” she goes on to say, “have I wished in after life that those who were in possession of far more complete views of Christian truth than Dr. Priestley had held them half as vitally. I have often thought that some estimable Unitarians, whom I have known, resembled a living man with the loss of some important limb; while I have unhappily lived to see many orthodox professors, who, like a corpse or a mummy, exhibited all the forms and lineaments of truth, but were destitute of one vital spark.”—Vol. I., pp. 38, 39.

This may be quite true, but it is to be accounted for by the fact (which Mrs. Schimmelpenninck seems to have unconsciously overlooked), that she is comparing those who hold the Unitarian belief in reality with mere professors of Christianity. It would be unfair not to confess that the lives of some Unitarians would put to shame many who pride themselves upon their rigid orthodoxy. But it would be manifestly unjust to seek the cause of this in the professed beliefs of either of these; for are there not those who “have a name to live while they are dead?”

This subject seems to have occupied a large place in Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's mind in after life, and if originated by the

excellencies of some who held, what she afterwards thought a "defective belief," her recollections of their traits of character must have been very vivid; for, at the time to which she refers, she was but ten years of age.

Thus she proceeds again in the same strain, speaking now of Mrs. Priestley, of whom she expresses the highest admiration:—

"It is now sixty-four years since that visit of Mrs. Priestley's [to Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's mother]; and at the end of a long life, I wish, not only to express my deep interest in reviewing the various characters with which I have come in contact, but to record my uniform observation, that the fruit borne by each has always been in exact correspondence, not with the theological opinions, but with the living seeds of conviction sown in each spirit."—Vol. I., p. 94.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck here gives us the solution of the difficulty which before perplexed her—that, indeed, which we ourselves have pointed out above.

The following incidents will not be unacceptable. Mrs. Galton had gone to Bath, to drink the waters. Mrs. Priestley and Miss Berrington, a Roman Catholic friend of Mrs. Galton's, at this time paid a visit to Mrs. Galton, who, before their arrival, had made the acquaintance of Dr. Hastings, archdeacon of Dublin:—

"I have heard," Mrs. Schimmelpenninck relates, "that my mother was once walking in the pump-room, between these ladies [Mrs. Priestley and Miss Berrington], when Dr. Hastings came up, and spoke to her of a book, explanatory of the Liturgy of the English Church, which he had given her. My mother thanked him for the book; but said she feared he would think very badly of her, when she declared how entirely she differed from his view of the Liturgy. He bowed, and politely answered, 'Well, my dear madam, I do, indeed, wish that you belonged to the Church of England; however, I will not make myself uneasy, as I should, were you a Unitarian—' My mother, interrupting him, said, 'Dr. Hastings, I have omitted introducing to you my friend, Mrs. Priestley—' 'Or,' Dr. Hastings then resumed, 'what is so much worse, a Roman Catholic.' My mother replied: 'This lady is Miss Berrington. I am afraid you will think very badly of my condition.' Dr. Hastings courteously answered: 'Nay, madam, you are in just the position which the Church of England occupies—the true medium between those who hold too much, and those who hold too little.'"—Vol. I., p. 93.

The next is amusing, touching Dr. Priestley's devotion to scientific pursuits:—

"Dr. Priestley was a man of much child-like simplicity. Mrs. Priestley related, that when he removed from being pastor of the

Leeds congregation to Calne, on becoming librarian to Lord Shelburne, at Bowood, she had packed everything for the removal with her own hands. The doctor proposed to help her, by superintending the fastening and cording of the boxes. What was her dismay, on arriving at Calne, and opening them, to find that under the cover of each box were lodged specimens of minerals of all sorts, and a number of chemical mixtures! The doctor begged her not to distress herself if the clothes were a little injured, *for the minerals had come perfectly well.*"—Vol. I., p. 86.

During this time, the education of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck had been assiduously attended to. It embraced a wide range of subjects—indeed, was of a very masculine nature, as we at the present time should think—but which, undoubtedly, laid the basis of that strong reflective character, which so distinguished her in after life. But leaving this, we shall, in the short space allotted to us, almost entirely confine ourselves to her experiences of men and things. Soon after this period, Mrs. Galton being ill, her daughter and her attendants were sent to Dawlish, whither, after a time, Mrs. Galton followed her. Dr. Priestley also went to that beautiful spot; and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck never seems tired of recollecting his many excellencies, although always lamenting his defective theological creed. She tells us that—

"Dr. Priestley always spent part of every day in devotional exercises and contemplation; and unless the railroad has spoilt it, there yet remains at Dawlish a deep and beautiful cavern, since known by the name of Dr. Priestley's cavern, where he was wont to pass an hour every day in solitary retirement."—Vol. I., p. 140.

And then she begins to reflect again upon the contrast between the life of men and their professed faith. The recurrence of this subject so frequently, may, perhaps, be accounted for by the state of her own mind, at the time she came into contact with Dr. Priestley.

Without the presence of her mother to support her, and not having been taught to find her peace in God, she tells us that she "seemed to have neither conscience or standard of right left." It was a time of saddest desolation for her—of deepest gloom—which obscured all the lights of heaven; so that her heart with its yearnings turned in and preyed upon itself. It was the beginning of that consciousness of need, which nought but the fulness of God in Christ Jesus can supply. Hers was a prematurely thoughtful life; for she had not now attained the age of eleven. She was older than her years—almost necessarily so, from the system of training to which she had been subjected.



In the autumn of this year, the family returned to Barr ; soon after which, Dr. Darwin first came to pay Mrs. Galton a professional visit.

“ His arrival,” says Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, “ was an era in my life ; I saw him then with the eyes of a child, and now in age I can only describe him, from the stores I then locked up in my memory. It was in the latter part of the morning, that a carriage drove up to our door, of that description then called a ‘ sulky,’ because calculated to hold one person only. The carriage was worn and bespattered with mud. Lashed on the place appropriated to the boot in ordinary carriages, was a large pail, for the purpose of watering the horses, together with some hay and oats beside it. In the top of the carriage was a skylight, with an awning, which could at pleasure be drawn over ; this was for the purpose of giving light to the doctor, who wrote most of his works on scraps of paper, with a pencil, as he travelled. The front of the carriage within was occupied by a receptacle for writing paper and pencils, likewise for a knife, fork, and spoon ; on one side was a pile of books, reaching from the floor to nearly the front window of the carriage, on the other a hamper, containing fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, great part of which, however, was demolished during the time the carriage traversed the forty miles which separated Derby from Barr.

. . . . His figure was vast and massive, his head was almost buried on his shoulders, and he wore a scratch wig, as it was then called, tied up in a little bob-tail behind. A habit of stammering made the closest attention necessary, in order to understand what he said.

. . . . I was particularly amused by anecdotes he told of his patients. There was one lady, the Duchess of D——, whom he had recently been called to attend, who was perishing, he said, under the effect of the white enamel paint, which some ladies were then very fond of applying. The doctor at once perceived the cause of her malady, but he knew it would be tender ground to touch upon, since her use of this cosmetic was kept a profound secret, even from her family ; he, therefore, put on a very grave face, and said she was certainly poisoned, asked if she had had her servants long, and if she had reason to think they owed her ill-will ; he then said he should make the strictest examination of all the kitchen utensils, which he did ;—no satisfaction could be obtained. He then informed her grace that poison might be absorbed by the skin, as well as received by the stomach ; had she observed the dyes of her gloves, &c., &c. ? At last, the Duchess of D——, after a great struggle, confessed she used the white-lead enamel. It was soon removed. Dr. Darwin’s ingenuity furnished her with some vegetable cosmetic in its stead ; and her grace completely recovered.”—Vol. I., pp. 151—2.

So much for the outward appearance and the appendages of Dr. Darwin. Well known, as he probably is, to the most of our readers, we feel sure they will be glad to hear something

also of his private opinions, which are the best index to the *morale* of the man. If there was one thing the doctor was fonder of exhibiting than another, it was his hatred of, and professed disbelief in, the Divine revelation. The following extract relates to this subject:—

“I will mention one observation,” says Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, “to show how grievous it is to receive objections to Holy Scripture without first looking round, and ascertaining if there be not a reply. He [Dr. Darwin] said, on one occasion, that the Scriptures of the Old Testament were a tissue of fables, unworthy to be trusted even by their own confession, seeing it was there stated that the book of the law was lost for a long period, and only found again in the reign of Josiah. This staggered me not a little, for he omitted to add that this applied only to the original identical copy of the law, since every king of Judah was obliged to transcribe a perfect copy upon his ascending the throne; that copies, in like manner, were deposited in every Levitical city; and that so exact were they, in point of correctness, that the failure of one letter cancelled the sheet.”—Vol. I., p. 179.

Does not this justify our use of the term “professed disbelief?” It sadly reminds us of an opinion we have met with somewhere, to the effect, that the only objection to the Bible is an evil life.

At a subsequent period Dr. Darwin came to visit professionally Miss Priscilla Gurney, a cousin of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's, who gives us the following record of his visit:—

“I still seem to see Dr. Darwin sitting on the sofa as he gazed with almost a sneer upon the beauty [Miss P. Gurney] before him, beauty not merely physical, but yet more moral and intellectual; and never shall I forget the contrast between his figure and the fragile form of my cousin, who, as his patient, sat next to him: fragile she indeed appeared, as though a breath might annihilate her; and yet there was that about her which seemed as a panoply of Divine strength, and before which the shafts of Dr. Darwin's wit, aimed cautiously at first, but afterwards more openly, recoiled innocuous. ‘My dear madam,’ said he, ‘you have but one complaint; it is one ladies are very subject to, and it is the worst of all complaints; and that is, having a conscience. Do get rid of it with all speed; few people have health or strength enough to keep such a luxury, for utility I cannot call it.’”—Vol. I., pp. 238—9.

This will account for the doctor's being unable to distinguish between truth and falsehood. He had about this time published his poem, “The Botanic Garden,” in which were some notes explanatory of the lines on the upas of Java. Just in the midst of the brilliant success which this poem achieved,

the doctor visited Mrs. Galton, the mother of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, who said to him :—

“ ‘I was much pleased, doctor, with your magnificent description of the upas; but I was also much surprised, and more especially at the notes containing an elaborate account of it, for I had always considered what we heard of the upas as a myth.’ The doctor laughingly replied, ‘And so do I, my dear madam. There is not one word of truth in it; but so long as I can get the public to believe me, by dint not only of my own poetry, but also by the notes of my ingenious friend, and as every line puts ten shillings in my pocket, I shall go on *ad infinitum*, as haply the monks of old did with their equally true saintly legends.’ ”—Vol. I., p. 247.

Here we leave Dr. Darwin,—a melancholy spectacle of a man endowed with vast and acute intellectual powers, but, not recognising in them the gift of God, he prostituted them to low and selfish aims, so that instead of exciting our admiration, he becomes an object of pity, and almost disgust.

During the whole of this time, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, or rather Miss Galton, was struggling on in much darkness of soul. The very foundations of morality—not to speak of Christianity—were at this time shaken; for the influence of the French Revolution penetrated into almost every corner of our land; especially was it felt at Barr, where so many of the leading men of their time were in the habit of congregating. She heard our Lord spoken of as “the wisest and best of beings.” The morality of the New Testament was enforced upon her, “as most worthy of the highest philosophy.” It was again told her that “Plato, Epictetus, Seneca, or Socrates, never really surpassed Christ!” that “although Paul was a bad reasoner, the Apocalypse a spurious invention,” and much else in the same strain; yet, “as a whole, the New Testament was worthy of very high consideration.” By such means doubts were insinuated into her tender mind—doubts which acted upon her, like a nipping frost upon the buds in spring; and henceforth she tells us, “she was shorn of her last vestige of strength.” And thus helpless, for a time, she continued, till at length the dormant vitality of her soul was aroused by the question of slavery.

She herself felt that such was the case, for she says:—“It was a signal mercy that in the midst of this darkness He vouchsafed to give me clearness both of mind and conscience respecting slavery” (Vol. I., p. 288).

Her overwrought feelings were relieved at this time by a journey to Liverpool—the interest of which was enhanced by

the multitude of black servants she saw there. She has preserved for us one incident so touching and beautiful, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving it entire :—

“At one house where we visited,” she says, “there was a black boy of sixteen or seventeen, who appeared remarkably docile and intelligent. The lady of the house told me her husband imported him when he was twelve years old. The poor boy, who had been torn from his mother and a large family of brothers and sisters, had been deeply depressed, and was only beginning to get better when the ship arrived. His new mistress, who was extremely kind, immediately sent for him. She was sitting in a vast drawing-room, one end of which was occupied by a large pier-glass, which extended nearly from the ceiling to the floor. The door of the room was opened; the moment the little black entered, with an air of deep dejection, his eye instantly caught his own semblance in the pier glass, he stretched out his arms and rushed towards it, crying out, ‘Oh, my brother! my brother!’ and in an instant the crushed pier glass fell in fragments upon the floor.”—Vol. I., p. 291.

But we are fast overstepping our limits. We must, therefore, refer our readers to these interesting volumes, if they wish to follow Mrs. Schimmelpenninck step by step through her subsequent experience. Her youthful life was no ordinary one, for all these events to which we have alluded, took place before she was fourteen, and just at this point her autobiography closes, at the end of the first volume. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck dictated this to her relative, C. C. Hankin, who has compiled the second from the letters, diary, &c., in order to complete the life of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. In the year 1800, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck being in Bath for the benefit of her health, accidentally (as we poor mortals speak) came into contact with a Miss Tucker, a member of the Moravian Church, and a most eminently pious lady. Under the blessing of God, this acquaintance proved the turning-point in her spiritual history. She soon after became acquainted with, and was married to, Mr. Schimmelpenninck, a merchant of Bristol, to which place she removed with her husband. She here felt a desire to join herself to the Moravian Church; but the “lot” was a stumbling-block in her path, and she then turned to the Wesleyan Methodists. Ultimately, however, she became a Moravian, and a Moravian she died. Her end was singularly peaceful and happy—a most beautiful contrast to such a ruffled life. She had, by the strength of the Lord, fought her way through the doubts and difficulties that had been round about her path. The Master had spoken the word, “Peace, be still,” and there was a great calm. Just before she departed, she

said, "Rejoice with me, for I am entering my Father's house." "Her mortal part rests in the spot she loved so well, the peaceful burying ground attached to the Moravian Chapel, Bristol. There it awaits the resurrection of the just" (Vol. II., p. 275).

Christiana C. Hankin has, on the whole, executed her task very creditably. The pruning knife might be applied to some parts, perhaps, with advantage; but we are not disposed to criticise severely a book that contains so many valuable lessons, and so much interesting information. We can sincerely recommend these volumes to our readers.

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## Quarterly Review of French Literature.

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WE have just taken our usual quarterly saunter through the Paris booksellers' shops, and our business at present is to state the result of the visit. What tempting things we have seen in the course of our peregrination! such bindings! such wonders of every description! Elzevirian, Aldine volumes, gems from the presses of the Estiennes, the Didots, the Crapelets! Let us, for instance, walk up the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, and drop in at M. Techener's. That is what I call an intelligent publisher, who supplies the tribe of readers with excellent works, beautifully printed, the elegancies of typography being bestowed upon productions really deserving such a distinction. We often see insignificant *brochures*, worthless trifles, turned into expensive rarities through the addition of woodcuts, or because they are printed on large paper for a limited number of subscribers. Modern Dibdins, bibliomaniacs, may value such dainties; we turn from them with a feeling of relief to reprints like those which form M. Techener's *Bibliothèque Spirituelle*. The name of the editor, M. de Sacy, is an ample guarantee that the collection we are now alluding to deserves a place in every library, and a mere glance at the list of contents will prove that it has been prepared with the greatest care. Here we have two delightful volumes culled from Duguet's writings.<sup>1</sup> It is far more difficult than some persons believe to make a choice in the works of an author who, like Duguet and many other Jansenists, has published enough to fill a tolerably large library. In a preface which, written as it is by M. de Sacy,

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<sup>1</sup> *Choix des Traités de Morale Chrétienne de Duguet. Edition revue et précédée d'une Préface par M. Silvestre de Sacy, Membre de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris: J. Techener.*

could not be anything but a perfect gem of itself, the editor gives his reasons for selecting Duguet's "Explication de l'Ouvrage des Six Jours," and the "Traité de la Prière Publique." We quite subscribe to the encomium passed upon these exquisite essays, but we regret that the limits within which the editor was obliged to confine himself did not allow of his making further extracts from so useful a writer as Duguet.

After the Jansenist comes the Gallican, the chief impersonation of Gallicanism, him whom La Bruyère called "the last father of the Church"—Bossuet, in short. Persons imperfectly acquainted with French literature are accustomed to consider the "eagle of Meaux" merely as a controversial writer, always engaged in maintaining the rights of his Church against its assailants, or else as a mere orator polishing off fine rounding periods, and transforming the Christian pulpit into the chair of a lecturer on eloquence. Let such critics read attentively Bossuet's letters to the Sister Cornuau;<sup>2</sup> they will be obliged to confess with M. de Sacy, that "l'homme est là, l'homme tout seul. Le grand écrivain, le grand évêque, l'auteur des 'Oraisons Funèbres,' ne jette plus comme un voile de gloire entre Bossuet et nous. Heureux ceux qui gagnent à être ainsi dépouillés de tout ce qui fait leur illustration dans le monde ! Ce ne sont pas seulement les vrais saints, ce sont les vrais grands hommes, les seuls dignes de ce nom !"

Of course, in reading books like these we are now noticing, Protestants will find a few things requiring to be taken *cum grano salis*; but the same must be said of Augustin's Confessions, of the treatise on the Imitation of Christ, nay, of *every* devotional work, according to the particular section of the universal Church to which the reader belongs. This is a misfortune, no doubt, yet we must submit to it, because it results from our fallen nature; and we should prize all the more those productions of pious men which contain the smallest proportion of controvertible matter. To this class, we think, belongs Bossuet's "Traité de la Concupiscence," and although the prelate takes very high ground indeed, we do not in the least feel inclined to quarrel with him for his austerity. So true it is that, as M. de Sacy remarks, "la sévérité dans la morale n'a jamais révolté les hommes. Le monde entend sa condamnation et l'accepte en baissant la tête, pourvu que le juge, homme faible et sujet au péché comme les autres, s'enveloppe dans la même sentence !"

The name of Bossuet naturally recalls to our memory that of another great French writer, Molière. The bishop of Meaux inveighed against stage-plays and play-going people, and eminent as the author of "Tartufe" stands amongst the literary celebrities of his country, we must acknowledge that his views of religion are

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<sup>2</sup> Lettres de Piété et de Direction, écrites à la Sœur Cornuau, par Bossuet ; suivies du Traité de la Concupiscence, par le même, et précédées d'une Préface par M. Silvestre de Sacy, Membre de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris : J. Techener.



not the best answer that could be opposed to the loose casuistry of the Jesuits. Molière, however, is a man whose works and life will always excite very legitimate interest, and we are glad; therefore, that M. Techener has reprinted, with additions and corrections, M. Bazin's "Notes Historiques."<sup>3</sup> This biographical sketch, originally contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,<sup>4</sup> is extremely curious, because it rectifies a number of misconceptions which, until quite recently, were commonly current respecting Molière, and it is one of the best works of a man who was thoroughly acquainted with the political and literary history of France during the seventeenth century.

From the Rue de l'Arbre Sec we shall now wend our way towards the Quartier Latin, and call upon another publisher of good books, M. Benjamin Duprat. It may be in the recollection of some readers that, about twelve years ago, a distinguished French *littérateur*, M. Prosper Faugère, edited for the first time from the original MSS., the "Thoughts" of Pascal. M. Faugère, if not a Jansenist himself, is at all events very favourably disposed towards Port-Royal and its inmates, for we behold him now appearing as the literary executor of the celebrated Agnès Arnauld.<sup>5</sup> We are glad to see that the lamentable taste for light reading of the most objectionable kind, although gaining ground from day to day, has not taken possession of the whole community; we still hear of persons sufficiently charmed by everything that is either great or truly beautiful to spend their whole time in collecting and transcribing the letters of a pious woman. We still hear—and this is a better symptom still—of persons anxious to purchase such a collection, to read it, to study it, to derive from it higher views of duty and of life. "N'écrire que parceque l'on pense, et suivant ce que l'on pense, pour obéir aux devoirs de sa conscience ou de son état, ou aux inspirations naïves et désintéressées de l'imagination et de l'art, être homme plus qu'auteur et avant d'être auteur, n'est-ce pas ce qui constitue la seule littérature véritablement digne de plaire et d'intéresser?" So speaks M. Faugère; so say we, and the reason why we admire the correspondence of Agnès Arnauld—why we have perused it with such intense pleasure, is precisely because there is about her nothing of the mere writer, who feels that *volens volens* he must sit every morning at his desk, from nine till one, to earn a couple of guineas by inditing reviews and critical notices of works which he does not care twopence about. The Arnauld family is well known as one of the most illustrious representatives of French piety and intellectual excellence two hundred years ago; *la mère Angélique*, *la mère Agnès*, Henry Arnauld, bishop of Angers, Robert

<sup>3</sup> Notes Historiques sur la Vie de Molière. Par A. Bazin, Auteur de l'Histoire de Louis XIII. Deuxième Edition, revue par l'Auteur et considérablement augmentée. Paris: J. Techener.

<sup>4</sup> Numbers bearing date 15th July, 1847, and 13th January, 1848.

<sup>5</sup> Lettres de la Mère Agnès Arnauld, Abbess of Port-Royal, publiées sur les Textes Authentiques, avec une Introduction par M. Faugère. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: B. Duprat.

Arnauld d'Andilly, and last, though not least, the famous doctor of divinity, Antoine Arnauld, were five out of that sacerdotal tribe, if we may use the expression, which filled the ranks of the Church with some of its chief ornaments. The *recueil* now published by the care of M. Faugère, consists almost entirely of letters hitherto known only in MS. Some of them belong to private collections; the originals of the rest may be found either at the Imperial Library or at the Arsenal, in Paris. They are seven hundred and fifty-one in number, and, with the exception of about one hundred, are printed chronologically. A glance at this voluminous series of letters will serve to show amongst what class of people the recluses of Port-Royal reckoned their correspondents. Pascal and his sisters, Madame de Sablé, Madame de Longueville, the Queen of Poland, M. de Sévigné,—such are the persons to whom many of the epistles were written; but at the same time we find a great proportion addressed to obscure individuals, whose names, although unknown here below, are no doubt recorded in the book of God's remembrance. Some useful notes have been appended by the learned editor, and the preface of M. Faugère deserves an attentive perusal.

The list of Messrs. Didier and Co.'s new publications comprises a variety of interesting works. We would notice especially the reprint of Pellisson and D'Olivet's "Histoire de l'Académie Française," with notes, prefaces, additions, and tables, by M. Ch. Livet.\* A certain clique of persons at the present day, either carried away by excessive timidity, or over-anxious to destroy the last abode of intellectual greatness for the purpose of manifesting their imperialism, would have been delighted had the course of events led M. Livet to deliver the funeral oration of the Académie; but matters are very fortunately not yet come to that crisis; our task is now only to record the timely publication of a first-rate history, long since become a bibliographical *rara avis*, and yet an acquaintance with which is perfectly indispensable to all those who would know the literary history of France under the brilliant reign of Louis XIV. Pellisson's share in the book is a piece of composition worth a study, for, to quote M. Livet, "il a dit, avec ce charme indéfinissable et cette belle langue dont il avait le secret, les premiers travaux, les premières luttes, les premiers succès de la Compagnie." D'Olivet is, on the other hand, the necessary continuator of Pellisson, and his narrative, though inferior as far as artistic merit is concerned, brings down the chain of events to the death of Racine, and the year 1700. These documents, invaluable as they are, required corrections and *éclaircissements* of every description; no one was better qualified than M. Livet to supply them with such desiderata. He has performed his part of the task with the utmost accuracy, and we are led to hope that, taking the annals of the "Forty" where

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\* Histoire de l'Académie Française. Par Pellisson et d'Olivet. Avec une Introduction, des Eclaircissements et Notes par M. Ch.-L. Livet. 2 vols. 8vo Paris: Didier.

D'Olivet has dropped them, he may be induced to continue and complete so interesting a work.

By the side of the Académie Française, and somewhat with the same tendencies, several *salons* of literary assemblies had been organized, in which literary topics were discussed, whilst an attempt was made at reviving social intercourse, so long brought to a standstill by the civil wars. The Hôtel de Rambouillet is the best known of these *bureaux d'esprit*, but there were many others besides, and Mademoiselle de Scudéry deserves to be remembered as the centre of a *system* which numbered more than one brilliant star. M. Victor Cousin, who is so thoroughly conversant with all the gossip of those times, has given us in a couple of octavos the history of *Sappho's* drawing-room<sup>7</sup> (she was called *Sappho* in the *précieux-jargon*); and after studying with M. Livet the formation and growth of Cardinal Richelieu's society, we can consult the Sorbonne lecturer for the destinies of those branch associations which, subsequently vitiated by the influence of bad taste, drew down upon themselves the vituperation of Molière and Boileau.

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## Brief Notices.

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THE USE OF CLAIRVOYANCE IN MEDICINE. By John Mill, M.D. London Freeman.

THIS pamphlet puts us in mind of the Witch of Endor, whom Saul consulted in his desperation. Here a doctor consults a seeress. The physician cannot see too clearly into the nature of things, but we suspect that he had better use his own eyes. Seeing with the eyes of others, and drawing conclusions from hearsay, without discriminating facts for oneself, produce all the pseudo-sciences and sciolisms which abound in this age of patchery, prate, and pretension. The use of clairvoyance, as the art of seeing with the eyes shut, or in mesmeric lucidity, is an appliance not yet proved to be available in legitimate medicine. In this pamphlet, however, we have evidence how a presumptive M.D. may employ a clairvoyante to see through others, no doubt ultimately for the equal benefit of all parties concerned. It seems that it is only necessary for the diseased person to be put *en rapport* with the seeress, by her receiving—enclosed, we presume, with a fee—a lock of the patient's hair, or a specimen of his handwriting; and then, if the patient's morals and manners suit the clairvoyante, she, seeing in the spirit through her mesmeric sleep, discerns all the circumstances of the diseased person, even though he or she may be on the other side of the world, or perhaps in

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<sup>7</sup> *La Société Française au XVIIe. Siècle, d'après Le Grand Cyrus de Mlle. de Scudéry.* Par M. Victor Cousin. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Didier.

another world, where pains don't cease. She actually looks into all his vitals, and feels their condition in her own by a spiritual sympathy, and even analyzes his blood by a kind of spiritual chemistry; she follows the globules of the living current, as they roll through the veins, sees if any of them be of a bad colour or infected by disease, tells what medicine the sufferer has taken, what are the habits of his mind and body, what he is fond of, what is amiss in him, and wherewithal he may be healed! Stupendous powers! more than the devils themselves dare pretend to. But, unfortunately, it happens that this wonderful faculty of seeing beyond sight cannot be used without danger; and, indeed, it appears from Dr. Mill's report, that it is exceedingly unsafe to trust to the directions, and suggestions, and discoveries of the seeress, for she is apt to see awry, and makes great mistakes in therapeutics, and all other detectable things. In short, it requires the clearer sight and practised tact of the presiding genius, the doctor himself, to correct her vagaries and aberrations; and, therefore, the doctor very properly, though very modestly, describes the united practice of himself and his clairvoyante prodigy, as "*our*" practice. There is a becoming, if not beautiful, adaptation to the eclectic spirit and temper of the times in "*our*" mode of practice, for there is the assurance that all the best parts of all modes of practice are adopted in the prescriptions of these united-faculties' professors, that is, as a general rule; but there is especial ingenuity, not to say ingenuousness, in making it known that the principle of practice is founded on "the homœopathic law, *similia similibus curantur*; but the *dose* is invariably rejected."

Oh! what is like this homœopathic cant?

There's nothing like it, so it can't be cured!

Lest there should be a fear of too much simplicity, it is stated that "*we* sometimes *mix* the medicines, and administer two together," a very unhomœopathical proceeding, resulting, we judge, from the double-dealing of this dual doctorate. Be this hypothesis as it may, the combined advantages are these: the power of seeing the complaint completely, and prescribing the very remedy in proper quantity and due admixture. The benevolence of disposition evinced by all the new *medicine* men, and women, is as remarkable as their science. They desire to leave all acute cases to regular practitioners. "*We* prefer dealing with desperate chronic complaints." "*We* do not say [how is this?] that those diseases are *always* curable; what we affirm is, that the clairvoyante sees when they are so, and can generally point out the proper remedy," i.e., if she likes the party. If wonder be the mother of knowledge, the reader of this strange medley of marvels will have no reason to complain of ignorance; but we fear every kind of wonder does not produce knowledge, for we must confess our own wonder seems barren in this case of anything but doubt. Certainly it is not surprising that the announcement of such marvellous gifts should have led ignorant persons to

address Dr. Mill and his partner in practice, as adepts in the black-art and fortune-telling; for surely if not miraculous, they are at least "*uncannie*," and "*mixtie-martie*." All pretensions of this kind are repudiated thus: "Now with us, miracles are simply an absurdity. The clairvoyante SEES the cause of the disease, and if there be any known remedy, sees also the relation and adaptation of one to the other. But this is the most natural and logical process in the world; and beyond this, we know and profess nothing. To her vision, when in a state of lucidity, every cause of human suffering is open: the insect, boring its way through the sensitive fibre; the cancer globule, floating in the blood; or the scrofulous monades, which permeate the nervous fluid of those who are so unfortunate as to suffer from hereditary disease, are as tangible to her senses, as are the shingle and boulders which ripple the course of the river to ours. When, therefore, the powers of nature are exhausted, death is not only inevitable, it is also best; for the sun of life must ever set in the halo of immortality." How wonderful that such seers and seeresses always see the last things science has talked about. This passage is worth quoting and pondering, as a specimen of what is supposed to be natural and logical. It may, if duly considered, account for the rest of the work. There is no incantation truly, no calling "spirits from the vasty deep," no lunar observations, or astrological divinations; but there is lunatic discovery, and the coming of spirits uncalled, that confer on men and women the faculty of dispensing with all reason, common sense, and science, in those very cases in which they are ordinarily most desirable. Those who apply to physicians, as if they could cure on any other principles than those by which the Divine hand is constantly working, are deluded, and distrustful of all but lying promises. We do not doubt the possibility of clairvoyance; but we would suggest, that as it requires great medical skill, according to this pamphlet, to use clairvoyance medically, it is especially necessary that the character of the physician should be above suspicion.

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POEMS. By William Tidd Matson. London: Groombridge. 1858.

THESE are the graceful productions of a mind which has somewhat more than mere poetical fancies and feelings to boast of,—the power of fitting expression being enjoyed in an enviable degree by their author. The decree has nevertheless gone forth from the inexorable chamber of circumstances, if not from that of the poetical faculty, that the poet shall never advance beyond the degree of minor minstrelhood, his pen being henceforth devoted to the more serious occupations of practical life. "Called to labour in the Master's vineyard, as a minister of the gospel, it will be my duty to bend all my energies to the fulfilment of the work assigned me, and for any substantial poetic achievement, I shall have neither time nor opportunity." The present volume, therefore, with all the pleasure its composition has occasioned, and all the commendation it has

called forth, is henceforth to be regarded as the first-fruits of a future harvest, but as amongst "the childish things" which the *toga virilis* consecrates to memory and not to hope. We trace in its pages the influence of Wordsworth and Tennyson, Shelley and Poe, but better still, of Isaiah and David, of John and Paul. For the happy way in which it combines domestic affections with the unostentatious reverence due to "pure religion and undefiled," we know no volume of occasional verses more unexceptionable for family circulation. Our younger readers will probably enjoy a translation from the Greek, one of several, made with great ease and freedom, which is no unfair indication of Mr. Matson's ability.

"LOVE BENIGHTED."

"At the hour of midnight dreary,  
When Arcturus drives the weary  
Bear towards his western setting,  
And the busy tribes of men,  
Overcome with toil are sleeping;  
Love benighted came a-weeping  
At my gates, and loudly knocking  
Made the silence ring again.

"Who," said I, "my dreams dispelling,  
Breaks the stillness of my dwelling?"  
'Be not fearful,' then he answered,  
'I am but a little child,  
And implore your kindly shelter,  
From these drenching rains that pelter;  
Have compassion on a wanderer  
Through the moonless midnight wild.'

"Having heard, and moved to pity  
By his sad and plaintive ditty,  
Straight my chamber lamp I kindled,  
And my doors I open'd wide;  
Lo! a little child before me,  
Clad with wings as with a glory,  
In his hand a bow, and quiver  
Full of arrows at his side.

"By my hearthstone, burning brightly,  
Having seated him, I lightly  
Took and warmed his hands in mine,  
And wrung the moisture from his hair;  
Looking then from arch brows under,—  
'Let us try my bow; I wonder  
If the bowstring has been injured,'  
Said he, and with sprightly air, ;

"Drew an arrow from his quiver,  
And he shot me through the liver  
Like a gadfly, and up-leaping,  
Loudly laughed, and said again,  
With his red lip curling at me:  
'Dear mine host! congratulate me!  
My bow is indeed uninjured,  
But thy heart will feel the pain.'"

Anacreon has been done into English in more unworkmanlike fashion ere now, and will be many times again.



**THE LAST JUDGMENT.** A Poem in Twelve Books. London : Longmans. 1857.

THIS solemn subject is solemnly treated in a poem of some seven thousand heroic verses. The versification is smooth and clever, and the entire production calculated to please and edify. The author moves easily in the chains of rhyme. His verse is musical, and his spirit ever reverential and pure. Treating of the resurrection, the poem proceeds :—

“The Righteous and the Wicked all arise ;  
 These with dismay, and those with sweet surprise :  
 These struggling fierce with slow reluctant pain ;  
 Those swift and eager their reward to gain :  
 These dark as hell, and gloomy as the night ;  
 Those clothed in beauty and arrayed in light :  
 These howling with ten thousand terrors stung ;  
 Those with hosannas bursting from their tongue :  
 The outward form yields to the mind's control ;  
 The body is the reflex of the soul :  
 Yet still so much its former semblance shows,  
 That he who knew it once immediate knows.”

This is not the highest poetry, nor yet is it the most poetical specimen we might have selected ; nevertheless even this will justify our favourable judgment, and fairly represent the equable flow of the author's composition.

**THE OPHTHALMOSCOPE.** By Jabez Hogg, Assistant Surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, &c. London : J. Churchill.

THIS work conveys information of great value to oculists and other medical students, and presents much that will interest any one suffering from disease of the eye. It explains the application of an instrument lately introduced, by which diseases affecting the interior of the eye may be explored. This instrument, with its long and learned name, is simply a small-sized mirror, such as is used for the ordinary microscope, with a hole through its centre. A lamp is affixed in front of it, the rays of which are reflected into the chambers of the eye, so as to throw light upon their walls, while the observer's eye, looking through the small central aperture in the middle of the small concave mirror, gets a view of the interior. By adroit practice, and knowing how to look, a skilful oculist thus obtains nearly as thorough a knowledge of the morbid changes in the appearance of the interior of the eye as of those on the outer surface—a matter of great importance in relation to the pathology and treatment of ophthalmic diseases.

**SWITZERLAND, THE PIONEER OF THE REFORMATION ; or, La Suisse Allemande.**  
 By Madame la Comtesse Dora d'Istria. Translated from the French. By G. H. 2 vols. London and Edinburgh : A. Fullarton & Co. 1858.

THIS is the first time—at least in our experience—that reviewers have been called upon to notice a publication proceeding from the pen of a youthful Wallachian princess. Hitherto our opinion of the Roumenian nobility has not been very high, and we are, therefore,

the more ready to welcome volumes which give evidence both of extensive reading, and of liberal and enlightened principles. In a country where education is so little cultivated, where public morality has reached so low an ebb, and where the aristocracy is so little given to intellectual pursuits, as in the Moldo-Wallachian principalities, we could scarcely have anticipated the existence of aspirations and views such as this work discloses. The Countess d'Istria—under which pseudonym our authoress chooses to appear—seems to have been favoured with a very liberal education, and to have early imbibed a deep sympathy with the cause of progress and of liberty. To such an extent is this carried, that her views are almost wholly democratic; and that everything—not only the history of the past, but even the high and holy truths of the Gospel—assumes in her mind a direct bearing upon political considerations. There is an error and danger here, which the countess has not sufficiently avoided. For, while fully admitting that the spread of genuine Bible-Christianity and of liberal principles are invariably connected, we must guard against identifying the two, and representing the Gospel as a politico-religious creed. Again and again in the perusal of these volumes, has the conviction been painfully impressed upon us, that, notwithstanding the generally sound views on Christian truth expressed by Madame D'Istria, the distinctively spiritual and religious character of the Bible has not been sufficiently brought forward, and that liberalism and Christianity are too frequently confounded. The occasion, and the contents of these volumes, render them peculiarly attractive. Married to a Russian count, our authoress soon felt the atmosphere of St. Petersburg to be uncongenial, and resolved, "for the sake of her health," to travel in Switzerland. Of this journey we have here a kind of epistolary diary, describing, however, rather the historical associations connected with the places visited, than their natural features. Thus Constance gives occasion to narrate the history of Huss; Zurich that of Zwingle, &c. These sketches are drawn with great vivacity and spirit, and betoken considerable research in the collection of materials. But, unfortunately, Madame d'Istria has consulted rather compilers of history than the original sources, and, accordingly, a number of inaccuracies, which had previously made the round of second-hand historians, recur in her pages. With these exceptions, her views on religious subjects are clear and sound, though we can scarcely agree in assigning to the Eastern or Greek Church the high place claimed by the countess. It is, perhaps, scarcely fair to enter upon minute criticism; still we must add, that the peculiar dramatic style adopted in these volumes, as in many other recent French publications, does not appear to advantage when reproduced in an English garb. With all these blemishes, thoughtful travellers to Switzerland will find Madame d'Istria's work an admirable preparation for their journey, and will hail the appearance of the concluding volumes, in which a description of "La Suisse Française" is promised. Only let us hope that we shall be spared the tedious notes of the translator, in which history, poetry, theology, politics,

and grammar are thrown together, "regardless of expense." Here is a specimen, culled almost at random:—"Perhaps poor Huss (!) was merely as earnest as a celebrated popular preacher of the day, whom the translator has heard gravely accused of a similar arrogation, for certain imaginary conversations. Huss, had he lived in our day, would have imitated (!) Mr. Spurgeon's peculiar style, had it been necessary thereby to save souls. And conversely, people are beginning to find out that it is the times that have compelled the latter gentleman to make these startling appeals, which appal the Pharisaism of *their middle-class respectability*, and is (!) only enjoyed by the *extremes* of society." Of such sapient remarks, rich and varied abundance is scattered over the two volumes. Surely both the Countess d'Istria and the public have a right to complain of their introduction, and to protest against such an abuse of the privileges of a translator.

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HISTORY OF GERMAN LITERATURE. Based on the German Work of Vilmar. By the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe, M.A. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

PROFESSOR VILMAR'S "Geschichte der deutschen National-Literatur," is a work well-known, and deservedly popular in "the Fatherland." In brief compass, with considerable clearness and tact, and from a Christian point of view, the literature of Germany, from the past to our own times, is sketched and characterized. The book has already passed in Germany through six editions, and continues to be regarded as a standard work on the subject. Under these circumstances a translation was appropriate, especially if executed with the ability and judgment which Mr. Metcalfe has displayed. Every needless period has been omitted; involved and dark sentences have been broken up and rendered distinct, and the volume has gained considerably by the process of sifting and condensation which it has undergone at the hands of the translator. We pay a high but not an undeserved compliment, when we say that, on the whole—and bating Mr. Metcalfe's preface—we prefer the translation to the original. But we must decidedly and emphatically object to the title of the book. The Preface admits that Mr. Metcalfe had done no more than *translating* and *condensing*, and the occasional original notes introduced bear the distinctive signature of "The Editor." On what ground, then, is the work merely designated as "*based on the German work of Vilmar*," when not only the *basis*, or foundation, but all the materials of the building also, are derived from the same store? To say the least, the title is apt to mislead, in a manner which we are sure Mr. Metcalfe could not have intended. This objection requires, we feel certain, only to be pointed out in order to be removed in future editions.

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SISTER KATE; or, the Power of Influence. By Julia Addison. Bath: Binns & Goodwin. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

WE can cordially recommend this pleasant and useful story as very suitable for juvenile readers. The plot is well devised, the charac-

ters are consistently drawn, the interest is kept up, and, best of all, the aim is elevated, and the sentiments thoroughly Christian. Not, indeed, that this volume is quite free from the common fault of such stories—the *couleur de rose* of the heroes, and the superlativism of everybody, good or bad. But this defect appears not so prominently in “Sister Kate,” as in many books of this kind. We can give testimony of having read it ourselves with interest and pleasure; and we are sure parents and young readers will be obliged to us for calling their attention to it. Miss (or Mrs.) Addison promises to prove an able and judicious adviser to young and old.

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KINGSDOWN LODGE. By Emma Jane Worboise. Bath: Binns & Goodwin. 1858.

MISS WORBOISE is certainly gaining in facility and brilliance. “Grace Hamilton” was an interesting story; “Kingsdown Lodge,” which is the sequel to it, is a far better one. We give the book our cordial recommendation.

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TORCHESTER ABBEY; or, Cross Purposes. By Catherine Sinclair. In the Run and Read Library. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

MISS SINCLAIR is always a favourite with us—we have often derived enjoyment and instruction from her writings; we have rarely had occasion to find any exception. The *morale* of “Torchester Abbey” is a protest against Popery, against intemperance, and against the overworking of sempstresses. Apparently incompatible subjects these, but which our skilful novelist manages to weave into a very nice texture. The story may chiefly be described as anti-Popish, the plot consisting mainly in counteracting and foiling the schemes of a Jesuit, who, much to the satisfaction of the reader, is at last detected and hung. Love is of course not a-wanting, and the story closes with most pleasant “matchifying.” Despite occasional *outré’s* and improbabilities, the interest is throughout well sustained, and the tale may safely be put into the hands of readers with the recommendation of affording pleasant and wholesome diversion. We have only one cause of quarrel with Miss Sinclair. She threatens to leave her large circle of admirers, and to sit down “finally in the arm-chair of retirement;” a proposal which we will not let her carry into execution, at least if our remonstrances have any weight with her.

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APOCALYPTIC SKETCHES. By Dr. Cumming. New Edition. Vol. I. London: 1858.

CONSOLATIONS. By Dr. Cumming. London: 1857.

DR. CUMMING’S “Apocalyptic Sketches” had great popularity when they first appeared; and his numerous admirers will be glad to have them in this handsome new edition. His new book, “Consolations,” is characterized by most of the excellences which have won for the Doctor his great popularity, and we think that some of the great blemishes of his earlier works are not so obvious in this.

**A PLAIN CONTROVERSIAL CATECHISM ON SOME OF THE ERRORS OF THE ROMANISM.**  
By the Rev. J. P. Myles, A.B. Dublin: Madden & Oldham. 1858.

**THE EVIL OF MIXED MARRIAGES;** Illustrated by a Supposed Conversation between a Clergyman and two Protestant Parishioners. Dublin: Madden & Oldham. 1858.

**FRIENDLY ADVICE TO PROTESTANTS ON THE SUBJECT OF INTERMARRIAGES WITH ROMAN CATHOLICS.** Dublin: Madden & Oldham. 1858.

**MARRIAGES** between members of different communions, where both are Protestants, are too commonly an evil. Marriage with a Roman Catholic is always an unmitigated evil. It is both wise and kind to all parties to prevent it wherever possible. Mr. Myles's catechism of sixty-seven pages, is the cheapest pennyworth that was ever printed, and should be circulated by cartloads. It was prepared by the author for a Sunday-school, hence it is marked by a simplicity which adapts it for the young.

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**SELECT ODES OF HORACE,** in English Lyrica. A Specimen of a New Translation of the Poet. By J. T. Black, F.R.S.S.A.; edited by Gilbert Malcolm Sproat, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

WE cannot congratulate the author of this little volume, although not destitute of merit, on his success in "combining an almost literal fidelity of rendering, with the spirit of the original." In the translation of lyric poetry we consider "literal fidelity" as among the least of merits, but even this Mr. Black has not attained, while we must in candour say the spirit of the original has been rarely caught. In proof, we quote the first and last verses in the book:—

"Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,  
(Cui rex deorum regnum in aëre vagas  
Permisit, expertus fidelem  
Jupiter in Ganymede flavo.)

"As the swift arm-bearer of Jove  
(With lofty flight 'tis his to soar,  
King of his race, who faithful bore  
Fair Ganymede to realms above)."

Our space precludes criticism, yet may we remark that swiftness is not predicated of the eagle by Horace, but impetuosity of swoop; that the second line is a sheer impertinence, intensely prosaic, and a makeweight; while the word *alitem* finds no corresponding term in the translation: the omission mars the ode. But let us look at the last lines in the work:—

"Ille te mecum locus, et beatus  
Postulant arces: ibi tu calentem  
Debita sparges lacrima favillam  
Vatis amici."

"There, there we'll string the lyre anew,  
We'll climb its slopes and mountains tall.  
The tear, thy brother poet's due,  
There on my ashes warm shall fall."

The first of these lines is Mr. Black's own, while the feats in climbing in which he makes Horace indulge, prospectively, were the

very last things in the shape of a treat which the plethoric little gentleman would propose. On the whole, we think our readers will allow our verdict to be just, that the translator of these odes, where he has been literal, is not spirited, and where spirited not literal. We may add, that we prefer his paraphrases to his translations.

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EARNESTNESS IN THE PULPIT: A few Hints to the Clergy. By Abdelrachma. Second Edition. London: Heylin. 1857.

A VALUABLE book, though it will fit in the smallest waistcoat pocket.

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THE WEB OF LIFE. By Allan Park Paton. London: Longmans. 1858.

THE "Web of Life" is a prose poem, although only professing to be a prosaic story of our own times. It possesses a careful elaboration of style and a minuteness and picturesqueness in the description of nature that would easily throw themselves into the form of narrative blank verse, of which they already share many of the characteristics. The volume is marked by a richness, freshness, and occasional quaintness of epithet, suggestive of an original and ingenious mind. When meadows are called by Mr. Paton "creamy" we suppose he had an eye to the dairy and the churn, the phrase being reducible to a metonymy of the adjunct, as our old Hebrew professor was wont to term it, or some other equally recondite oracular utterance. The story is less elaborate than the style, and indeed is almost too fragmentary to be called a story. The scene is Scottish, and in many places is very sweetly and truthfully described, with that homely intermixture of brae and burn, whin and broom, the glint of the gowan and lilt of the mavis, which have combined to render Scottish pastoral poetry the sweetest in the world. The interest of the tale centres on a lovely girl, whose tragic fate reminds us of Haidee, and on an ingenuous youth, hight Graham Kennedy, admirer, devourer, and almost worshipper of Shakspeare. The gem of the volume is a Howard in a Genevan cloak, the Rev. Boyd Livingstone, or as he was lovingly and familiarly called by the people who shared in his philanthropy, "little Livy." The tale of that good presbyterian divine's sorrowful up-bringing and disappointment in love, is extremely touching, and may take its place along with certain *Clerical Portraits* in one of our monthly contemporaries, as an interesting history well told. There is an individuality about others of the sketches in the "Web of Life" which leads us to conclude that they do not owe their origin exclusively to the writer's fancy.

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THE TRIUMPH OF TRACTARIANISM. A Pamphlet-Lecture. By Alessandro Gavazzi. London: Partridge & Co.

THIS tractate consists of a trenchant *exposé* of *Anglicanism*, and a careful but too lengthy examination of the decision of the Privy Council on the points in controversy. The pamphlet labours under the defects of a somewhat florid style, but is clear, and may safely be recommended to all interested in these questions.



MAN'S DREAMS AND GOD'S REALITIES; or, Science Correcting Sceptical Errors.  
By Thomas Ragg, Author of "Creation's Testimony to its God," &c. &c.  
London: Longman & Co.

THE spirit, power, and purpose of all Thomas Ragg's writings are good, and we gladly welcome this striking little work as an eloquent exposition of the really unscientific character of sceptical errors. The first part consists of the dreams or mistakes of the sceptical astronomer, mechanical philosopher, chemist, transcendentalist, mythist. The second part consists of chapters, showing,—1st. That the teachings of the universe accord with the revealed word, and converge in Christianity. 2nd. The wisdom and goodness of the Deity. 3rd. The creature's imbecility. 4th. Aberration and restoration. 5th. Goodness triumphant. The appendix abounds in useful and explanatory intelligence. There are a few errors to be corrected in future editions, such as that (p. 156) in which oxygen is said to signify *life-generator*, whereas it means *acid-generator*, according to the notion of Lavoisier, who invented the word. This mistake destroys the point of the passage. Probably the *young* scientific reader will not find the general argument sufficiently sustained to suit his taste, and, not unlikely, he will consider the style rhapsodical; but the truth, as well as the poetry of the book, will commend it to most readers.

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OUR INFIRMITIES. By the Author of "Protoplast," and "Snatches of Sacred Song." London: Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.

THIS is a parlour sermon by one who thinks feelingly, and feels thoughtfully. It contains much of the gentle energy, kindly openness, immediateness, and confiding simplicity of an earnest and hearty intellect, such as characterized "Protoplast," and assured us that the writer is a Christian lady well qualified to act the friendly adviser. Any spirit crushed by the weight of conscious infirmity, will find it good quietly to read this exposition of the text,—“Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.”

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OUTLINES OF THEOLOGY: or, the General Principles of Revealed Religion briefly Stated. By the Rev. James Clark. Vol. II. 8vo. Price 10s., cloth.

THESE lectures are entitled "Outlines of Theology." The author does not profess to give a regular body of divinity. A person may write outlines of a subject without attempting a perfect and harmonious system. All evangelical Christians hold the same great general principles and truths of Divine revelation, though they may not have found out any means of reducing them to one comprehensive plan. Even in matters of pure science this is so difficult that it has seldom been accomplished. All attempts to systematize theology have failed. No plan has been discovered sufficiently comprehensive for the purpose. The prophet says, "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." The Arminian creed is too narrow in one direction, and the Calvinistic creed in another, and so

join them together in one would destroy the very idea of system. Some systematic writers have left out one wing of the sacred edifice, and some another. No plan has yet been discovered which will take in and explain the whole of Divine revelation. Mr. Clark must not be blamed for failing to accomplish what no other writer had effected, and what he himself did not intend. His object was to exhibit with clearness and power those great truths on which all good men are agreed, and in this he has succeeded. Mr. Clark is of the old school. He moves in the latitude of such writers as Fuller, Edwards, Charnock, Pye Smith, &c. We shall only add, the discourses are distinguished not only by their substance, but by their manner and form. They sometimes rise to a degree of devotional feeling and eloquence which we must own surprised us. We wish the author success in his undertaking. This is the second volume of the series. The first was reviewed in *THE ECLECTIC* for June, 1855, to which we refer the reader.

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**WISE TO WIN SOULS.** A Memoir of the Rev. Zephaniah Job. By Sarah S. Farmer. London: 1857.

**MR. JOB** appears to have been a very sensible and an eminently good man; his life is very well written, and is likely to be useful.

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**WOMAN, AND HER MISSION.** By the Rev. Adolphe Monod. London: Trübner & Co. 1858.

**WOMAN; HER MISSION AND HER LIFE.** Two Discourses. By the Rev. Adolphe Monod. Translated by the Rev. W. G. Barrett. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.

**THE** former of these little books is an anonymous translation, published in New York and in London. It is vigorously done, and reads somewhat more smoothly than that by the Rev. W. G. Barrett. This, doubtless, is due to the fact, that the American editor had the benefit of so faithful and excellent a translation as that of Mr. Barrett before him. On the whole, we prefer the latter, and think, that if the American edition be demanded in the English market, it is a disgrace to English publishers. We may, however, well rejoice if there be, indeed, a good demand amongst our countrywomen for a work so admirably calculated to inspire them with a right feeling of their true dignity, and of the high position which He who so influentially endows them has assigned them in their duties. In these discourses on, and to, woman, perhaps the most eloquent discourses ever delivered by that eloquent man Monod, there are appeals which cannot fail to touch the heart of any woman, or man either, in the least open to the voice of love and truth. It is demonstrated, as if in the very words of God, that the safest, the happiest, and holiest path in which a human spirit can be found, is that of true humility, and, it may be, of humiliation also; for it is in that path alone that we walk with God, as the Son of God also walked. As from that path He, as man, entered into his glorious exaltation, so also that path alone conducts us to triumph with Him.

The vocation of woman from her first fellowship with man is her vocation still. By simple love, by unconquerable meekness, by the demands of willing dependence, by genial prudence and modest grace, she is to sustain man's strength to good purpose, and so fulfil her calling as his companion and his glory. Thus she finds her chief joy, for she serves God in her love, while making man social, healthful, joyous, blessed and blessing in spirit and working, so as without womanly heart-ministration man could not be. Her power is in sympathy—with the simplicity and weakness of the child, and with the wants of the wise and the strong. If we see woman thoughtless, beautiful in vain, ill-tempered, irritating, quarrelsome, corrupt, odious, we see, in fact, not the true God-made woman, but the likeness of that spirit who first deceived her with a notion that she might choose her own pleasures. The true woman appears only when the spirit and life of her heart and soul correspond with those of the perfect and true Man, who emptied Himself and hung upon His mother's breast dependent on the love He Himself inspired. In her unostentatious devotedness to the claims of others upon her love, woman comes nearest to Him who made Himself a sacrifice for her. It is thus that, as when on earth, He still visits Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, lifts the latch of the cottage-door, and sits down to talk with their hearts. Till Jesus showed the way, woman never found her proper place. In the words of Monod, we say, "O ye who wish to accomplish the humble but beneficent mission of your sex, behold the way: *beneath the cross or nowhere.*" We advise Mr. Barrett to publish a new edition of his translation, transfusing into it as much of Monod's vividness as possible, and appending to it a warm sketch of Monod's life and life's decline, with a portrait of the man, for the enduring, daring, loving spirit of the Christian beams like light from his face.

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THE CITY; ITS SINS AND SORROWS. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

WE heartily rejoice at the popularity of this noble book. Dr. Guthrie has a large and profound acquaintance with the terrible evils by which our great cities are afflicted, and he has here made an appeal to the hearts and consciences of Christian people on behalf of their near neighbours, which it is impossible to read without the deepest emotion. He himself is thoroughly in earnest, and it is hard to imagine how any right-hearted man can lay the book down without yearning to do more for the purification and salvation of our godless fellow-countrymen. This volume may excite less admiration in some minds, but it will produce deeper and more permanent impressions on all, than Dr. Guthrie's previous work on Ezekiel.

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THE MOORS AND THE FENS. By F. G. Trafford. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. "THE Moors and the Fens" is full of strange incidents and rapid action. A Highland lassie belonging to the Clan Fraser is reduced to poverty by circumstances detailed in Mr. Trafford's romance, and,

as a last resource, determines to seek shelter and protection in the house of a rich relative residing in London. Here she is for awhile provided for, but shortly after, the death of the relative again entails misfortune, upon the vast property which he possessed being claimed by a wife who had been separated from him. She is, however, discovered to be a bigamist, and consequently her claims vanish; whilst the Highland Mina once more enjoys the property of her deceased relative. In the Fens of Lincolnshire, about the same time, is growing up a young man who becomes the hero of the story. His father is a baronet and a miser, and, by a fortuitous process of circumstances which novelists always have at command, the heir is robbed of his inheritance, and finds a noble treasure in the heroine Mina. The rest is easily conceived; the episodes in the story are striking and effective, and give zest to the general narrative; with the interest thus infused into the Moors and Fens, we have no doubt Mr. Trafford will find a steady demand for his tale at the circulating libraries.

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**YARRA YARRA; or the Wandering Aborigine.** A Poetical Narrative, in Thirteen Books. By Kinahan Cornwallis. Fifth Edition, Enlarged. London: Ward & Lock.

"YARRA YARRA" is the incoherent and fluent outpouring of an undisciplined mind,—so poor, as poetry, that we should wonder at its composition, were we not wrapt in the greater wonder, that any firm should publish it, and that it should reach a fifth edition. The author's religious creed is somewhat better than his verse, and how Pagan his creed is our readers shall judge: "Will the born Pagan, or Mohammedan, or yet the Australian, without any notions of a Deity whatever, meet with a worse fate than the European born Protestant or Papist? It would be sheer idiocy or cant for a moment to hesitate in pronouncing an unqualified NO; for man was not created to be consigned to damnation: it is a reproach to the Almighty, and debasing to himself, to suppose it. That which will procure the Protestant his passport to heaven, will procure the Papist, the Hindoo, and the Maöri theirs, and in the sight of that undefinable God of the universe, whom we worship, every people and every religion is alike."—Of course not alike good, but alike bad. As catholic in his dislikes of men as of their religions, the author says that his experience of both has "only tended to increase my scorn of mankind, and my contempt for their institutions."

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**SCHOOL-DAYS OF EMINENT MEN.** By John Timbs, F.S.A., Author of "Curiosities of London," "Things Not Generally Known," &c. London: Kent & Co.

THIS is a little volume at once amusing and useful. Mr. Timbs is well known in the literary world for the *specialité* of his works, for their quaint and instructive character, and for their throwing up to the surface of society things long since buried beneath the dust of time, or lost in the morasses of neglect. "School-days of Eminent

*Men* may take rank amongst the most interesting of his books. The title is very attractive; and when we come to look into its contents and see how much we may learn about schools and school-boys in olden days, and how men, who subsequently became famous on the roll of history, behaved in their juvenility, the value of the work becomes still more enhanced. And, in fact, the little volume of Mr. Timbs does not promise more than it performs. It is, in fact, a history of education in England from the time of the early Britons to the present day; it exhibits its changes at different epochs; it shows the influence it has had on our national manners and habits at various periods; it likewise gives us an account of the establishment of our different colleges, high-schools, and universities; besides which, as its title infers, it lets us into the conduct of masters and pupils in the several stages of our country's history. This cannot but render the work acceptable to a large number of readers.

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A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW, from its Commencement to its Relief by Sir Colin Campbell. By L. E. Runtz Rees. London: Longman & Co.

"It will suffice to say," writes Mr. Rees in his preface, "that a Calcutta merchant, formerly attached to the Martinière College of Lucknow, unexpectedly found himself entangled in the meshes of the siege of that city, and having been, by force of circumstances, obliged to take his part in the defence, he recorded, from time to time, the events in which he was concerned, and those which passed before him." Such is the account which Mr. Rees gives of himself. In his narrative of the siege we come to know more of him, and find him, on all occasions, observant and watchful, and patiently submitting to the trials and deprivations of the position in which he found himself placed. The work of Mr. Rees is the most copious, in general details, of any yet published, of the siege of Lucknow; the sketches he gives of the interior of the Residency, at different stages, during those terrible six months, and the anecdotes recorded, make it, in some cases, painfully, but more frequently, amusingly interesting. It serves to give the uninitiated an idea of life in a besieged camp, of life under the excitement of peril; and we are not surprised to find that, after all, men, and women, and children, are not so gloomy-tempered and desponding as we at first sight should imagine. God tempers the wind to the shorn sheep. Men, too, in the presence of danger, feel that their lives are in the hands of the living God; they naturally draw nearer to him, and the inevitable result is a cheerfulness in the midst of events the most discouraging. We recommend this volume to all those who would have a something more than vague perception of the circumstances attending the siege of Lucknow, and a description of persons with whose names the country was filled, whilst the fate of the besieged was left pending on the turn of a moment.

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WANDERINGS IN THE LAND OF HAM. By a Daughter of Japhet. London: Longman & Co.

EGYPT is a land of inexhaustible attraction to all generations. One

age springs up and passes away, yet, during its brief duration, its children have burnt with the desire of visiting a land so full of biblical and historical associations, and where the very fountain-head of antiquarian lore is to be found. Take with us the most ancient volume we possess, study its account of the manners and customs of the people bordering on the Nile, or examine its geographical and topographical features, we shall find many with which Joseph and his brethren were familiar, still prevalent in that land of exuberant fertility. This undoubtedly it is which gives such a fascination to Egypt, and draws so many travellers from all parts of the world, to ascend its oft-ascended stream. A daughter of Japhet, who facetiously dedicates her volume to the mummies in the British Museum, has felt the spell strongly upon her, and not only has she journeyed to this grand field of curiosity, but she has marked with an observant eye, and noted down with a fluent pen, the principal features which characterized her visit. Her account of the object of her tour is simple. "A severe illness in Paris had compelled my brother," she states, "to seek a milder climate for the winter months, and my mother, braving the many discomforts of an Egyptian tour, determined to devote herself to him, while I, to my intense satisfaction, accompanied them. I installed myself as recorder of our adventures, though truly with no intention of presenting them to the public." The apology which follows is unnecessary; since the work, without being learned or didactic, or coming into competition with those standard works which enrich our library shelves, contains much that may inform, and no little that may entertain, the public. Some of the descriptions are excellent, and those who would read a light and pleasant rapid narrative of a journey from Lyons to the Nile, will do well to send for the volume.

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THE DIVINE INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES; its Nature and Evidences. The Ratcliffe Prize Essay. By Edwin Godson, Queen's College, Birmingham. London: Piper, Stephenson, & Spence. 1858.

MR. GODSON has begun well as a champion of the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, being still, as we presume, *in statu pupillari* at the provincial college from which he dates. We augur well of the noble institution to which he belongs, and of the instruction he receives under its wing, from this first essay in the field of Christian authorship. But let Mr. Godson eschew poetry, for which he has neither eye nor ear. Pollock will be sought in vain for his motto:—

"The Bible! hast thou ever heard of such a book?  
The author, God himself; the subject, God and man;  
Salvation, life, and death. Eternal life! eternal death!"

There is an obscure author also, one William Shakspeare, who is accredited with the following, a credit which he does not deserve:—

"There are many things in heaven and earth,  
Not dreamt of in our philosophy."

But Mr. Godson has better things than these, and we heartily commend his little thoughtful

Things  
Dk.



RIVERSTON. By Georgiana U. Craik. Three Vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1857.

PLEASANT as the soft breezes of spring blow around us, are the sunny airs of "Riverston" by Miss Georgiana Craik. Her style is, in every sense, good, fluent, forcible, and clear; but the structure of her tale, an autobiography of a governess, is too palpably suggestive of a certain tale that startled the world with its power and frankness, some ten years ago. What a countless family of Jane Eyres has the original Jane Eyre sponsored at the font, and given a colourable reputation to, from their resemblance, more or less visible, to their notorious godmother! And how many a Faust and Festus has Job fathered, and will father to the end of time! Great is thy power, O Imitation, among the sons of men! and many are the human mocking-birds, whose original notes are lost by their adoption of their neighbour songster's gamut. So seems it to us, on the present occasion, that we have hopped upon a fiction of modern life that would never have appeared had not Miss Brontë lived, and written her burning experiences, amid the moors and mountains of Yorkshire. In "Riverston" we can promise our readers a tolerable share of decent love-making, some of it painted in colours warm and natural enough. But the course of it runs nowhere smooth; we have, for instance, a flirtation and a suicide; a fictitious marriage and a duel; and two or three pretty cases of misunderstanding and complication. There are two happy marriages, however, at last, so that one's yearning for a righteous "end of the whole matter" is fairly met by the catastrophe. The tale will not fail to interest tastes less *blasés* than our own, and is full of promise, both in conception and execution, for the after career of its author.

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## Monthly Review of Public Events.

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THE "dead season," as it has been expressively called, is now at its height. Editors of daily papers are at their wits' ends to fill their columns; a broad sandbank of advertisements widening week by week over pages which two or three months ago were flooded with the surging waves of parliamentary eloquence, testifies that the tide is nearly at the lowest. Even *Punch* confesses himself beaten, and having nobody else to laugh at, laughs at himself, lying in the sea just outside a bathing machine, and heads the cartoon with the announcement, "Politics next week."

And yet the month has been by no means unmarked by events of importance. HER MAJESTY has again had an opportunity of witnessing triumphant proofs of the enthusiastic loyalty by which she is regarded in the great manufacturing towns of the country. Birmingham last June, Leeds in September, have demonstrated that the most democratic sections of our population regard the throne with reverence, and the monarch with chivalrous affection. Nowhere has the QUEEN more devoted subjects than among the gunmakers

and blacksmiths, represented by JOHN BRIGHT, and the hard-headed, clever clockworkers, who believe in the politics of EDWARD BAINES. We rejoice in these "royal progresses;" they confirm and strengthen the ties of love and honour on the one side, and of esteem and confidence on the other, which already bind together the most illustrious and the obscurest classes in the community.

To the student of our social condition the wonderful success of the two great Musical Festivals recently held in the two towns which have lately been honoured with the presence of royalty will not be unsuggestive. The new Town Hall in Leeds, and its older, but perhaps equally magnificent rival in Birmingham, were crammed day after day for nearly a week, not by noble guests from a distance, or old county families, but mainly by the merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen of the two towns, with their wives and daughters. The music in both cases was among the highest and noblest that has ever been written, and the singers and performers the most distinguished that English gold could procure. This appreciation of classical music by the middle classes is strikingly indicative of the vast amount of refinement and æsthetic culture which co-exists with the sturdy strength and restless activity of our industrial and trading population.

Our social arrangements in one sad department have recently awakened considerable attention and anxiety: we refer to the laws which affect the insane. The case of Sir HENRY MEUX, which was prominently before the public last summer, and of Mr. RUCK, which has been decided since our last issue, have painfully illustrated the almost hopeless difficulty of providing, by legal enactment, for the efficient protection at once of the interests and rights of sane people, and the avoiding of all possible injury to lunatics. All laws depend for their efficiency and righteous working upon the general spirit of justice in the community; and this is especially true of the laws relating to lunacy.

We have spoken of the "progress" of our gracious QUEEN; there has been another "progress" during the month worthy of a passing notice. His Eminence Cardinal WISEMAN has been playing at Pope in Ireland, and has only a little overdone the character. Of late the scarlet lady has never looked so scarlet as in the person of his Eminence during the last four or five weeks. The omission of the toast to the QUEEN at Ballinasloe, and the impertinent exhibition of priestly pretensions within the walls of Trinity College, were equally characteristic. We venture to think that, whatever increase of devoutness may have been produced among the Catholics of Ireland by the Cardinal's visit, will be overbalanced by the wrath and contempt which have been provoked among Protestants on both sides St. George's Channel by his folly and assumption.

"The affair of the Arrow," as it was termed at the time, is issuing in grand results. In the new treaty with China, Lord ELGIN has sustained his old reputation, and conferred both on the East and the West immeasurable benefits. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance of our diplomatic success to the

future of China, and her relations to Europe and America. A Chinese minister may henceforth appear at St. James's, and a British minister at Peking; the two ministers are to transact business with the Secretaries of State of the two empires on a footing of equality. We are no more to be called "barbarians" in the official documents of China; new ports are to be opened to our trade; there is to be a revision of the Chinese tariff; a reduction of tonnage dues; British ships of war are to visit any port in the empire; British subjects may travel for purposes of pleasure or business from one end of China to the other; Christianity is to be tolerated, and its professors to be protected throughout the empire. In other words, 300,000,000 of civilized heathens are brought, by God's providence, face to face with the civilization and religion of Christendom, and God waits to see how we intend to do our work. It is a grand and awful time for us: may we have strength to meet its responsibilities.

## Books Received.

- Ancient History, Geography, and Chronology. By T. Slater. Longmans & Co.  
 Anti-Slavery Advocate (The). No. XX. Wm. Tweedie.  
 Baptist Magazine, (The), for August. Pewtress & Co.  
 Bibliotheca Sacra and Biblical Repository, for July. Trübner & Co.  
 British Raj (The) contrasted with its Predecessors. By Dosabhoj Framjee. Smith, Elder & Co.  
 Bulwark (The); or, Reformation Journal. No. LXXXVI. Seeleys & Co.  
 Choice Book (A) for the People of God; or, Scripture Collated with Scripture. Wertheim.  
 Christ Crucified: the One Meeting-Point between God and the Sinner. W. Yapp.  
 Christ in Gethsemane; an Exposition of Psalm XVI. By James Frome. Ward & Co.  
 Clairvoyance, the use of, in Medicine. By John Mill, D.D. W. Freeman.  
 Commentary (The) Wholly Biblical. Parts XXII and XXIII. Samuel Bagster & Sons.  
 Compendium (A) of Universal History, Ancient and Modern. Jarrold & Sons.  
 Correspondent (Le) for August and September. Paris: Charles Douniol.  
 Eight Prayers. By the late Rev. James Harrington Evans. Judd & Glass.  
 Eva Desmond; or, Mutation. In Three Vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Evangelical Christendom: its State and Prospects. August. The Office, 7, Adam Street.  
 Eve (The) of the Crucifixion. By Charles Smith Bird, M.A. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.  
 Gunnery in 1858. By William Greener, C.E. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Hermit of the Pyrenees; and other Miscellaneous Poems. By Rednaxela. Longmans & Co.  
 Homely Ballads for the Working Man's Fireside. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Household Economy. By Margaret Maria Brewster. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.  
 How not to Preach. Translated from the French by Napoleon Roussel. Ward & Co.  
 Instauration: a Poem. By R. S. R. Partridge & Co.  
 Jewish Chronicle (The), Nos. 189—197. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.  
 Lecture (A) on the Institutions of Wesleyan Methodism. By Henry Hartley Fowler. Hamilton  
 Leisure Hour (The). Parts LXXX. and LXXXI. Religious Tract Society.  
 Liberator (The). No. XXXIX. Houlston & Wright.  
 Life of Charlotte Brontë. By E. C. Gaskell. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 London University Magazine, for August and September. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.  
 Lord King's Life of John Locke. Henry G. Bohn.  
 Memoirs and Remains of the Rev. Jonathan Glyde. By Rev. G. W. Cender. John Farquhar Shaw.  
 "Old Gingerhead" and the School Boys. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Outlines of Astronomy. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart. Fifth Edition. Longmans & Co.  
 Paul Ferroll: a Tale. By the Author of "IX Poems by V." Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 People's Almanac (The) for 1859. Religious Tract Society.  
 Philosophical Principles of the English Language. By George Jenkins. The Author, 4, Nassau Street, Soho.  
 Photographic Journal (The). A Weekly Record of the Progress of Photography. Petter & Galpin.  
 Poems, by William Tidd Matsen. Groombridge & Sons.  
 Priesthood and its Adjuncts. A Letter addressed to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford. W. Yapp.  
 Prior's Poetical Works; with Memoir and Critical Dissertation. By the Rev. George Gilfillan. James Nisbet & Co.  
 Protestant (The) Theological and Ecclesiastical Cyclopædia. Part VII. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.  
 Rhymes for Little Ones. By the Author of "Servants' Hall." Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Shakspeare and the Bible. By Rev. T. R. Eaton, M.A. James Blackwood.  
 Sorrows, Aspirations, and Legends from India. By Mary E. Leslie. John Snow.  
 Sunday at Home (The). Parts LII. and LIII. Religious Tract Society.  
 The Dead in Christ: a Funeral Sermon. By the Rev. George Wilkins. John Snow.  
 Thoughts on Church Matters in the Diocese of Oxford. Saunders and Otley.  
 Thoughts in the Fields; or, Reflections on Important Christian Doctrines. Wertheim.  
 "and Love: a Letter to the Ministers, Elders, and Members, of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. Judd & Glass.

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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NOVEMBER, 1858.

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## ART. I.—FRENCH SOCIETY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

*Victor Cousin. La Société Française au 17<sup>e</sup> Siècle. 2 Vols. 8vo.  
Paris, 1858.*

SINCE we noticed, in our number for September 1856, the earlier biographical sketches in M. Cousin's Gallery of Portraits of the celebrated women of the seventeenth century, the leader of the French school of Eclectics has continued his labour of love with an earnest zeal worthy of a younger man. The life of Madame de Hautefort has been added to the series; the sketch of Jacqueline Pascal has been revised, and almost entirely re-written; and now a long dissertation upon the contemporary state of society or, rather, a series of portraits to illustrate the state of the intimate social life amongst the leaders of the French nation, at the period M. Cousin evidently looks back upon with such affection, has enabled him to dwell again on a subject so dear to his heart. The time and reflection which he has thus been enabled to devote to the consideration of the history of this momentous era, have not, however, been put to the advantage we should have expected from a philosopher of such high repute; nor can we discover in his later works that M. Cousin has learnt how to draw the lessons for the future, which the past events he describes might easily have been made to render. His biographical portraits are, nevertheless, wrought with a minute care and an earnestness of purpose, which must give them an inestimable value in the eyes of those who seek to unravel the mysteries of history. It is only by an intimate acquaintance with the inner life of those who reflect and guide, to some extent,

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the general tone of society at particular epochs, that we can learn the real tendencies of an age, or explain the effects produced by the course of events. M. Cousin's recent biographies have, indeed, somewhat the character of mental photographs, taken, it is true, with a distorted lens and with a bad focus; but as such, they must always command a certain amount of attention from the historical student. Yet they are not history, nor are they even true biographies; for M. Cousin has allowed his own fancies and opinions to warp his judgment upon both characters and events; so that the first lesson to be learnt in reading them is to dissent from many of the inferences their author desires to draw. His talents and his recognised literary and philosophical position are, however, such as to render any errors which might flow from his writings more than usually dangerous; and we therefore propose to dwell at some length, on the scope and tendency of M. Cousin's recent publications of a generally interesting nature, leaving his philosophical writings to other times, or to abler inquirers.

The "Life of Madame de Hautefort" is of the same character as the other biographies of the series to which it belongs, and it is as remarkable as they are, on account of the charms of style, and the elegance of the language, in which M. Cousin arrays the somewhat lengthy and sweetly-insipid (the French would say *doucereux*) pictures of the manners and secret history of the seventeenth century. From all accounts Madame de Hautefort was a woman of a superior stamp to the majority of the fair frail heroines M. Cousin has again brought into the "glimpses of the moon." She was more of a woman, less of an intriguer or would-be-politician, than Madame de Chevreuse or Madame de Longueville; although she was, like those errant princesses, deeply engaged in the singularly-confused public affairs of the eventful period when royalty and feudal independence were fighting out their last bitter fight in France. The motives which seem to have guided Madame de Hautefort, in her relations with Richelieu and Mazarin, were inspired by her heart, and that heart was composed of purer, even if sterner, stuff than fell to the lot of the fair sister of Conde; whilst the other female leaders of the time were, it is to be feared, inspired by sentiments of a still less noble origin. But in fact the more we read, even of M. Cousin's brilliant portraits, and the more we reflect on the real state of society in France at this epoch, the more are we convinced that the people in whom he seeks to revive our interest, were really very small and indifferent characters. Indeed, we are also disposed seriously to question the correctness of what may be called the fundamental principle of the theory upon which M. Cousin has based his affection for the heroes and heroines of the seventeenth century.

It was not, in truth, a great age; and therefore it is not from amongst its leaders that we should seek to illustrate the axiom that "in a great age, all is great." Little passions, contemptible motives, or base interests, seem to have moved the majority of the men and women who then aspired to govern and guide the state. They floated about on the surface of events, without having any fixed principle for their guidance, as the pique or the fancy of the moment prompted; nor do the majority of these high-born jugglers appear to have hesitated at any time to cast aside the friends or the professions of their previous life. Madame de Hautefort was an exception to this rule, and it is precisely on this account that she merits so much more respect than we are disposed to give to her male or female contemporaries. But after all, there is little in her history to warrant her being placed in the foremost rank of the illustrious women of her day; nor can we discover in her actions, or in the few of her letters which survive, any traces of a mental organisation which should lead to her being classed as anything beyond a comparatively decent and respectable lady of the court. In the days of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., of Richelieu and Mazarin, this may be praise; but what days they were! And how do the great ladies, with all their ringlets, beautiful shoulders, slim waists, and other personal charms, which M. Cousin describes with so much unction, sink into insignificance, when compared with Jacqueline Pascal and Mère Angelique.

Indeed the importance attributed to the period we are considering, upon the development of human intellect or, to use a modern phrase, upon the progress of society, is far greater than it deserves; nor are there many more curious illustrations of the blindness of fashion and self-love, than those observable in the worship of the French nation for the "grand siècle," as they delight to name the seventeenth century. It was, no doubt, at this particular period, that the ostensible foundations were laid of French influence in Europe, and that French taste, literature, and ideas began to exercise the mischievous power they unquestionably have done of late years. But the real foundations of the power of the French monarchy had been laid long ere Richelieu or Mazarin appeared; and those bad, unscrupulous priests did but give the finishing stroke to the already enfeebled edifice of feudalism, which had already suffered so severely from the effects of the wars of the Reformation and the League, just as in England it fell from the exhaustion produced by the wars of the Roses. The men who arrive at power after a long period of civil dissension, and when society is in an utter state of prostration, have an easy task in imposing something like unity of government, or of taste even, provided they are acute enough to



observe, and to follow the real spirit of their age. It is a proof, no doubt, of great skill to be able thus to seize the direction of affairs when everything seems drifting into inextricable confusion ; but the men who have hitherto done so—in ancient or in modern times—have been men who were capable only of following public opinion whilst they seemed to lead it ; and, alas ! they have in all cases we fear, been men anxious rather for their own benefit than for the benefit of humanity. Was it not so in France in the middle of the seventeenth century ? Has the undoubted influence of her rulers at that period worked well or ill for the world ? May not much of the misery and suffering of later years, and of the sad confusion which must sooner or later again overshadow European politics, be attributed to the false views, the narrow passions, and the undisguised selfishness of the men whom M. Cousin and his friends so falsely call great ?

At the end of the eighteenth century it had become the fashion to abuse indiscriminately everything connected with the feudal system, and to extol those who had striven effectually to overthrow that extraordinary social organisation. Far be it from us to contend that there were not many anomalies, many serious defects in that form of government. But the flippant writers of the Voltaire and Mably school, who could discover the defects of feudalism as applied in their own country, were not able to discover that the principles upon which it is really founded are far more in accordance with the best instincts of our nature, than those which prevail in the more uniformly regular administrative monarchies they, and the modern doctrinaires, have laboured with such fatal success to introduce. M. Cousin, in the introduction to the essay upon “*La Société Française*” of the seventeenth century, avows, indeed, that he considers the substitution of such “*an administrative monarchy for the feudal one,*” to be amongst the national glories of France ; forgetting, of course, with true French vanity, that the Tudors had, some centuries before, nearly accomplished the same thing in England ; and that Charles V. and Philip II. of Spain had effectually destroyed, in the bulk of their extensive dominions, every independent local authority. The merit of originating a system which leaves the individual members of a state, as it were mere units in a lifeless, will-less machine, is not, however, one about which true philosophers would quarrel, still less boast ; and it is precisely on account of M. Cousin’s admiration for the class of politicians whose last and truest expression is to be found in the man who could say, “*l’Etat c’est moi,*” that we hold the tendency of his recent publications to be so unfortunate. It may be too, that the explanation of the ease with which the French nation has at all times consented to the sacrifice of its liberties,

is to be found in their admiration for administrative centralisation; and M. Cousin may be sure, though evidently it would be sorely against his will to admit such an opinion, that until his countrymen shall return to many forms of the local action of some form of feudalism, they will continue to be unworthy of freedom. The very essence of feudalism lies in the assertion of the principle we now call "local self-government," under the general control of a supreme head, whose duties are simply to insure the free exercise of the local liberties, and to guard them from any external interference. In the middle ages, no doubt, the whole import of this principle was not perceived, nor were the men who obtained possession of power more virtuous then, than the Whigs or Tories, the Legitimists, Orleanists, Republicans, or Imperialists, of the present day. But in fact the only mode by which humanity could escape from the awful confusion produced by the overthrow of the great administrative tyranny of the ancient world, was by the development of the local energies, and of the individual liberties of the various classes of society. We moderns are supremely ungrateful to the feudal system of the middle ages—so far at least as our appreciation of its influence upon the general diffusion of human happiness is concerned; for, oddly enough, there is just now rather a tendency to exaggerate the estimation of the artistic influence of this period. It is only by a long and attentive study of the true nature of both the local and of the centralised administrative monarchies that their relative merits can be truly appreciated; and sure we are that they who will go through such an investigation, will arrive at nearly the same opinion that we have on more than one occasion expressed in this Review, namely, that the annihilation of the local institutions of any country, in order to substitute even a more logical form of central government, is a fatal policy for the nation which tolerates it.

It may appear rather beside the purpose of a review, avowedly of some light, and elegant, biographical sketches, thus to evoke discussions upon obscure and debatable questions in the philosophy of history. But M. Cousin is a man who has played a part of far too much importance in the political world; he is one whose assertions have still far too much weight, for a conscientious Reviewer to allow him to insinuate, without instant challenge, any doctrines, or to impart any prejudices to the minds of the countless thousands who accept their opinions as it were ready made from such authorities. He says distinctly, that one of his great objects in writing is to rouse his countrymen from their present apathy for freedom, by placing before them the picture of the great deeds of a former age, as an incentive to action, and as models for their own conduct. It is especially

amongst the leaders of society in the seventeenth century that he would have future generations seek for models "of the generous passions which caused the hearts of their ancestors, and their fathers, to beat ;" and he would thus strive "to bring again into existence the energy, constancy, and contempt for vain pleasures, or for fortune, the enthusiasm for great things, the faith in the destinies of the country." It is too true that a necessity exists for reviving public interest in political affairs amongst the majority of Frenchmen. Utterly disgusted with what M. Cousin himself calls "the sterile agitations" of former times, the majority of the nation is willing to abdicate its own dignity, its own will even in legitimate matters, provided it can enjoy an apparent national importance in the great farce of European politics, and a temporary security at home. It is, however, distinctly to the prevalence of the form of social organisation M. Cousin admires, (and which, be it also observed, that he and his political friends so pertinaciously, and so fatally, enforced when in power,) that we believe the present misfortunes, and the existing moral degradation of France, are to be attributed. Very little can be gained, we fear, from anything like a return to the spirit of the times of Richelieu, or of Mazarin ; or even from a revival of the taste for such writers as Corneille, Bossuet, or Lafontaine, (to select the very best,) or for the artistic style of such men as Lebrun, Vouet, Claude, Coustou, or Mansard. But, unfortunately, M. Cousin has not even selected the greatest characters of the time he professes to admire, for the especial objects of his study ; and as we thus hold that the principles he adopts, and the illustrations of social excellence he would set up for admiration and example, are of more than questionable value, we feel bound to allude, in passing, to that radical defect of the whole enterprise to which M. Cousin has devoted his closing days. Alas ! if the sunset of life really "give us mystical lore," it is to be feared that it likewise dulls the keenness of our intellectual faculties ; or otherwise could M. Cousin have failed to have perceived the striking failures of the political system he admires, and whose authors he holds up for imitation ? could he have failed to perceive the mistake he has made in dwelling so long, with the authority of his great name, upon such very equivocal characters as Mesdames de Longueville, de Sablé, de Chevreuse, and de Hautefort ? We do not even except Madame de Hautefort from the censure implied in the word "equivocal ;" because she did not hesitate to play the part of the platonic mistress to the morbidly chaste Louis XIII., so that her moral superiority to her companions in the verbal portrait gallery really seems to be more attributable to the singular mental and physical organisation of the monarch, than to any fixed moral principle of her

own. The fact is, that M. Cousin has not succeeded in discovering the true philosophy of the past history of his country, nor has he learnt the very simple lesson that the mere fact of a man's or of a woman's having played a very conspicuous part on the world's stage, in consequence of their high birth, their great talents, or their physical beauty, is no proof of their being worthy of the species of resuscitation our author has conferred on the beauties of the court of Anne of Austria.

In spite then of our admiration for the style, especially of the early biographies of M. Cousin, and in spite of an occasional agreement with his views on the political and social subjects which thrust themselves into notice, in the course of his somewhat lengthy tale, we now cannot but regard the ultimate tendency of those biographies, as being, if not positively mischievous, at least dangerous. Many of the people he delights to honour were not really worthy of honour; many of the political institutions for which those people strove, and which M. Cousin evidently considers to be sound and good, were radically wrong. The admiration of such false models, the adoption of such false principles, must necessarily in the end have led M. Cousin far from truth; and by the natural tendency of the human mind, the longer he continues in the mistaken course he has adopted, the greater are his aberrations. Thus it is that the defects we noticed in the earlier works of the series under review, become more and more striking, as the portraits are continued, until at last they almost overcome the charm of the writings in which they are contained. The tenderness with which the intrigues of Mesdames de Longueville, de Sablé, and de Chevreuse, were treated has degenerated into an admiration of the easy virtue with which Madame de Hautefort treated the philandering affection of Richelieu's puppet, and the admiration for "an administrative monarchy," has passed into a strange tenderness for the personal defects, and the contemptible weaknesses of the monarchs themselves, and of the persons immediately attached to their courts. After reading the life of Madame de Hautefort, then,—and after reflecting upon the tendency of the essay on the French Society of the seventeenth century,—we are disposed to modify greatly the praise we awarded to the earlier volumes of the series, and at present we seriously warn our readers against the principles M. Cousin advocates with so much eloquence.

Perhaps we are uncharitable in our interpretation of some passages in those books; but it is hard to resist the suspicion that in his heart of hearts M. Cousin does not object to the state of things now prevailing in France, and that some very slight advances on the part of those who hold the reins of the "administrative monarchy" of that unhappy country, would secure his

adhesion to the powers that be. The man who could apologize for, and gloss over, the scandals of the Regency of Anne of Austria, and who could tolerate as a means of parliamentary influence the corruptions of the time of Louis Philippe, is not likely to have many scruples of conscience in closing his eyes to the real character of the transactions of the gambling politicians of the present Imperial Court. Nor do we think that he who can extenuate, even if he do not admire, the intensely personal government of Louis XIV., would long resist any blandishments from the wonderful reviver of that fatal system. But what a fearful state of moral purposelessness must be in existence in France, when her best, and wisest men can thus be suspected, by those who are most anxious to think well of them, of being ready at a short notice to cast aside the political principles they have ostentatiously professed for years; and how strangely does the consideration of the events, and characters of generations long since passed away, force us back upon the occurrences of our own times! It is precisely from the tone of thought prevailing throughout the lately-published volumes of M. Cousin's works, and from the almost universal acceptance by his countrymen of the opinions so expressed, that we argue so ill for the future consistency of his conduct, or for the fortunes of his country; and even we in England would do wisely to ponder over the moral and political lessons to be derived from the study of the history of the times and of the men, when and by whom strong administrative monarchies are established. We may be allowed to add that the strange manner in which M. Dupin some short time since took service under the present government of France, was not likely to increase public confidence in the fixity of political opinions amongst the leaders of the Doctrinaire party; and that to some extent the worship M. Dupin thus paid to the powers that be, must be taken as an extenuation for any hasty suspicions we thus form of M. Cousin's fidelity to the losing cause.

Returning, however, to the examination of M. Cousin's last work, we would remark that we agree with him in many of the opinions he expresses with respect to the unmerited neglect with which the literature of France, of the period immediately antecedent to Molière and Boileau, is now regarded; and we join earnestly with him in his expression of regret for the preference accorded by the majority of readers for the startling incidents, and the exaggerated sentiments, of the current literature of the day. We do not deny that we have yawned much in wading through the *Grand Cyrus*, *Zayde*, and the *Princesse de Cleves*, just as we have yawned in reading Sir Charles Grandison and Pamela. But it may fairly be questioned whether this very state of mind, which makes us incapable of appreciating what may be



the somewhat mannered and affected elegance, the wire-drawn analysis of feelings and passions, be not in itself a symptom of an over-excited imagination, and to some extent of a depraved taste. Whatever is human ought to interest humanity; and the elaborate disquisitions upon the best feelings of our hearts (such as we unquestionably find in the novels now voted "bores" by the "used-up" readers of the trash issued by the Dumas, Houssayes, and Abouts of the day) ought not to inspire the weariness they unfortunately do, even amongst select students. Possibly, the glaring contradictions which are known to have existed between the actions of the parties represented under the grand old classical names, and the sentiments attributed to them by Mesdames de Scudéry and Lafayette, may have tended to destroy the charm of the tales under which the histories of those parties were narrated. And, indeed, any one who was acquainted with the real characters of Condé, and of Madame de Longueville, must have been sorely tempted to laugh outright on discovering their features under the masks of Cyrus and Mandane. Condé was at heart, a vulgar, unprincipled intriguer, like so many others of the younger branches of the Bourbon family; Madame de Longueville was little better than a strolling grisette, for the rank and talents of her lovers ought to make no difference in the appreciation of her conduct as a wife and as a mother; nor ought the military talents of the one, nor the beauty of the other, to blind us to the absurdity of their being represented as types of ideal excellence. M. Cousin states, that to his mind the interest of "*le Grand Cyrus*" increased in proportion with the extent to which he unravelled the enigmas under which the various characters and events of the day were represented; but, alas, for our mental indolence! we confess that these very enigmas are to us a source of trouble and annoyance. That contemporary actors on the scene represented, such for instance as Madame de Sevigné, should have felt no difficulty in understanding the allusions of the novel, and that they should have been enthusiastically fond of it, may easily be understood; just as we can understand that modern politicians should enter into the fun of the quaint disguises under which H. B. and Punch have disguised the events of our own time. But it is weary work to be compelled to read allegories, when it is necessary to have their keys always at hand; and the effort to divine the hidden meaning contributes in such cases greatly to destroy the pleasure we should otherwise derive from the work of literature itself. These considerations may have operated to destroy the popularity the *Grand Cyrus* once enjoyed; but whether this be, or be not, the explanation of the neglect into which that work, and many others of the same age and style, have fallen, it must still be a matter



of regret that the taste of the majority of readers should have passed away from what may be called the more universal portions of those novels. Startling incidents, and romantic adventures, do not occur to many of us in this very prosaic and work-a-day world; but we are all interested in understanding the secret workings of the human soul, or in other words in the careful examination of the motives of action, or phases of sentiment, which influence the conduct of our fellow creatures. The *Grand Cyrus* itself treats too exclusively of princes and princesses, of lords, ladies, and fine gentlemen; and thus it does not offer to the public in general the amount of interest it might have done, had its heroes and heroines been chosen from another and humbler walk of life. We must not, however, in our actual judgment of this class of works, forget that, at the time when they were written, "the simple annals of the poor" would hardly have furnished the elements of either a tale, or of a social study. Literally in those days the "*tiers état*" was nothing; and the poor, and even the shop-keeping classes, were only struggling into the enjoyment of physical and intellectual freedom; so that romance writers were obliged to seek their illustrations of refined manners, and deep feeling, amongst those who alone had leisure and means to indulge the development of such sentiments.

Another reason why *le Grand Cyrus* and its congeners have passed out of fashion is no doubt to be found in the absurdities to which it led by the natural development of the quintessential gallantry Mademoiselle de Scudéry endeavoured to inculcate. The *Grand Cyrus* itself represented faithfully the ideal model of the Hôtel de Rambouillet in its best days—a model, as we said before, sorely in contradiction with the real conduct of the parties supposed to have "stood" for the portraits that book contained. The subsequent works of Mademoiselle de Scudéry exaggerated the already overstrained delicacy of sentiment to be observed in her great work; and the Hôtel de Rambouillet itself gradually gave birth to the *Précieuses* so unmercifully sneered at by Molière. It has been said that Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away" (with some truth, we here add, for it is always dangerous to hold up to universal ridicule any form of national energy and virtue); but we also suspect that Molière did nearly as much ill to France by raising the prejudice he did against *les femmes savantes*, and by the unmerited contempt his great comedy, *les Précieuses Ridicules* heaped upon all the *Précieuses* alike. The *Carte du Tendre*, and the affected language and sentiments of the parodists of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and of the *Samedis* of Mademoiselle de Scudéry no doubt merited the lash of the great censor of the age; but he did not suffi-

ciently indicate that he only wished to hold up for public contempt the abuse of refinement, not the refinement itself. And thus, it seems to us, that whilst he raised a laugh against an excess on the side of virtue, Molière in fact led his fellow-countrymen towards vice and brutality. "From his time," as the author of a curious little book called "*Réflexions Nouvelles sur les Femmes*," published in 1727, very truly observes, "nearly as much shame has been attached to the possession of knowledge by women as to the vices which are the most strictly forbidden to them. When they found that they were attacked on account of their innocent amusements, they perceived that, shame for shame, it was their interest to choose the one which was most profitable to themselves, and they abandoned themselves to the pursuit of pleasure." The platonic love the *Précieuses* admired, and, in public, at least, exacted from their adorers, was perhaps ridiculous nonsense, (begging the pardon of the fair authoress of the *Réflexions Nouvelles*, of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, or even of Tasso himself,) and it would be absurd to expect from the majority of mankind a gallantry which should content itself with the self-restraint of the hero who "Brama assai, poco spera, nulla chiede." But surely this state of celestial beatitude is more respectable and more worthy of imitation than the coarse debauchery which certainly prevailed amongst all classes of French society after the *Précieuses* had been buried under the sarcasms of the great comedian. It is difficult, no doubt, to stop on the slippery path of passion, and Byron was right when he said—

" Oh! Plato! Plato! you have paved the way  
 With your confounded fantasies, to more  
 Immoral conduct by the fancied sway  
 Your system feigns o'er the controlless core  
 Of human hearts, than all the long array  
 Of poets and romancers."

But the more the relations between the sexes can be idealised, the higher and nobler will be the tone of society; and the purer the worship paid to women, the nobler will be the tastes and conduct of men. Most decidedly, then, do we regret that the affectation of one party and the misdirected ridicule of another should have caused the nation which has unquestionably guided European civilisation for so many years to cast aside much of the spirit and feeling of the persons represented in Mademoiselle de Scudéry's novel. Shall we confess it? It is indeed with something akin to a feeling of shame that we reflect upon the tone of even English contemporary society, after reading either her book or M. Cousin's condensation of it; so deficient do we appear in the true spirit of gallantry, so incapable are we of paying to women the deference they merit.

The new portraits for his imaginary gallery of the illustrious women of the seventeenth century, which M. Cousin has contrived to discover under the disguises of the heroes and heroines of the *Cyrus*, when developed by him, with the strange amount of bibliographical and anecdotal information he brings to bear on the subject, do not induce us to modify our opinions as to the real merits of many of the parties M. Cousin especially admires. Angélique Paulet, Julie de Rambouillet, and her husband, Montausier, Henriette de Coligny, and some of the other celebrities thus again brought to notice, would, after all, have gained by allowing their memories to rest in the oblivion which time had discreetly cast over them. It is strange that these people should have adopted the style of the novel, in theory at least, if not in practice; and this contradiction between human aspirations and human actions must always afford a subject for deep meditation. But we warn our readers that they must not adopt M. Cousin's favourable account of many of the people, or his favourable interpretation of many of the actions, of the seventeenth century. It suits his purpose to surround the parties connected with the former ruling families of France with a species of halo, and to disguise their weaknesses and follies. This species of hero-worship prevails to a great extent amongst his countrymen; and it is to that we may no doubt attribute the tyranny with which the classic school has ruled over them for so many years. There have been of late bolder inquirers, men of more independent minds than M. Cousin, at work in the field of literary history; and we would therefore urge our readers to control his appreciations of the literary merit, to weigh his testimonies as to the moral worth, of his favourites, with the assistance of critical labours of the romantic school. After all deductions, however, are made, we must still be convinced that there is much for us to learn from the examination of the prose writings of the time M. Cousin dwells upon with such avowed predilection; and also that his new works, like their predecessors, are elegant specimens of French prose. We do not praise them now with the same heartiness that we did before, because we are convinced that we discover in them rather a dangerous tendency to gloss over follies and vices; but if this be borne in mind, and if in reading the elegant apologies for the weakness of his dear heroes we guard against allowing ourselves to be prejudiced in their favour, we know few modern works so delightful to read as the whole of the series of M. Cousin's female biographies.

We cannot close this notice without remarking that in the *avant propos* to the sketch of French society in the seventeenth century, M. Cousin has displayed more of the irritated feelings of the Orleanists against England, and more of the utter incapa-

city of foreigners to understand either our constitutional history and institutions or the true spirit of liberty, than we should have believed it possible for such feelings and ignorance to exist in the mind of an earnest inquirer after truth. It is of course easy to explain how the Orleanists have arrived at their present state of exasperation against us, for they affect to call themselves the representatives of the constitutional principle in France, and they are annoyed beyond measure at the existing alliance between the English and French governments. We, as a nation, must learn to bear the expression of ill-will from this defeated faction; and we can only hope that when it comes again into power, by some strange turn of Fortune's wheel, it will have learnt that, after all, the wisest course for any nation to adopt in its dealings with others is to allow them to select their own forms of government. Personally we are no lovers of the imperial system; but the French selected, or at least they tolerate it, and we have no right to pass opinions upon their choice of a nature to offend either them or their rulers. But as literary men and students of history we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that M. Cousin should have failed to perceive that the only hope his countrymen can indulge for the establishment of a permanent political régime suitable and suited for and to their wants, habits, and modes of thought, must be founded on a serious examination of the errors of the past governments which have disgraced that wonderful country, rather than upon a blind partiality for the system and traditions of any particular period. The social system of England is no doubt far from perfect, and we have many sad evils to deplore, many blots to efface from our escutcheon; yet, with all our shortcomings, there is more real liberty, more personal freedom, a greater general diffusion of comfort and happiness, and a greater chance of rising in the world, in England than there is in any country in the world. The system of government M. Cousin was connected with, and, naturally, perhaps, regrets, was a mere parody on the constitutional government of England; and some of the disadvantages of the former we ourselves have exposed in our review of Lord Normanby's twaddling account of the revolution of 1848. M. Cousin's friends, when in power, in fact falsified the working of the constitutional system, and converted it into a gigantic means of corruption. He and they have still, we fear, the most rudimentary lesson in politics to learn, viz., that the first condition for the enjoyment of freedom and power is to be able to think and act correctly; and that condition can only be attained, so far as it is humanly attainable, by the English system of casting upon every member of society duties which foreign governments assume to themselves; by developing, in fact, <sup>in</sup> the sense of personal responsibility

amongst all the citizens of a state. The government of Louis XIV. was a government such as M. Cousin admires, "strongly concentrated, and armed with a powerful initiative;" yet it led ultimately to the revolution of 1793. Since then France has made great strides towards equality; but all the forms of government which have succeeded one another since that awful period, and all French statesmen and philosophers, have failed to see that the principles the nation has adopted since the overthrow of feudalism have of necessity only led to an equality of servitude. It is not from any national vanity, but from a deep, earnest conviction that the interests of humanity will be benefited by such a course, that we conclude by urging M. Cousin, and all who would form correct opinions on political questions involving the permanent organisation of society, to study the real principles of the wondrous constitution handed down to us by our ancestors, and to seek for models of conduct in almost any other phase of society than that of France in the seventeenth century.

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## ART. II.—THE VATICAN MANUSCRIPT.

*Vetus et Novum Testamentum, ex antiquissimo Codice Vaticano.* Edidit Angelus Maius, S. R. E. Card. Romæ. 1857. Vol. V. Folio.

THE Vatican MS. of the Greek Testament is at last published! The most famous codex of the original Scriptures of the New Testament in the world. The very oldest copy of that priceless volume now in existence—a manuscript which Biblical critics for the last two hundred years have undertaken long and expensive journeys to Rome, only to examine—and which has, up to the present time, been guarded as jealously by the myrmidons of the Vatican, as if the safety of St. Peter's see depended on keeping its contents concealed from vulgar gaze. Such is the celebrated document, which is now published to the world. A manuscript which could only be consulted, by visiting the Library of the Vatican, is now open to all who can afford to spend nine or ten pounds to gratify their curiosity.

Still, nine or ten pounds, it will be said, is rather a costly sum in these days, to pay for a copy of the Greek Testament; especially as it consists of one volume only, and contains the bare text, without notes of any kind, or critical apparatus. But the cause of this exorbitant price of the volume is easily explained. The Vatican MS. contains not only the New Testament, but also the Septuagint version of the Old Testament Scriptures. The

publication before us comprises the whole contents of this famous codex. It is published in five folio volumes, the four first containing the Old, and the fifth the New Testament; and the latter cannot be purchased separately. Thus the only means of obtaining a copy of this celebrated text of the Greek Testament, is by purchasing the whole work.

The illustrious scholar to whose indefatigable labours we are indebted for this boon—costly though it be—is Cardinal Mai, the learned editor of *Script. Vet., Collectionis Vaticanæ; Spicilegii Romani; Nova Patrum Bibliotheca, &c., &c.* He it is, who, at an advanced age, and amidst the most multifarious engagements, contrived to print the famous Vatican MS. And if he has not executed the work as we could wish he had—still to him belongs the distinguished merit of conceiving and executing the project. Sad to say, however, he did not live to see the work issued to the world. He died whilst busily engaged in correcting the errors of the press, and upon another has devolved the task of completing that correction, and publishing this world-renowned copy of the Greek Testament Scriptures.

It is no secret to those versed in Biblical criticism, that the history of the Vatican MS. is involved in impenetrable obscurity. The keepers of that famous library are unable to give its most enthusiastic admirers, the slightest hint as to whence it came—or at what period it was first placed on the shelves of the Vatican. It has enriched that famous collection of literary antiquities some three or four hundred years—and so far back as early in the sixteenth century, was highly prized by editors of the Greek Testament: but here our knowledge terminates. As regards the name or character of the scribe who traced its beautiful old letters, or the country whence it originally came, or the precise period when it was written, not the most remote clue is afforded. Still those who are skilled in the art of palæography agree that it is the most ancient copy of the Greek Testament now extant. So old is it that Chrysostom might have read the texts of his famous homilies from its pages. Nay, Eusebius might have quoted from it whilst composing his History of the Church. In short, it appears to be an admitted fact amongst modern Biblical critics that its date reaches back to the first half of the fourth century!

To all who highly value such monuments of ancient times, it has been a source of deep regret that this *codex antiquissimus* has come down to our times in so imperfect a condition. As regards the New Testament portion, with which alone we are concerned, it is complete so far as the middle of the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. All besides is wanting. It should be remembered, however, that the order of the several



writings of the New Testament is not the same as in our present copies. The General Epistles of James, Peter, John, and Jude, occur immediately after the Acts of the Apostles. So that the only portions really missing are, part of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and the Apocalypse of St. John.

The information may be new to some of our readers, that this most ancient MS. is written on thin vellum. The letters—as in the case of all MSS. transcribed before the tenth century—are all capitals, of about the same size as those used in the pages of the present work. Three columns occur in each page. Originally the initial letters were of the same size as the others—unlike most other uncial MSS.—but a later hand has erased these smaller capitals, and substituted others, many times larger. It is altogether destitute of interpunction: and is said to have been at first written without accents or breathings.

Such, in brief, is the history and character of this celebrated MS., a printed copy of which now lies before us. As far as the typography of the work is concerned, the style of printing is admirable, and the paper stout and good in all respects. It is indeed a splendid edition of the Vatican codex. But we cannot speak in the same commendatory terms of the manner in which the editors have executed their parts. From the preface of Vercellone, to whom the charge of publishing the work was intrusted on the decease of Cardinal Mai, it appears that when the latter compared the printed edition with the MS. itself, an innumerable number of discrepancies were discovered. Instead of proving a tolerably correct transcript of the text of this famous codex, it was disfigured with a countless number of errors!

To what was this lamentable result to be attributed? Clearly to the clumsy and absurd manner in which the cardinal executed his task. Instead of performing it in a scholar-like manner—instead of either publishing a fac-simile edition of the MS., or else writing out a fair copy of its text in ordinary Greek characters, Cardinal Mai inserted the readings of the codex in the margin of a common Greek Testament. The result was just what might have been expected. The two texts became inseparably mixed together. The printer was often unable to distinguish one reading from another, and when the printed copy, on its completion, was collated with the Vatican codex itself, “innumerable errors” were discovered!

The great difficulty now was, how to correct these innumerable defects of the work. As the value of the edition altogether depends on the manner in which this was done, we will here place the whole process before the reader, in the words of Vercellone, the present editor, himself.

“When at last the cardinal,” says he, “had finished this very troublesome collation, he revolved in his mind the question, how could he remedy the innumerable defects which he had discovered in the printed edition? The whole subject having been maturely considered, he determined to adopt a threefold plan. For, in the first place, he thought that certain errors of the printers might easily be corrected by the librarians themselves, simply by erasing superfluous letters, or adding such as were wanting with a pen and ink; and thus making the work agree with the *Codex* itself. It appeared necessary to us to point out by an index the words thus corrected, in order that, in case other alterations by another hand should happen to be made in any copy of the work, a careful reader might at once distinguish such, from the corrections made by order of Cardinal Mai himself. There was another reason for giving this index. It was quite possible that a librarian, either from being tired of his work or from oversight, should omit some copies. Since we could not be expected to examine every copy of the edition ourselves. Secondly. Some of the leaves, which were very seriously disfigured by the blunders of the printer, and on this account could not well be corrected, Mai resolved to print afresh. But scarcely any of these had been placed in the hands of the librarians before he left this world. We found, however, a memorandum amongst his papers of those sheets which he thought should be reprinted. This we followed, making those corrections which he himself had so carefully inserted from the *Codex Vaticanus*. We give below a list of the pages thus reprinted. In the third place. There still remained other places in which the printed edition differed, although slightly, from the *codex*, or at least did not perfectly represent it. For example, the printers had committed mistakes either in the letters, or in the accents, or other diacritical signs, which can never be altogether avoided, or else the editor himself had neglected to mark what was written by the original copyist, and what was inserted afterwards by a later hand. Lastly. Although he was of opinion that the peculiar palæography of the MS. ought to be carefully preserved, yet he had accidentally overlooked many things which formed a part of the singular orthography of the *codex*, and which he had expressed his intention, in his *Prolegomena*, of adhering to throughout the work. For, who so ignorant as not to know that the ancient Greek MSS., especially those which are written in uncial letters, as they are called, vary continually from the modern orthography? Diphthongs, vowels, and consonants are changed in all imaginable modes; a subject which has furnished matter for controversy amongst the learned, especially of late years. Cardinal Mai thought all these particulars, in which his edition was still open to correction, for the most part, of little consequence; or, at least, that they were not such as to render it necessary to delay the publication of the work on their account. Still, we discovered, that it was his intention to select some of these errors, which seemed to be of critical importance; as he had enumerated these in a separate list. We thought, accord-

ingly, that it would be following the wishes of the editor, as well as performing a work pleasing to critical readers, if we carefully specified some of the chief errors of this kind which occurred to us. As to the rest, we leave them to be corrected by the learned; indeed, we wish the greatest diligence to be employed in this correction. Only let no one refuse to grant to us that honesty of purpose, which the illustrious editor has constantly exhibited and maintained. Thus, of the three kinds of errors above mentioned, the first has been altogether remedied by the most illustrious editor himself; the second we have expunged in the mode specified by him; the third we have corrected, in almost every instance (from notes of the cardinal, written whilst he was collating the MS. again), in the table which the reader will find at the end of each volume of the work."—Pref. to Vol. I., p. 11.

We have judged it best to give the whole of the above account, in order that the reader may form his own opinion on the all-important question—How far is Cardinal Mai's long-expected edition of the Vatican MS., entitled to the merit of being a faithful transcript of the text of that famous codex? We frankly confess that the impression we have received from its perusal, is anything but favourable. Indeed, we have ourselves arrived at the conclusion that the printed copies cannot be safely trusted as a correct representation of the MS., and we will now briefly set before the reader the grounds on which this judgment is based.

First of all, it is impossible to resist the impression that, when the aged cardinal went through the printed work, in order to compare it with the MS., *many errors may have escaped his notice*. It is admitted that the copy placed originally in the printer's hands abounded with blunders. The probability is then, that at least many of these still remained uncorrected after the work had undergone a final revision.

Secondly, it is a fact, that the several collations of the codex already published, differ from the printed edition in several passages, where they agree in presenting the same reading. We are perfectly aware that these collations cannot be altogether depended on. Oftentimes that of Bentley will differ from that of Bartolucci, and in other places, both of these will give a different reading from that of Birch. Still, where they agree it may be safely presumed that they are right. It is in the highest degree improbable, to say the least, that Bartolucci, Bentley, and Birch, should make the same error in the same place—acting as we know they did, independently of one another. On this ground we conclude that Cardinal Mai's edition of the Vatican MS. cannot be altogether relied on, since, in several places, it varies from the published collations of the MS., where these all three agree.

Lastly, we have Tischendorf's brief testimony, as given on the cover of the last-published part of his new edition of the Greek Testament,\* that the printed copy of the Vatican MS. is not trustworthy. In fact, he specifies five or six passages, in which to his certain knowledge the printed text is erroneous. It is true these instances may be all of slight importance. But if only trifling mistakes are proved to exist, how do we know that other more serious errors are not to be found?

Having thus freely expressed our opinion as to the merits of this first edition of the celebrated *Codex Vaticanus*, we proceed to make some observations as to the value of the MS. itself. Now that it is no longer hidden within the recesses of the Vatican, now that it is once fairly before the world, it must necessarily be exposed to the ordeal of public opinion. No prescriptive rights, no mere love of antiquity, will suffice to shield it from the attacks of hostile criticism. The MS. will be thoroughly sifted, its faults unceremoniously exposed, its deficiencies clearly pointed out. Hitherto the *Codex Vaticanus* has verified the maxim of Tacitus—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*. Wrapped up in the obscurity of the Papal Library, this ancient MS. has been looked up to with an almost idolatrous veneration, and its text, even when disfigured by blunders, has been made, too frequently, the standard by which to judge of all other readings. We venture to predict that the publication of the MS. will have the effect of lessening to a very considerable extent this excessive deference; and that henceforth the text of the Vatican codex will no longer possess that prescriptive authority which it has so long enjoyed.

Those of our readers who have been aware of the extraordinary estimation in which this ancient MS. has been held by the most famous critics of the day, will hear with some surprise that *it contains a vast number of egregious blunders*. We at least, in our simplicity, have been accustomed to think of this *codex antiquissimus*—written, perhaps, whilst the Christian religion was still a *religio illicita*—as almost an immaculate copy, far removed from the vulgar herd of cursive and modern MSS. On this ground it was, we fondly supposed, that it was continually appealed to as an authoritative witness of the true text. A standard according to which the readings of the Textus Receptus were to be pronounced true or false. Judge of our amazement, gentle reader, when we discovered, for the first time, that this famous MS. of antiquity abounds with deficiencies and mistakes; and that its text can no more be trusted apart from the evidence of other witnesses, than the despised cursives of the tenth and following centuries,

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\* Leipsic, 8vo., 1858.

What has most of all struck us, whilst turning over the pages of this magnificent work, has been the very numerous cases in which the copyist has dropped one or more words out of the text. To what this tendency is to be attributed, it is impossible to say; but so frequently is it manifested, that it may safely be pronounced as one of the characteristic peculiarities of the codex. Many of these omissions have been corrected either at the time, or shortly afterwards, by the same hand, but very many more have evidently been overlooked, and still disfigure the pages of this most ancient of copies of the Greek Testament.

It may occur to some of our readers, that possibly these numerous omissions of the Vatican MS. are *various readings* of the text, which the copyist found in his exemplar, rather than *blunders* with which he himself stands chargeable. This certainly *may* be true of *some* of these innumerable omissions; but with regard to the vast majority, this supposition must be pronounced highly improbable. In proof of this, we would, in the first place, refer to the fact already mentioned, viz., that a great many of these original omissions *have been supplied by the same hand*. In some cases, the missing word or words are inserted in the margin; in other cases, they are found between the lines, right over the place where they should have been placed. In such cases, there can, of course, be no doubt, that the words dropped out of the text by the carelessness of the scribe. Secondly, in many other cases the readings thus resulting, *derive no support from any other witnesses*, either MSS., or versions. In all such instances we are again fully justified in concluding that the omissions are accidental mistakes of the copyist, which he failed to notice, or else neglected to remedy. Lastly, there are numerous passages in which some word or words, belonging to the text in common use are wanting, in consequence of which *the passage makes absolute nonsense as it stands*. It was our intention to have given several instances of the innumerable omissions of the Vatican codex. But as these would be of little interest to the general reader, we must refer those who have the opportunity of consulting Cardinal Mai's edition to the note at the foot of the page.\* We ought to add, that none of these omissions can be attributed to errors of the press. In every instance they are proved to belong to the codex itself, either

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\* The following are some of the very numerous omissions of the MS.—Matt. xii. 47, a whole verse omitted, which, the context proves, must have been there originally; Matt. xiv. 2; Matt. xix. 11; Matt. xxi. 12; Matt. xxv. 22; Mark vi. 17; Mark x. 29; Mark xv. 4; Luke xix. 25; Luke xx. 13; Luke xxiv. 52; John i. 1; also ver. 13; John iii. 34; John iv. 3; John v. 44; Acts vii. 42; Acts xxiii. 28; Acts xxiv. 6, 7, 8; James v. 14; 1 Pet. i. 1; 1 Pet. v. 3; 1 Cor. iv. 6; Ephes. i. 15; Col. ii. 2; Col. iv. 16; 1 Thes. ii. 16; Heb. vii. 12.

from the notes of the editor, or the published collations of the MS.

It is true, that much may be said by way of extenuating these very numerous omissions of the transcriber. It is well known that, at the very early date to which the Vatican codex is assigned, it was the custom to write MSS. continuously—without any break between the words—without even any stop between one sentence and another. Hence nothing was easier than for a copyist, after tracing one word and looking up again at his copy, to fix his eye on the wrong word. This was especially likely to happen, where two words near one another had the same ending, or where the same word occurred twice in one sentence. For if the transcriber, on finishing the former, chanced to see the latter of these two words on looking up from his copy, he would naturally imagine it was the word he had just copied, and proceed onwards from that, omitting all that lay between. Instead of wondering that mistakes of omission are so frequent in these ancient Greek codices, the only wonder is—considering the style in which the exemplars were written—the only wonder is that copyists were not more frequently guilty of errors of this kind.

But whilst we are disposed to make every allowance for the copyist, to whose labours we are indebted for this valuable relic of antiquity, we are not blind to the fact that these faults very seriously detract from the authority of the MS., *in all cases where omissions are concerned*. We would go a step farther, and extend the rule to all MSS. whatever. For since all scribes must be more or less exposed to this danger of overlooking, sometimes, what lies before them in the copy, it can never be safe to rely on the reading of an individual MS. uncial or cursive, where omissions occur, unless it be well supported by other evidence. Instead of entering upon this wide field of discussion at present, however, we will confine our attention to the MS. before us.

To say the least then, the acknowledged deficiencies of this celebrated codex, in such passages as we have just referred to, should make us very cautious how we expunge one or more words out of the common text of the Greek Testament, because they happen to be wanting in the Vatican MS. If we have discovered a number of passages where the copyist has fallen into such errors of omission, as to make absolute nonsense of the passages as they at present stand, the laws of probability require us to expect that there will be a very much larger number of omissions in the same MS., of such a kind as to make good sense. As an illustration of our meaning, let us look a little at one or two instances of omission in the Vatican MS. In Ephes. i. 15, the word *αγαπην* (love) is omitted, but it so happens



that the careless scribe has inserted the article belonging to it. All critics therefore agree, that it is a blunder, and there is an end of it. But suppose, instead of the word "love," he had overlooked the word "wherefore," or "also," or "Lord," or "Jesus," or "all," or "saints," there would be no clue by which to detect the blunder, and it might have been set down as a variation of the text of high authority.

Similarly in 1 Thess. ii. 16, the Vatican codex omits the words *τας ἀμαρτίας* (sins). But here again the means of detection are supplied, for not only does the passage require some noun to follow the transitive verb (*ἀναπληρῶσαι*), but the personal pronoun belonging to the missing noun is inserted (*αὐτῶν*). Accordingly there is no question amongst critics about this reading. It is admitted on all sides to be a pure error. But had the copyist omitted some other words in the verse; had he left out, for instance, "us," or "the Gentiles," or the two words translated "that they might be saved," (*ἵνα σωθῶσιν*) or "their," or "always," or "is come," or "to the uttermost," it would be impossible to prove either of these omissions to be a blunder, and in that case the great antiquity of the codex in which such a reading was found, would have sufficed to establish it as, in all probability, the original reading of the verse.

The same remarks apply to most of the other omissions of this famous MS., and, generally speaking, it will be found that in any verse of the New Testament, where only one word can be left out so as to be missed, half a dozen may be left out, separately, without exciting any suspicion. An adjective or adverb, in most instances, would never be missed. Where two or more nouns, verbs, or participles occur together, one or more may be omitted without detection; and so often with a conjunction or preposition. The same remark applies frequently to qualifying clauses, and even a whole verse. So that it may safely be admitted, as a general canon, that in any ancient MS., in which omissions have been discovered, the imperceptible errors, so to speak, will exceed, by many times, those which are plain and palpable.

The question then arises, have our critical editors of the Greek Testament recognised this general rule? So far from this, they have proceeded in direct opposition to it. The obvious omissions of the Vatican MS., in which the passages make no sense as they stand, are of course passed by, but in almost every other instance, such has been hitherto the *prestige* of this *codex antiquissimus*, that the words missing in the Vatican MS. have been—as a matter of course—expunged from the received text, unless it has so happened that not a single *uncial* besides agreed with it. About two hundred instances might easily be adduced,

in which one or more words have been omitted in the texts of our modern critical editions of the Greek Testament, chiefly on the ground that they were not found in the Codex Vaticanus.

We would respectfully submit, then, to the consideration of those who may be engaged in the formation of a critical text of that inspired Volume, the foregoing remarks on the omissions of the Vatican MS. Now that this famous codex is fairly published to the world; now that its very numerous deficiencies can be ascertained by a mere perusal of the printed edition, it will not do to set up its readings as the standard according to which the received text is to be moulded. It is beyond dispute, that there are several passages in which words have been dropped by the copyist, which are absolutely necessary to complete the sense. It is beyond dispute, that there are a great many more passages in which words have been omitted by the copyist, and afterwards placed in the margin by the same, or a contemporary hand.\* It is beyond dispute, that there are many other instances in which omissions are found, but not a single other MS., either *uncial* or *cursive*, affords any support for such readings. Lastly, it is impossible to deny that, according to every law of probability, it is reasonable to expect that a vast number of other mistakes of omission must exist in such a MS., which cannot be *proved* to be blunders by the above or any other means. Accordingly there *are* some hundreds of such omissions discovered in this celebrated codex, omissions which we cannot *prove* to be errors of the copyist, but which are at variance with almost all other MSS. of the Greek Testament, and the great majority of versions; yet, strange to say, the editors of our critical Greek Testaments, instead of passing by these various readings as simple blunders of the transcriber, have, in almost every instance, adopted them as true readings, according to which the text of the Greek Testament is henceforth to be conformed. In proof of this the reader is referred to the various editions of Tischendorf's Greek Testament, and the critical Greek Testament of Dr. Samuel P. Tregelles, of which the Gospels of Matthew and Mark have already appeared.

It may be urged in favour of many of these omissions of the Vatican codex, that the same omissions are found in one or two other *uncial codices*, and therefore on this ground they may be

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\* The critical reader is referred to the following instances. Matt. xiv. 2, *δια τουτο*; xxv. 40, *των αδελφων μου*; Mark vi. 17, *την γυναικα*; x. 29, *ενεκεν*; xv. 4, *ουδεν*; Luke xix. 25, *κυριε*; xx. 13, *τι ποιησω*; xxiv. 52, *μεγαλης*; John i. 1, *των ανθρωπων*; ver. 13, *εκ θεληματος ανδρος*; iii. 34, *το πνευμα*; iv. 3, *παλιν*; Acts vii. 42, *τη ερημω*; xi. 24, *τω κυριω*; xxiii. 28, *κατηγαγον αυτον εις το συνεδρον αυτων*. In all these, as well as in other less important places, the missing words are inserted in the margin *a primâ manu*, apparently.

assumed to be true readings. That it is hardly likely that two or three transcribers should happen to omit just the same word or words by oversight and neglect, hence it is reasonable to suppose that the missing words form no part of the original text. But, on the other hand, it may be asked—Which is the more likely, that two or three copyists of ancient uncial MSS., should happen now and then to overlook the same word; or that ten or twelve copyists of other ancient *uncial* MSS., and the transcribers of a countless number of more modern *cursives*, should agree in inserting just the same corruption? Yet this is the only alternative.

This famous copy of the Greek Testament contains also a vast number of other errors. In numerous instances the transcriber has written the wrong word. We had intended to enter at some length into this subject in the present paper, but we fear we have already exhausted the reader's patience. A very few remarks, therefore, respecting this accidental substitution of one word for another is all that we shall trouble him with.

In many respects, the same observations which are recorded as to the *omissions* of this famous MS. apply to the *mistakes* properly so called. That is to say, whilst many of them are so gross and obvious that it is impossible to deny them,\* the majority are such as *may*, some of them, possibly be various readings. All that we would stipulate for is, that extreme caution should be used in the adoption of any, where the reading is not well supported by other evidence, both of MSS. and Versions. The extraordinary blunders of the copyist in some cases should certainly make us very jealous how we attach much authority to any variation of this *codex antiquissimus*.

And now, before laying down the pen, we must say a word or two on the probable results of this work on the Textual Criticism of the New Testament.

We think, then, that most of our readers will agree in one thing, viz. that the publication of this famous codex is calculated greatly to lessen our confidence in the value of very ancient MSS. as individual witnesses of the original text of the Greek Testament.

It is well known that the early editors of the Greek Testament employed codices of comparatively modern date in their important work. Erasmus, Beza, Stephens, and the Elzevirs possessed hardly any of those ancient copies of the New Testament

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\* The critical reader who has the opportunity of consulting Cardinal Mai's edition, is referred to the following examples. Matt. vi. 25; xvii. 14; xxii. 43; Mark i. 24; xiii. 13; Luke xvi. 12; xxiv. 39; John i. 15; Acts iv. 25; 1 Pet. ii. 1; 2 Pet. ii. 13; 1 John ii. 14; 3 John 3; Rom. xiv. 18; 1 Cor. i. 2; 1 Cor. xiii. 3; 2 Cor. viii. 2; Galat. vi. 10; Phil. ii. 1.

written in *uncial* letters which later editors can boast of; and the consequence was they used what they did possess. The *Textus Receptus*—from which our Authorised English Version is substantially a translation—is that found in what are called *cursive* MSS., written from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries.

On this account, we need not inform our critical readers, the text in common use has fallen under the condemnation of the modern editors of the Greek Testament. In their opinion it is unmistakably corrupt and interpolated. And the only means of restoring it to something like its primitive purity is to conform it to the readings of those few most ancient MSS. which have happily escaped the ravages of time.

It must be confessed that there is a great deal of plausibility in this theory. All intelligent persons will agree in the opinion that, all other things being equal, the older a MS. is the better. A copy of the Greek Scriptures of the New Testament written in the time of Augustine, in all human probability contains fewer blunders of the scribe than one written in the age of Luther. In many instances at least it may be inferred with tolerable certainty that the text of a cursive MS. of the twelfth or fourteenth century has been copied again and again, while each transcription has exposed it to fresh blunders. Our very ancient MSS., on the contrary, may possibly have had only very few copies intervene between them and the original autographs. None can call in question, then, the truth of the principle—viewed as a general fact—that an ancient MS., *cæteris paribus*, has immensely stronger claims to be followed as an exemplar—as a standard of the text—than one of modern date.

But although antiquity is unquestionably valuable as affording a presumption in favour of a text's purity, there are a great many other considerations which must never be overlooked. This is so admirably stated by Mr. Scrivener, the laborious collator of the cursive MSS. of the Gospels, that we cannot do better than quote a few sentences from the Introduction to his valuable work.

“There is a tone and manner,” says he, “often observable when MSS. of the Greek Testament are spoken of, as if it were taken for granted, that their value is in direct proportion to their date; as though the testimony of a document of the twelfth or fourteenth century were of necessity, and, as a matter of course, far inferior in weight and probability to that of an uncial copy some five hundred years older. Now, I wish not to deny the existence of a certain amount of presumption in favour of the more ancient authority. The nearer we approach to the Apostolic times, the fewer stages that have intervened between the inspired autographs, and the MSS. before us, the less chance is there of error or wilful alteration on the part of the copyists.

But what I complain of is this, that

instead of looking upon the case as one of mere *presumption*, of *primâ facie* likelihood, such as other circumstances may limit, or correct, or remove, it is regarded from the first as a settled point, that, unless a monument be upwards of a thousand years old, it is hardly worth the trouble of collating. 'Ante omnia,' says Lachmann, 'antiquissimorum rationem habebimus, . . . fine certo constituto recentiores, item leves, et corruptos recusabimus.'—Pref., p. 6. And to what cause shall we attribute it, that the oldest MSS. are necessarily the best, while the more recent ought to be despised 'as corrupt, and of little consequence?' Will Lachmann undertake to assert that our modern Byzantine documents are but bad copies of the Alexandrian, the Vatican, or Beza's MS? Yet no supposition short of this will answer the purpose of his argument. The remark is so trite, one is tired of repeating it, that many codices of the tenth and following centuries were very probably transcribed from others of a more early date than any that now exist, the incessant wear of the older copies, in the service of the church, rendering a further supply indispensable."\*

We think all candid persons, unbiassed by prejudice, will admit the force of the above remarks in favour of the despised cursive MSS. of the Greek Testament. And when the vast number of these cursive copies is taken into account, and the extreme paucity of the uncial or ancient copies, the argument of Mr. Scrivener is immensely strengthened. The very limited area embraced by the *codices antiquissimi* is unfavourable to their claims to be accepted as of supreme authority in settling the text. "For almost an entire fourth of the New Testament," says Tischendorf, "only one witness can be interrogated: and in the remaining portions, commonly only two, or at the most three; and these often differ from each other."†

The testimony of Tischendorf is beyond all suspicion of undue bias on this point, and proves how utterly futile must prove the attempt to construct a text solely from the most ancient copies. There is another fact too in connection with this question highly deserving of our consideration, and that is, the numerous discrepancies and serious corruptions which disfigure some of these *codices antiquissimi*. The foregoing pages afford ample proof with respect to one of these, and that the most highly venerated of the whole—the *Codex Vaticanus*. In the case of another, the *Codex Cantabrigiensis* (D), we are informed, that it abounds throughout in grammatical and other blunders, glosses, and interpolations. It is thought that the ignorant scribe introduced into the text readings from various copies, some of which make perfect nonsense of the passages where they are found. "The

\* A full and exact Collation of about twenty Greek MSS., &c., by Rev. F. H. Scrivener, A.M. 8vo., Cambridge, 1853.

† Bibel-text des N. T., in Herzog's Real Encyclop., &c.

text of this MS.," says Davidson, "is peculiar. Its interpolations are numerous and considerable. It is full of arbitrary glosses and mistakes, especially in the Acts. *In this respect no other MS. can compare with it. Its singularly corrupt text in connexion with its great antiquity* is a curious problem which cannot easily be solved."\* And yet these are precisely the two codices of the New Testament on which critical editors in the present day lay most stress. Whoever will take the pains to look into the critical editions of Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles will find no MSS. so repeatedly quoted as the ground on which passage after passage is left out of the text as the *Codex Vaticanus* (B) and the *Codex Cantabrigiensis* (D).

It is not merely the two very ancient MSS. we have just described which contain such numerous errors as seriously to detract from their authority as individual witnesses of the text. It may be safely asserted that the ancient uncial MSS., *taken as a whole*, are far more carelessly written, than the neglected *cursives* of the tenth and following centuries. We do not wish the reader to receive this on our word, but proceed to give the judgment of a profound modern critic on the subject. In his valuable *Lucubratio Critica*, the learned German Rinck gives us the result of a laborious investigation instituted by himself into the respective merits of the uncial MSS. and those written in cursive letters. From this it appeared that out of A B C D E F G, in St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, in those readings in which they agreed in opposition to all or most of the cursive copies, *thirty-two readings were deserving of adoption, forty-six decidedly bad*. On the other hand, it was found that in almost all the uncial manuscripts, *only thirteen readings* absent from the modern copies should be adopted as preferable, and no less than *one hundred and three should be rejected as manifest corruptions*!† Surely, after this testimony it becomes every man who entertains any due reverence for the inspired writings of the evangelists and apostles to pause before he rejects one clause after another out of his Greek Testament, on the ground that B, D, and L omit them; and still more to hesitate before he adopts as the nearest approach to the *ipsissima verba* of Revelation, a Critical Text "founded exclusively on ancient authority."

Let it not, for one moment be supposed that we are arguing in favour of the text in common use. No man can be more fully aware than ourselves, that the *Textus Receptus* abounds with errors. All we contend for is, that the hundreds of cursive MSS. in the public libraries of Europe should be consulted

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\* Biblical Criticism, ii., p. 288.

† See Rinck's *Lucubratio Critica*, p. 13.



equally with the ancient uncials; instead of being, as a matter of course, cast on one side as "corrupt and of little consequence."

Astronomy can boast of a Newton, Botany of a Linnæus, and Physiology of an Owen. Were some such individual to arise in the field of Textual criticism, we should not despair of obtaining a really genuine text of the Greek Testament—that is to say, so far as existing sources of information are capable of affording it.

There exist in certain Museums of Europe, a few precious fragments of a Greek MS., the text of which is of such high value, that Tischendorf has published the whole of it in his well-known *Monumenta Sacra*. Both our principal collators of ancient MSS., Drs. Tischendorf and Tregelles, think that this codex may be assigned to the sixth century. It is called the *Codex Purpureus*:—having been originally written on purple vellum, in silver letters. The words *Ιησους*, *θεος*, *κυριος*, *υιος* and *σωτηρ* are distinguished by gold letters, which still retain their brilliancy, whilst the silver letters have turned black from age. *Four* leaves of this fragment are deposited in the British Museum, *six* are in the Vatican library, and *two* are in the Imperial Library at Vienna.

But the most extraordinary fact, in connection with this venerable relic, remains to be stated. Although a fragment of the *most ancient* class of uncial copies, it contains the text of the *modern* and despised cursive copies. The readings which are expunged from the New Testament by Tischendorf and Tregelles, on the ground that they are modern, are here found—so far as the fragments extend, beautifully written in letters of gold and silver, by a scribe who lived in all probability, in the days of Gregory the Great. So that the arguments by which our modern critical texts are supported—that of their being the *ancient* text current in the sixth century, are dissipated into thin air; the very ground on which the editors rest is taken from under their feet. It turns out that the text in common use, as represented in the splendid *Codex Purpureus*, is of substantially the same age; and all that can be asserted with any degree of truth in favour of the new readings, is simply this, that in common with those found in the *Textus Receptus*, they existed at a very early date.

The following are a few of the instances in which the famous *Codex Purpureus* confirms the Received Text in xix and xx chap. of Matthew; in opposition to the majority of certain ancient, but corrupt, uncial codices. In Matt. xix. 7, it supports the *αυτην* whilst D, Z, and L omit it. In the ninth verse of the same, it retains the *οτι* which is wanting in B, D, and Z. A clause *και ο εαν δικαιοσιν*, which has been accidentally dropped (at Matt. xx. 7,)

in B, D, and Z, occurs in this ancient MS., just as in our own received text; as it does also in C, X, Δ, E, F, G, &c. In the fifteenth verse, another omission of B, D, and Z, is found here as in the received text—supported, too, by many later uncials. At the sixteenth verse of the same chapter, a whole clause πολλοὶ γὰρ εἰσιν κλητοί, κ. τ. λ. omitted by Tischendorf and others on the ground of its absence from B and Z, occurs in the *Codex Purpureus*. We will only add further, that in one reading, in the thirty-first verse, and two in the thirty-third verse of the 20th chapter of Matthew, this most ancient copy again agrees with the *Textus Receptus*, in opposition to B, D, Z, and in the following verse a clause, omitted by those three MSS., occurs in this fragment, as it does in our common editions.

It would be easy to add to the above; but it is unnecessary. We have given enough instances to establish the important fact, that the text of these fragments of the sixth century, agrees with the modern cursives in opposition to the uncial MSS. B, D, and L. It requires no sagacity to see that if we possessed the whole of that *Codex Purpureus*, it would, in all probability, accord with the common text throughout the Greek Testament. It thus appears that there was, at that early age, a text agreeing with the *Textus Receptus*, as well as one agreeing with the opposite text of B, D, and L, and the only question we have to ask is, which of the two is the genuine one? We reply by asking another question—Which is most likely to be the true text? That which the vast mass of copies written during the following centuries have followed, or that which is chiefly, if not exclusively found in such MSS. as B, C, D, and Z? Of which two are *codices rescripti*—i. e. codices, the text of which had been erased in consequence, probably, of their numerous faults; and one, D, a MS. abounding in omissions, corruptions, and interpolations.

There is one consideration, not yet noticed, which Dr. Tregelles has urged with considerable effect, against the received text and the whole mass of modern MSS. which support it, and that is the striking conformity between the “*very ancient recension of the Four Gospels in Syriac*,” lately published by Dr. Cureton, and the ancient uncial copies of the Greek Testament. The venerable *Peshito* Syriac, it is well known, decidedly favours the common text; but here was a Syriac translation of still higher antiquity, and *that* supported almost all the characteristic readings of the most ancient Greek codices.

This important copy of the Gospels in Syriac, was brought a few years since, with a vast number of other Syriac MSS., from the Nitrian monasteries, and deposited in the library of the British Museum. Dr. Tregelles regards it as containing “an older form of the Syriac text” than that found in the *Peshito*, and speaks of “the translator of the Syriac Gospels,” as

“taking much that would suit his purpose from it.” He thinks “Biblical students are under great obligations to Mr. Cureton for having directed their attention to this version; for it shows that a Syriac translation did exist, of very great antiquity, in which the readings were in far greater accordance with the oldest authorities, than is the case in the Peshito.”\*

Accordingly, Dr. Tregelles has made most extensive use of this very ancient Syriac version, both in his “*Printed Text of the Greek Testament*,” and his *Critical edition of the Greek Testament*, now in course of publication.

Fortunately for the interests of truth, however, Dr. Cureton is not the only Syriac scholar in Europe, and two or three very learned and elaborate papers on the subject have lately appeared in contemporary publications, which prove beyond all question that the pretended “very ancient recension” is *utterly worthless*! Not only has the Syriac translator “licentiously interpolated the text, left out many important portions, and taken other unwarrantable liberties with it;” but the most convincing proof is brought forward, that the MS. is no more nor less than a copy of the *Peshito*, revised so as to take away any pretence for heresy, and accommodated in its phraseology to the wants of some simple congregation to whom that ancient version may have seemed somewhat antiquated! Thus in chap. i. 16, we have “Joseph to whom was *betrothed*, Mary;” chap. i. 19, “Because he was a righteous man,” instead “Joseph *her husband* being righteous;” Ch. i. 21, “He shall save the *world* from its sins,” instead “his people;” Ch. i. 24, “and he brought home Mary and *dwelt purely* with her.”

But worse remains behind. Dr. Land, of the National Reformed Church in Holland, who is now employed, we understand, by the Dutch Government, on the Syriac MSS. in the British Museum, has just published a masterly disquisition on Dr. Cureton’s Syriac Gospels, from which it appears that the very title-page of the codex states that it is a mere revision of the text, undertaken with a view to render the Gospel history more intelligible. “Had Dr. Cureton,” says he, “not been blinded by his unhappy hypothesis, he would have read so much quite clearly in the inscription of the first gospel.—*Euangeliôn DAMPARSHO dē Mathai*, THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW EXPLAINED, or revised to render it easier, more intelligible!”† In confirmation of this, we may add, that a writer in the *Literary Churchman*, amongst a vast number of other interpolations, gives no less than thirty-five from a single chapter! (Luke viii.)

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\* Horne’s Introduction to the Holy Scriptures, vol. iv. pp. 267, 268.

† Journal of Sacred Literature, Oct. 1858, p. 160.

## ART. III.—EVA DESMOND.

*Eva Desmond; or, Mutation.* In Three Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

SINCE the days of the imaginative Bishop who wrote the *Æthiopica* until now, and long before—(for have not the decipherers of hieroglyphics alighted on and interpreted an Egyptian novel at least three thousand years old?)—the wand of Romance has waved, with the power of a Prospero, over the human fancy, and held it spell-bound to the magic of its sway. The mind loves wonder, and the occasional indulgence of this appetency of our faculties is as healthful and pleasant as the Schwartzwald Fest to the over-tasked Bavarian peasant—as his Sunday pie or pudding, to relieve the plain week-day fare of Hodge the carter, or Ted the tiler. A recent divine of no small learning and repute, was in favour of making the literature of the nursery partake more of the fanciful of the past generation, than of the utilitarian character of the present, for the reason that fairy tales and supernatural incidents prepare the mind to receive and appreciate the miracles of the Bible. The reason assigned by Dr. Adam Clarke for his patronage of the *Romans des Fées, des Gryphes, &c.*, may stand for what it is worth, and it may not be worth much, yet the fact that children like fiction better than fact, and that the more incredible is the picture they relish it the better, is notorious to every observer, and would indicate an original propension of the mind in favour of dragons, dwarfs, fairies, giants, and enchanters,—

“Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.”

If the infancy of the nations in their collective capacity, could be regarded as sufficient proof of our point in relation to the individual and universal child, we might point in succession to the earliest and most popular literature of the east and west, to Arabian story-tellers and Scandinavian scalds; to the romantic treasures of the Greek and Roman mythology, where all that can amuse and entertain is clothed in the garb of the mildest masquerade; the imagination of the most vivid poet being, meanwhile, taxed to its utmost to meet the demands of the all-devouring receptive faculty of the multitude for prodigies. In the Christian church, the *Legenda sanctorum* derived its popularity from the same source—men, tiring of the dry bread of reality, and longing for the refreshing draught of impossible fiction—one of the strongest incidental proofs, as we understand it, of the spiritual nature we possess,—the ideal, the superior, the

supra-mundane, being more akin to the aspiration of our faculties than anything which the world of prosaic toil can show. The circumstance that—

.. “Thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife  
With airy images and shapes, which dwell  
Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell,”

is a standing attestation, in both stolid clown and mystic philosopher, that our race is not altogether “of the earth, earthy”—that our present life is not the be-all and end-all of our existence—that our soul owns cousinship with something higher than the clod. The charm which, in all ages and nations, superhuman feats and creations have exercised over the imagination of man—the fables of the Runic Edda—the speculations of the Persian magi—the fantasies of opium-drugged fakeer and brahman—the prevalence throughout the world of a literature of fancy surpassing fact, at once in the marvel of its incidents and in the enchainning spell of its interest, is thus, with us, more than an ascertained fact; it is the germ of a wide and deep inference, that we have a nature which demands this rarer pabulum for its occasional nurture, and that that nature asserts its immateriality by its never-satisfied hunger for the supernatural—its craving, like the vampire, for haunted tombs, for revelations from the world of spirits. The merest, rudest, crudest belief in ghosts is, “*pro tanto*,” something in the argument for the immortality and separate existence of the human soul.

If our course thus far has taken the shape of an apology for works of imagination, however unconnectedly jotted down, be it known that such is our deliberate purpose and belief; that we defend, without any serious reserves, the creation of a fictitious literature, of ingenious, elevating, and moral invention, however extravagant may be its devices at times, and pronounce it in its place, “very good.” Our approbation does not embrace all the fictitious literature of modern days, as the terms just employed restrict the field of our approval within definite bounds, but all that comes within these limits we venture to commend; not only to say that such may be perused without injury, but with much advantage to mind, morals, and estate. Thankful to escape the tedious, but not distasteful platitudes of the Arcadian and euphuistic writers of the seventeenth century, the “coarseness and caricature” of the Roderick Randoms and Tom Joneses which succeeded, we have emerged into the clear atmosphere of the Waverley novels, which instruct while they charm, and of their successors, which are legion, that partake of the salutary characters of these, although they may not emulate their originality or their genius. In our own times we are singu-

larly fortunate both in the purity and power of our narrative fiction, the ladies especially distinguishing themselves in this department of composition, and leaving us little to desire, which they are not capable of furnishing, fitted to charm the fancy and recreate the mind. Among recent fictions we know none having a stronger claim on our commendation than the tale whose title we give at the head of this article, for a freshness and sweetness that breathe of the heather of the Irish mountains combined with the refinement of the products of its conservatories. We know not that we have ever made acquaintance in the realms of fiction with a more truly fascinating person, both as maiden and married wife, than Eva Desmond. We shall introduce the leading incidents of her career, and an extract or two; but these will only whet the appetite for the perusal of a novel which has much of novelty to recommend it—that said novelty being the one element most commonly wanting in novels.

Eva Desmond is a cheery, delightful, accomplished, and fascinating girl, brought up under rather unfavourable circumstances, yet overcoming, by the happy constitution of her nature, every disadvantage of her lot, and emerging into the radiant, elegant, and admirable woman. She first encounters us in the wealthy mansion of Oakstone, in Wiltshire, the residence of her maternal uncle, Clifton, where, from her lengthened and frequent visits, she is almost as much at home as at Glenmore, in Cavan, her ill-assorted paternal residence, of which the pretentiousness and the poverty were much on a par. Her father, an officer in the army in embarrassed circumstances, had gained the affections of her mother when quartered in England, and had secured a fortune of six thousand pounds, and a charming wife, on the strength of his social position, personal qualifications, and encumbered estate. When his lady arrived at the ancestral abode of her husband, it was to have all the romance of her wedded life somewhat rudely dissolved, and to encounter the discomforts of narrow circumstances, embittered by a headstrong and reckless expenditure on the part of Mr. Randal Desmond, now no longer in the army, and incapable of being taught prudence by years. Although neither figures again in the romance, which concentrates its interest on their lovely daughter, there is something so graphic in their matrimonial confab respecting the needful, that we transfer it to our pages:—

“Mrs. Desmond had been but a short time married when the scantiness of her husband’s purse began to surprise her. She had not been accustomed to economy; but it had been computed that their joint fortune would amount to between 800*l.* and 900*l.* a year,



and she was told that that ought to enable them to live comfortably, if not so luxuriously as of old; but, instead, she found it was inadequate to meet their necessary expenses. At starting, her guardians had placed 100*l.* in her hands for her immediate and private uses. But even this money had all been borrowed from her by her husband on some pretence or other: once, there had been a disappointment about a letter; another time, a delay about receiving his pay, and so on. He never seemed to think of returning the money. Once, with a burning blush, she hinted a reminder, but it met with no attention. At last she found her purse was empty. Some men, from policy, are cross when their wives talk about money to them; this makes it an unpleasant subject to the wife. Randal Desmond was one of such.

“ ‘Randal, love,’ said the young wife one day, as they sat together after dinner in their lodgings at Winchester, ‘when will the rents of Glenmore become due?’ ”

“ Her husband’s eye turned upon her with a glance that made her quail. ‘What piece of extravagance are you at now, that you are looking after the rents of Glenmore?’ ”

“ ‘Nothing, dear; I want nothing,’ she answered, timidly. ‘I was only wondering when you received them; you have not had any since we married, I think.’ ”

“ ‘Haven’t I?’ ”

“ ‘I thought not: we never seem to have much money.’ ”

“ ‘It would not be easy to have money for everything you want.’ ”

“ Myra made no reply. She wept bitterly when alone, to think how little he thought she needed, and how little he cared whether she had it. Desmond always seemed needy; he never even could wait for the day on which the interest of his wife’s money became due; but was always writing to ask the guardians to advance it. Once they had written to Myra to remonstrate on her thus forestalling her income.

“ Poor Myra! her income was very different from what she expected it would be. When she showed the letter to her husband, he flew into a rage, and called the guardians ‘a pack of meddling blackguards; what business had they to interfere in his affairs, or dictate his expenditure.’ Mr. Desmond had two or three very business-like expressions by heart, which he often produced; indeed, so often, as to lead one to suppose that there was rather a paucity of them.

“ Myra was frightened. She thought her guardians had a right to speak when they had to supply the money, but she did not say so; she said nothing. In one particular she was to blame; she made no attempt at resistance, no struggle against oppression, no effort to manage her husband, since management he required. She shrunk from his rudeness and ill-temper, and would make no reply when she ought to have maintained her ground. She drooped and pined, and often took to her bed, making discomfort in the house without effecting any results. She did not try to learn economy; she only learned to do without. She did not suit herself as much

as she might to her circumstances, or learn to live on a smaller scale. When she had money she would lay it out on one article, instead of dividing it among many wants; and, for the rest, she had to go without.

"The Glenmore affairs she could never understand. She had seen the title-deeds; the estate must exist, but no money ever came from it. One day, with the baby in her arms, she entered the room where her husband was writing; she saw him put a bank-note, just received (part of her fortune), into a letter, which letter was directed to his brother. For a while she hesitated; at length, taking courage, she asked—

" 'Randal, why are you sending money to Edward?'

"Her husband looked as if he would as soon she and her baby were elsewhere. He answered, shortly—

" 'To buy stock. If you have a farm you must stock it!'

" 'Whose farm?'

" 'Why mine, to be sure; Glenmore.'

" 'Is Glenmore a farm? I thought it was an estate.'

" 'Well, if it is an estate, if you buy nothing to put on it you'll get nothing to sell off it.'

" 'I don't understand. Why do not the tenants buy and sell, and pay you the rent, like they used to papa?'

" 'For a very good reason; there are no tenants on it.'

" 'That is the reason, I suppose, that you get no money.'

"He made no reply, unless a grunt can be called one.

" 'Randal, why did you not tell me that before?' inquired his wife.

" 'Before when?'

" 'When I asked you when the rents were due.'

" 'Why? What did it matter to you?'

"She thought it mattered a great deal, but she did not know how to say so. She stood still, looking puzzled.

" 'My dear, you don't understand these matters,' said her husband, looking very wise and business-like. 'In Ireland, we have not tenants like you have in England. Every gentleman keeps his land in his own hands, and farms it.'

" 'Who farms Glenmore?'

" 'My brother Ned; to save me the expense of an agent; and they are confoundedly expensive. He has kindly taken charge of it for me, and does all the business.'

" 'And what does he do with all the money?'

"This was a poser. 'What does he do with the money, my dear? Why, he makes use of it. It is floating. It is used for the expenses of the farm. What is to buy and feed horses, to find implements, and keep them in repair, and purchase stock and seed? You have a curious notion of farming, to think it can be done without expense. People talk of what they don't understand. Now, take away that child; for I have business that must be attended to.'

"Myra went away. Her husband's voice had risen, as he pro-

ceeded, in a way it was wont to do when he intended to silence unwelcome investigation; but Myra had begun to analyze his empty speeches, lay what emphasis on them he would, and to think for herself.

“ ‘Of what use is property,’ thought she, ‘if it thus swallows up the profits? I wish I had kept my 3000*l*. At least, the interest of that would never have been devoured by the principal.’ She felt very sorrowful; but she kissed her beautiful boy, and remembered, that while she had him, she was not without consolation.”

Mrs. Desmond eventually submits to her inevitable fate, and makes her position, of a small country squire’s wife, as respectable as she can on her limited means, being herself a sensible and refined woman. And out of that unpromising soil she contrived to rear a very lily of beauty and grace, the delicate and enchanting Eva, whose fortunes we follow throughout this well-written tale with unflagging interest.

Eva pays frequent visits to her Wiltshire cousins, all moving in a most respectable circle of society, and more than repays the hospitality of her relations by the inimitable grace of her manner, and the sunny brightness of her disposition. Her outward woman was as witching as the inexpressible charm of her conversation and ways. Her figure was slight, pliant as a child’s, yet developed as a woman’s, and though above the middle height, its stature concealed by the grace of movement and harmony of proportion. Her face was of that oval contour which is so often seen in the west of Ireland, where the Spanish blood has mingled with the native. Her complexion was clear and bright. Her brows were marked by a dark, thinly-traced arch. But her eyes were the glory of her fair face, large, dark, liquid, and languishing in repose, and flashing like light when her face broke into smiles. Her face was pre-eminently expressive; intellect, fun, mischief, deep thought, tenderness, or acute feeling, all seemed capable of moulding for themselves an appropriate expression; and perhaps no slight part of the charm was that they succeeded each other so rapidly: it seemed a brow for ever varying, yet never changing without a cause. So sweet a girl becomes a universal favourite; old ladies fancied they saw their own youth repeated in her loveliness, and young ladies consented for once to see themselves outshone by one who was as amiable as she was beyond compare. Eva’s behaviour was marked with extreme good sense, and, for her years, she was accurately versed in a knowledge of the world. Fathers and mothers, children and servants, wherever she went, liked her for her cheerfulness, self-respect, and desire to make every person around her happy. The girls in vain endeavoured to copy the winning ways and

ladylike instincts of their Irish cousin, and the boys with one consent lose their hearts to her, before they are conscious of their loss—to the sore discomforture, of course, of all except the favoured one. In the case of Eva, the favoured one was an Oxford clergyman, her eldest cousin Ernest, the heir of Oakstone, a handsome, manly and, in every respect, eligible *parti*, but *tant soit peu* of an ascetic cast. Ernest Clifton was imbued with the tastes and habits of the Oxford school, as will appear in the extract which will shortly follow, at once to exhibit his views, and to expose the annoyance which an impertinent but thoughtless curiosity often occasions, while the Paul Pry, or more frequently perhaps, the Polly Pry, means no offence and is unconscious of giving it. Miss Boare is a good-natured, harmless body of this kind, who nevertheless galls the withers of her sensitive friends by the incessant use of her probe, an Athenian Market-placer of intensest dye.

She assails the young clergyman at a party in the following wise:—

“A lady of consequence near Hilton had died shortly after Ernest had entered on the duties of the parish. He attended her during the last fortnight of her life; but she was taken, for interment, to a neighbouring parish, where the burial-ground of her family lay.

“‘I should have thought you would have been at the funeral,’ remarked Eva to him, on his mentioning that he had been at Oakstone the day it took place.

“‘No; I was not. I heard nothing of it.’

“Eva regretted her remark.

“‘But, Mr. Clifton, did they send you no scarf and hat-band?’ exclaimed Miss Boare, darting forward, ready to devour the answer with her eager eyes.

“‘No.’

“‘Dear me, that is very extraordinary! quite an affront! not to pay the clergyman the compliment; why—’

“‘Ernest had just come,’ interposed Eva.

“‘My dear, he attended her. Well, Mr. Clifton, you do amaze me. I never heard of a greater slight, I think.’

“‘The inquisitive old hag!’ exclaimed Ernest, impetuously, when he found himself alone with Eva. ‘There, she’ll go down about Hilton saying, the Croftons behaved most shamefully to Mr. Clifton; not only did not invite him to the funeral, but never even sent him a scarf and hatband. I know it, she’ll say. I had it from his own lips. And these people will think I grumbled about it. I, who don’t care if there was not a scarf or hat-band in England.’

“Eva could not help smiling. It was so like what Miss Boare would say.

“ ‘Never mind, Ernest. I will tell her not; that you don't wish it named. She is so good-natured, she would not, I think, knowingly annoy any one. I will speak to her when I get an opportunity.’

“ ‘Do, Eva. I can trust you to say anything delicately.’

“ ‘The evening that brought Eva from Oakstone, Miss Boare chose to set about denouncing the fast-increasing custom of chanting parts of the church service. She knew that Ernest's sympathies ran too much with the high church party for him not to approve of the practice, and, partly out of contradiction to him, said it.

“ ‘Why do you not like it, Miss Boare?’ he asked, sharply.

“ ‘Because I do not think it right; indeed, I think it very wrong.’

“ ‘Why?’

“ ‘I don't think it is a proper way of performing the service.’

“ ‘But I think it a very proper way. What objection have you to make to my opinion? I suppose you have a reason.’

“ ‘My reason is, that I don't approve of it.’

“ ‘That is not a reason.’

“ ‘Well, I don't approve of it in churches, only in cathedrals.’

“ ‘What is the difference?’

“ ‘There is a great deal of difference, Mr. Clifton, between churches and cathedrals.’

“ ‘What are both for? Are they for different purposes?’

“ ‘They are both for purposes of worship; but they are very different places.’

“ ‘How are they different? Is not the worship of God the business in both places?’

“ ‘Of course it is.’

“ ‘Then, if to chant it be right in the one, how can it be wrong in the other? Does God accept worship for its own sake, or according to the house it is offered up in?’

“ ‘Mr. Clifton, you can never persuade me that chanting is right in churches.’

“ ‘And you must get better arguments before you can persuade me, or any one else, that it is wrong. I hope I shall live to see the whole service chanted in every church in the land.’

“ ‘What, Ernest, the confession?’

“ ‘The whole service, Eva.’

“ ‘The next morning Eva was up early. She had half an hour alone with her cousin before any one else came down stairs. As she stood beside him at the fire, she put her hand gently on his shoulder, and looked up very coaxingly in his face.

“ ‘Do not be vexed with me, Ernest, for what I am going to say. I am going to ask you not to give those high church opinions down at Hilton.’

“ ‘Why?’

“ ‘They are so contrary to the people's feelings. You have recently come from where they are rife; perhaps you may not always think exactly the same.’

“‘Are you alluding to what I said to that stubborn old woman, last night?’

“‘Yes; don’t be vexed with me.’

“‘I never am, Eva, say what you will.’ He put his arm round her. ‘Tell me why you object to chanting. I suppose *you* can give a reason.’

“‘I do not know that I could give one which would be satisfactory to you, though it is so to myself. I do not think there is real prayerful religion in it. I think the people’s thoughts are more in the music than the sentiments.’

“‘Music elevates the soul.’

“‘Not in the right way, to my mind. There is no humility in it. They think more of the worship, and the manner of its being performed, than of Him to whom it is offered, and the unworthiness of those who offer it. I know that I never can pray humbly and fervently with all that music swelling about me; and oh, Ernest!—’ She stroked down his cheek with her soft hand, as if bespeaking his forgiveness for what she was going to say—‘You horrified me last night by saying the confession ought to be chanted.’

“‘Why should it not?’

“‘When the poor publican smote his breast, do you think he chanted, “God be merciful to me a sinner?”’

“Ernest looked surprised.

“‘Well, Eva, I am not sure about the confession; perhaps that ought to be an exception.’

“‘I will coax you to make other exceptions; perhaps I shall get the whole service from you yet.’

“‘Surely you cannot object to the hymns of praise being chanted?’

“‘I object to any innovation which assimilates our service to the Roman Catholic.’

“‘But those things you low church people condemn as innovations are not such. It is your party who made innovations, dropped half the rites of the church; we do but restore them. Churchmen are getting more conscientious than they were. They cannot now bring themselves to swear to obey the rubric, and then neglect its ordinances. Which is more worthy of praise, the man who keeps his oath, or who perjures it?’

“‘An oath is a sacred thing; but, dear Ernest, you seem to me to make the prayer-book a stepping-stone to popery. How many of your party have begun by advocating the preservation of the ritual in its integrity, and have ended by going over to Rome!’

“‘Some few will, Eva, in any party. We are not to break our ordination oath because some have gone too far. You need not fear, Eva, that I will be one of them.’

“‘So all think at the commencement.’”

Eva’s warning was a prophecy. Ernest did go to Rome, after being wedded to idiotcy, lunacy, and deformity for the sake of an enormous fortune which was tied to it, his own heart almost



broken by the sordid sacrifice, and poor Eva's sun clouded for ever by this cruel wrong. This right-hearted and devoted girl had only given him her affection after the most indubitable expression of his own regard; and yet, at the bidding of his father, and the temptation of wealth, he flung from him the sweetest, loveliest woman that has been portrayed by pencil of draughtsman or pen of romancer for many days. He had his reward; misery, apostacy, death. And she had hers, although she, too, had nearly died for it.

On her return to Ireland, our heroine is nursed at the house of a widowed relative, by her son, a curate in Ulster, a strange, kind-hearted recluse and bookworm of high attainments, and of a scholarly disregard about personal appearance. For weeks he had watched her slow convalescence from her consuming sorrow, ignorant of its cause, and insensibly found his pity merging into love. The strange, shy bird is caught; but enamoured of his captor, he wishes to remain her prisoner for ever. After a sufficient length of time for the affair to mature, our readers may arrange that period according to their own notions of decorum. we find the curate visiting Eva at her father's, and thereupon follows his declaration, as given below, as he was starting for his return walk to his curacy.

"‘I am a fast walker. No use starting so soon. Let us sit under this beautiful hawthorn for a while, and enjoy the shade and the perfume.’ He took off his coat and threw it on the ground, motioning to Eva to sit on it.

"‘Almost as chivalrous as Raleigh,’ said she, seating herself, with that wan smile, which always made her face appear more sweetly sad than before.

"‘Almost as aspiring,’ replied the curate, throwing himself on the ground at her feet. ‘I have, at least, one advantage over him—my old coat has a fairer burden than his velvet cloak. How delicious is this pure scented country air! Even to breathe it makes one feel happy.’

"‘Do you not want a book to complete your happiness?’ said Eva, smiling with the same smile.

"‘No; I could not read now; but I want something to complete my happiness.’ He looked up, fixed his large, dark eyes for a moment on her face, coloured, and dropped them again. It must have been his own feelings that raised the colour. Nothing could be more coldly steady than Eva’s gaze.

"‘You are coming out in a new character,’ she remarked. ‘You say you are aspiring. Has fame begun to be seductive?’

"‘I would court her, but I want a ray to guide me to her portals. You do not know how dark the future sometimes looks.’

"‘Is not intellect a beacon?’

"‘Even that oftentimes dims and flickers under fatigue or uncertainty.’

“ ‘There is always hope.’

“ ‘Hope is but a gilded name for suspense.’

“ ‘Even suspense is better than despair. The one is life, the other death, morally speaking. None of these can satisfy me. I want something more.’

“ ‘What do you want?’

“ ‘Love. You will smile and call this a new character of mine. It is not so new as you think. Miss Desmond, you do not know how much I have staked on my conversation with you to-day—my whole future happiness! I have come to tell you that I love you. I know I am not worthy of you; no one can know it better. Refined, elegant, and accomplished, I feel how inadequate a book-worm like myself must be to be the partner of your life. But I have started on a track which, but for you, most likely I never should have trod; and the hope of distinguishing myself for your sake stimulates my exertions. I may yet be successful. If I am, will you let me lay my honours at your feet, and will you deign to share them with me? Answer me, Miss Desmond, take pity on me, and answer. You do not know how deeply I love you.’

“ ‘You have only asked me to share your honours; suppose they never come,’ said Eva, quietly.

“ Charles was silent for a while, then he answered—

“ ‘My heart would break.’

“ Eva did not reply. For a time neither spoke, Charles pulled nervously at the long blades of grass within his reach, and bit them asunder, grinding them between his clenched teeth.

“ ‘Miss Desmond,’ he said, in a tone in which deep emotion struggled with firmness, ‘will you not speak? Will you give me no comfort?’

“ ‘People marry for better and for worse. If I join my fate to yours, it ought to be in trial as well as in success.’

“ ‘Let it be for what it will, if you will only take me.’

“ ‘Should I not be an incumbrance to you? cripple your energies, and retard your advancement?’

“ ‘Oh! Miss Desmond, you would be my guiding star, my cheering beam. With your wise and gentle counsels to animate my exertions, it seems to me as if I could soar to fame on wings.’

“ She shook her head sadly.

“ ‘Your wings would find a delicate wife a very clogging reality.’

“ ‘Will you let me be the judge?’

“ ‘You are not a very good one. You know but little of a woman’s wants. You must, at least, be in possession of all the bearings of the case. I have not strong health, and I have no fortune.’

“ ‘I do not want fortune, and the little I have shall be yours. I have few wants; I can live without almost everything.’

“ ‘I should be sorry to see you do that. Can you think me so selfish?’

“ ‘Then we will share it. I will do whatever you like, only put me out of pain. I cannot tell you how madly I love you; night or day you are never absent from my thoughts. I cannot read; I

cannot write; you come between me and the page; even in my prayers you come between me and my God. I cannot cool the fever of my veins—doubt, uncertainty, anguish, is for ever gnawing at my heart. I have come three times determined to end this suspense, and each time, when I saw you looking so lovely and so fragile, I thought what was I, or what had I, to undertake the care of such a treasure, and I have gone away more miserable than I came. But this agony cannot last. You now know all my madness, all that is cast upon this die—a life of happiness, or the death of hope—give me an answer.’

“In his earnestness he had half raised himself from the ground, and was gazing with passionate eagerness in her face, watching with devouring avidity for her reply. She made none, but she placed her hand in his.

“‘Is it mine, Miss Desmond? Eva! darling Eva, one word!’

“A very faint ‘yes’ was accorded to his impassioned importunity. In another moment his burning kisses were pressed on the pale, cold lips that had uttered it.

“Eva did not know, but at that very hour Ernest Clifton and Clara Neville were kneeling before the altar in Hislop church receiving the nuptial benediction. *He had married for gold!*”

In this earnest and natural manner did Charles Stanhope woo his beloved Eva, and win in her a help meet for his struggles and his success, himself an honourable and gifted man, his wife the pink of managers, and most noble and beautiful of women.

The adventures of the husband in search of a curacy, with his disappointments, are well told, and then the chapter of adversity ends with his obtaining that of Hilton, in Wiltshire, the scene of Eva’s former troubles. There his talent is appreciated, there her tact, loveliness, and goodness conciliate universal regard—living in a style, on 200*l.* a year, which even the castle people could not deny to be elegant and *comme il faut*, and aiding Mr. Stanhope to emerge, by the favour of those in power, by his own substantial merits, and by her wise and winning womanly ways, into the dignity of Archdeacon of Wiltshire and, eventually, Bishop of some eastern county of England.

How all this was effected, those who would know must consult this agreeable fiction itself. Instead of the interest flagging with the heroine’s marriage, it may there be said to begin anew. She is a fascinating creature, with just a dash of infirmity sufficient to prove her human. If *John Halifax* was the gentleman of last season, *Eva Desmond* is the gentlewoman of this. Happy the mortal whom the connubial fates assign such a prize in the lottery of marriage as this accomplished, spirited, refined, and virtuous Irish maiden! Her story is capitally told—and the pen that records it has achieved a creation. Higher commendation we cannot give.

## ART. IV.—HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.

*Cosmos ; Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By Alexander Von Humboldt. Vol. IV., Part I. Translated under the superintendence of Major-General Edward Sabine, R.A., &c. London : Longman & Co. 1858.

A BOOK intended to explain the science of nature, to excite a vivid perception of the relation of cause and effect in the material world, and to create in the mind of the reader a picture of physical phenomena, must be studied as a whole, or the author will fail to communicate his idea of unity in the combination of parts. If it be true, as Humboldt states, and we believe it is, that "the co-ordination and arrangement of the several parts which compose the whole, are almost more important (in a book of nature) than the richness and abundance of the materials," the publication in parts of such a work as "Cosmos" would have been at least injudicious if the author had not skilfully designed his mode of presenting the subject to the reader. By taking an objective view of nature he was able to complete at once a picture as perfect as modern science permitted. This being done, he undertook "to show how in the course of centuries, at different periods in the history of the human race, and in the most different regions of the earth, mankind had progressively advanced towards a recognition of the concurrent action of the forces of nature." Here, in truth, his great work might have terminated, for he had described nature as it is reflected in the mirror of modern science, and as it existed in the minds of the sages of antiquity. Descending, however, from the high ground which commands these grand perspectives, Humboldt commenced a survey in detail of the several domains of which the whole is composed. In a work before published he topographed, if we may so speak, the realms of space, and when he had, as far as observation and reason could guide him, mapped the stellar heavens, he proceeded, with the greater distinctness obtained by nearness, to describe the planetary bodies individually and in their relations as members of the solar system. To complete his work he now proposes to examine in detail, terrestrial phenomena, and to discuss the specialities of the sciences to which he appealed in his general view of the telluric sphere. But in the execution of this task he meets with a condition of nature unperceived in the uranological system—the organisation of matter and the implantation of life. . The organic and inorganic

possessing many properties in common are distinguished, as bodies, by the presence or absence of a structure easily detected, but little understood. Through the principle of vitality, organisation is connected on the one side with matter, and is influenced by physical agencies, and on the other with mind, and is subject to the will. An organised body, like inert matter, has its metamorphoses, and when its mysterious union with life is broken—when the vital forces cease to act—its complicated machinery falls to decay and nothing is left but the passive material. The necessity of separating the organic and inorganic is therefore evident; but we will leave the author himself to explain in what manner he intends to deal with the specialities to which we have referred.

“The telluric, as opposed to the uranological portion of the physical description of the universe, naturally divides itself into two parts—the inorganic, and the organic domain. The first comprises the magnitude, figure, and density of the terrestrial globe; its internal heat and electro-magnetic activity; the mineralogical constitution of the earth's crust; the reaction of the interior of the planet on its surface, acting dynamically as in earthquake movements, and chemically, as in the processes of the formation and alteration of rocks; the partial covering of the solid surface by the liquid expanse of the seas; the outline and configuration of the more elevated portions of the solid surface, forming continents and islands; and the general, outermost, gaseous envelope of the earth—the atmosphere. The *second*, or the organic domain, will embrace not the different animated or vegetable forms themselves, as in a description of nature, but rather their places in reference to the solid and liquid parts of the earth's surface, or the geography of plants and animals, and the gradation of races and tribes distinguishable in the specific unity of mankind.”—Pp. 13, 14.

The volume before us treats of some of the subjects belonging to the inorganic domain—such as the magnitude, figure, density, and internal heat of the earth, terrestrial magnetism, and the reaction of the interior of the earth upon the exterior exhibited in earthquakes, thermal springs, and volcanoes. In the brief review we intend to take of the subjects so amply discussed in this remarkable book, we shall pass hastily over those pages which treat of the magnitude, figure, density, and internal heat of the earth, that we may spare a page or two to consider the phenomena resulting from the reaction of the interior upon the surface. The connexion between these subjects may not at first be clearly perceived, but they are, notwithstanding, intimately related to each other. The magnitude, figure, and density of the earth must be known before we are in a condition to study

with precision the origin and consequences of internal heat; and the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, so evidently controlled by the figure and motion of the earth, may be more dependent on the elements of magnitude and density than can be at present assumed. The necessity of providing these data made a demand on science at once acknowledged by profound analytical investigators and accurate observers. By astro-geodesical measurement of arcs of meridians, by pendulum experiments, and by the inequalities of the moon in latitude and longitude, the figure, dimensions, and weight of the earth have been determined, and although the results obtained by the several methods differ one from the other, the smallness of the difference proves how closely they severally approximate to truth.

“Differences,” says Humboldt, “between the results obtained for the amount of the earth’s ellipticity by measurements of degrees, taken alone, and by the combination of measurement of degrees and pendulum experiments, are actually far smaller than we might be inclined to suppose at the first sight of the fractions in which those results are expressed. The differences between  $\frac{1}{316}$  and  $\frac{1}{386}$ , as the extreme results for the inequality of the equatorial and polar axes, is little more than 7034 English feet—not twice the height of such small mountains as Vesuvius and the Brocken.”—P. 30.

When observation and experiment had assigned an ellipticity differing from the deductions of theory—a dimension much less than that calculated by Newton, and much greater than that resulting from Huygens’ hypothesis of a concentrated central gravitating force—the want of uniformity in the density of the interior of the earth became apparent. This led, under the guidance of Newton’s suggestion, to a series of pendulum experiments upon the attractive force of mountain masses, which for a time gave contradictory and deceptive results, but have yielded to Baily and others important conclusions.

“The mean of the results” (obtained by Baily in 1842, and by Reich in 1847–50) “gives the density of the earth 5.62; much exceeding, therefore, that of the densest and finest-grained basalts (according to Leonhard’s numerous experiments, from 2.95 to 3.67); exceeding that of magnetic ore (4.9—5.2), and but little inferior to the native arsenic of Marienberg, or Joachimsthal. I have already remarked, that viewing the great proportion of the visible strata of our continents, which are secondary, tertiary, or alluvial (the collective extent of volcanic or basaltic islands is exceedingly small), the average density of the superficies of that part of the outer crust of the globe, which is not covered by water, probably scarcely amounts to between 2.4 and 2.6. If, with Rigaud, we take the ratio of the dry land to the water-covered surface as 10.27, and remember that ocean soundings have given a depth or



stratum of water of more than 27,000 English feet, it will follow that the mean density of the external portion of our planet, consisting partly of land, and partly and more extensively of water, scarcely attains the density of 1.5."—Pp. 32, 33.

The experiments instituted by Airy in the Harton coal mines, near South Shields, 1200 feet deep, give to the earth a much higher density (6.566) than the observations of Baily and Reich. But without waiting to investigate the cause of the difference between the results obtained by these eminent physicists, we seize upon the incontrovertible fact that the mean density of the earth is between 5.2 and 6.5, while that of its outer crust does not exceed 2.6. Speaking generally, it may be assumed that the density of the planet is more than double that of any of its component rocks visible on the surface; but instead of hearing this statement with surprise, we at once inquire why the weight is not greater. When we estimate the increase of density under the influence of terrestrial gravitation, we find that air at the depth of 34 miles below the surface of the earth would be as heavy, bulk for bulk, as water, and water at the depth of 362 miles would be as heavy as mercury. The weight of the earth is therefore far less than a consideration of the law of condensation would lead us to anticipate, and we cannot account for the difference between theory and observation without assuming the existence of some force antagonistic to gravity: what that force is we cannot divine, if it be not heat. Thus when taking our first step in the study of the physics of the earth, cautious of forming hasty opinions, we are compelled to admit the probability of a temperature increasing with depth, and if we had not the evidence supplied by the miner, by thermal springs, and by volcanic phenomena, the fact would be still indisputable. The geologist obtains from another source convincing proof of the slow cooling of the planet, and the vast development of igneous forces in the early epochs of its physical history.

In the celebrated artesian well of Grenelle, which discharges water having a temperature of  $81^{\circ}.7$ , from a depth of 1798 feet, heat increases from the surface at the rate of  $1^{\circ}$  for 58.9 feet; in the still deeper well of Salzwerk near Rehme, the increase is  $1^{\circ}$  for 54.72 feet. Other deep borings give similar results. In what manner is this attested fact to be explained? The increase of heat with the depth cannot arise from the transmission of solar heat from the surface, and its accumulation in the interior. Heat is conducted downward by the surface rock, but the transmitted calorific ray cannot penetrate far. The daily variation of surface temperature is not sensible at a depth of much more

than three feet, and at about one hundred feet below the ground, the annual variation, arising from the succession of seasons, is imperceptible. There is, in fact, somewhere beneath the surface, a plane of invariable temperature. In the cellars of the Observatory of Paris, which are 92 feet deep, the invariable temperature is  $53^{\circ}$  F. In other localities, the depth may be more or less by a few feet, according to the difference between the highest and lowest atmospheric temperatures, and the conducting power of the intervening rocks. It is impossible, then, that the definite increase of temperature from the surface to the lowest depth open to investigation can be the effect of the transmission of solar heat. The cause must exist within the earth, for the deeper we descend the nearer we come to it, and the greater the measure of its force. The phenomena of earthquakes, thermal springs, and volcanoes are not, as we have said, necessary to teach the fact; but they exhibit the effects of this remarkable condition, and the influence it has had and, in a modified degree still has, in the formation of new rocks, and the metamorphosis of others of more ancient production. If a man, ignorant of science and its modes of investigation, should refuse to believe the existence of a heat sufficiently intense to melt the hardest and most intractable rocks, at about the same distance below the grass-covered surface of our beautiful and populous world, as St. Paul's Cathedral in London is from Windsor Castle, he can scarcely be charged with scepticism. Should he then doubt the evidence of the thermometer, when it is dropped from one platform to another of the deepest mines, or find reasons, something more than specious, for attributing the effect to other causes, he must be directed to the study of those natural phenomena, which are so evidently the consequences of the reaction of the interior of the earth upon the exterior. The dynamical effect is the most general, for earthquakes are felt where no other indication of internal heat is detected. Thermal springs will give a less ambiguous reply to his inquisitive research; but it is from the outburst of volcanoes he will obtain the most absolute proof of the existence of a deep-seated high temperature—the fissure and elevation of rocks, the outpouring of liquified mineral matter, and the display of those terrific igneous phenomena by which eruption is always accompanied.

If internal heat increased with the depth in arithmetical series, we might at once determine the point where igneous fluidity begins (the melting-point of rocks being known); or, in other words, we should know the thickness of the solid crust which envelopes the fluid nucleus. But when experiment assigned this law, it did not take into consideration the existence of an immense pressure upon the assumed liquid surface, nor the

influence of this pressure upon the fusibility of rocks, nor the diminution of conducting power with increase of temperature. Still less did it estimate the effect of existing, but untraced channels of communication between the atmosphere and the fluid interior. Theoretical considerations, in fact, lead us to believe that the ratio of increase diminishes with the depth, but observation directs us to an opposite conclusion. In the deep borings at Cruzot, extending to a depth of 2678 feet, M. Walferdin observed the increase of temperature to be, for the first 1800 feet, in the ratio of  $1^{\circ}$  for 55 feet, but at great depths  $1^{\circ}$  for 44 feet. Estimating, however, the temperature to increase with a constant arithmetical progression,  $1^{\circ}$  F. for every 54.5 feet, granite would be in a state of fusion at a depth of about 21 geographical miles below the level of the sea.

To the labours of Fourier we are primarily indebted for the theory of the increase of heat in the interior of the earth, and the probability of an igneous fluidity; but his opinions were not universally received by physicists. Poisson, who believed the earth to have been once liquid with heat, supposed it to have cooled from the centre and not from the surface. "The parts first solidified sunk," he says, "and by a double descending and ascending current the great inequality was lessened, which would have taken place in a solid body cooling from the surface." To account for the increase of temperature with the depth, a fact not to be ignored by hypothesis, he assumes an inequality of temperature resulting from the motion of the planet in space, causing a small accumulation of the heat received from without, at accessible depths from the surface. This conjecture, as already said, is negatived by experiment, and is quite untenable.

Mr. Hopkins objects to the conclusions of the popular hypothesis in detail rather than in principle. The solid crust of the earth, he says, must be from 800 to 1000 miles in thickness, and if this be true, either the ratio of the increased temperature must, at a certain depth, become less and less, or the temperature at which rocks are fused under pressure must be greatly raised. The argument he adopts in proof of his assertion is one of much ingenuity. The united attractive force of the sun and moon, and the ellipticity of the earth, cause the luni-solar nutation and precession. The calculation of these inequalities of motion has been made on the assumption of the solidity of the earth. But the theory of the increase of internal heat with the depth, at a constant or increasing ratio, represents the earth as a solid shell enclosing a fluid nucleus; and if this assumption be made consistent with the theory and amount of precession, the outer shell must be at least 800 miles thick. The reasoning of this geologist has been disputed by Professors Henessey and

Haughton, who doubt the possibility of solving the problem in the present state of science; and here we must leave the subject—still adhering, for the purposes of illustration, to the commonly-received hypothesis—and proceed to notice some of the phenomena resulting from the action of the highly-heated interior, and exhibited on the surface of the earth.

“I designate,” says Humboldt, “the whole of these phenomena by the general name of volcanism, or volcanicity; and I regard it as an advantage not to divide effects having the same causal connection, and differing only by the strength of the manifestation of the acting force, and by varieties in the complication of the physical processes involved. In this generality of view, small and apparently insignificant phenomena acquire a greater significance. An observer, not scientifically prepared, who visits for the first time a basin filled by a hot spring, and sees ascend from it gases which extinguish the flame of a candle, or walks between rows of variable cones of mud-volcanoes hardly exceeding in height his own stature, would not divine that the place, now thus harmlessly occupied, has been repeatedly the scene of fiery eruptions ascending to the height of many thousand feet, and that the same internal force is at work as that which gives rise to colossal craters of elevation, and even to the mighty devastating, lava-pouring volcanoes of Etna and the peak of Teneriff, and to those of Cotopaxi and Tunguragua, from which scorise are ejected.”—P. 163.

Of all the effects of internal heat, earthquakes, or undulations in the solid crust of the earth, are most extensive in operation, and most frequent in occurrence. We shall not attempt to determine how they are produced, nor where the agency is seated, for the evidence on these subjects is not sufficient to give certainty to any opinion. They are evidently produced by internal igneous action, although sometimes they have no apparent connection with volcanic eruptions by proximity of site, or accordance of time. It is a false generalization that earthquakes are always dependent on, or in some intimate connection with, volcanic eruption. They are consequences of one and the same cause, but their action is not necessarily coincident. Violent eruptions have taken place without the premonitory symptom; and there are countries distant from active zones, where earthquakes frequently or periodically occur without eruption. Humboldt says—“If we could obtain information regarding the daily condition of all the earth's surface, we should probably discover that the earth is almost always undergoing shocks at some point of its superficies, and is continually influenced by the reaction of the interior on the exterior.” On some parts of the coast of Peru, the undulations are so frequent, at certain periods, as to be little regarded by the inhabitants, who are said to roll to

the earth-wave, as the sailor does to the rocking ship at sea. Usually the earthquake and the volcano are concurrent phenomena. On the 30th of March, 1823, Lima was destroyed by earthquake, and on the same night four volcanoes were opened in the Andes. The great earthquake which destroyed the city of Lisbon on the 1st of November, 1755, and buried 30,000 of the inhabitants under the ruins, was felt over an area of 700,000 miles, and for some time after that event, volcanic eruptions were unusually frequent and violent. We might fill a volume with instances of the simultaneous action of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; and where the instances are so numerous, the mind is at once directed to those which were unusually destructive, or otherwise remarkable in their effects. We will mention only one other. The great earthquake of Riobomba, in the province of Quito, which happened on the 4th of February, 1797, and in a thinly-populated country destroyed 30,000 human beings, was attended by some curious eruptions; but the earthquake itself was remarkable.

“It was neither announced nor accompanied by any subterranean noise, but a prodigious noise, still designated simply as ‘*el gran ruido*,’ was first heard eighteen or twenty minutes later, and only under the two towns of Quito and Ibarra, at a distance from Tacunga, Hambato, and the chief theatre of devastation. In the history of catastrophes suffered by man, there is no other instance in which, in the course of a few minutes, so many thousand lives were lost by the production and passage of a few earth-waves, accompanied by the opening of fissures. In reference to this earthquake, of which the first accounts were given by the celebrated Valencia botanist, Don José Cavanillas, particular attention is further due to the following phenomena:—Fissures which alternately opened and closed, so that persons, partially engulfed, were saved by extending their arms that they might not be swallowed up; portions of long trains of muleteers and laden mules (*recuas*) disappearing in suddenly opening cross-fissures, whilst other portions, by a hasty retreat, escaping the danger; vertical oscillations by the non-simultaneous rising and sinking of adjoining portions of ground, so that persons standing in the choir of a church, sixteen feet above the pavement of the street, found themselves lowered to the level of the pavement without being thrown down; the sinking down of massive houses, with such an absence of disruption or dislocation, that the inhabitants could open the doors in the interior, pass uninjured from room to room, light candles, and debate with each other their chances of escape, during two days which elapsed before they were dug out; lastly, the entire disappearance of great masses of stones and building materials. \* \* A still more striking and complicated phenomenon was the finding articles belonging to one house among the ruins of others at a considerable distance—a discovery which gave rise to

some lawsuits. Is it, as the inhabitants of the country believe, that the earth throws out again at one spot that which it has swallowed up at another? or is it, notwithstanding the distance, a simple transfer over the earth's surface."—Pp. 172, 173.

The propagation of the undulatory motions, in which earthquake consists, through rocks of different densities, and unequal elasticities—the retardation of velocity by changes in the structure and composition of mineral masses, and the disturbances arising from the reflection and interference of earth-waves, are problems of great interest waiting solution. The laws Young so admirably discussed in his researches on the propagation of light are applicable to the investigation of undulations in the crust of the earth, and it is only when these motions are connected with phenomena which cannot be immediately attributed to the undulations that uncertainty arises. To determine the velocity with which earth-waves are propagated is of importance in the present state of science. Julius Schmidt, of the observatory of Bonn, estimated the motion of the undulations in the earthquake on the Rhine, July 29th, 1846, to have been 1466 feet in a second—a velocity exceeding that of sound in air, but not a third of the velocity in water, and greatly inferior to the propagation of sound in any solid upon which experiment has been made. "For the Lisbon earthquake of November 1st, 1755, from the coast of Portugal to that of Holstein, Schmidt found (from less accurate data) a velocity more than five times greater than in the case of the Rhine earthquake of the 29th July, 1846. Between Lisbon and Gluckstadt (a distance of 1180 English geographical miles) the rate derived by him is 7955 English feet in a second; which is 3438 feet less than takes place in cast iron." But this result differs greatly from that obtained by Michell, who assigned to the earth-wave a velocity of 50 miles a minute, or 4170 French feet in a second.

Many interesting and important questions suggested by the study of earthquakes we would refer to if we were not limited by space; but Humboldt has made one generalization, so essential to a consideration of the origin of these phenomena, that it cannot be passed over without some notice, although we can do no more than quote the words of our author.

"The most wide-spread devastations are those occasioned by earthquake-waves, which traverse partly non-trachytic and non-volcanic countries, and partly trachytic and volcanic ones, as the Cordilleras of South America and Mexico, without exercising any influence on the neighbouring volcanoes. These form the third class or group of phenomena; and it is that which points most strongly to the existence of a general cause in the thermic constitu-



tion of the interior of our planet. To this third group belongs also a case of rare occurrence, in which, in countries non-volcanic and rarely visited by earthquakes, the ground trembles uninterruptedly for several months, on a very restricted space, seeming to presage an upheaval, and the formation of an active volcano. This took place, in the beginning of the present century, in the Piedmontese valleys of Pelis and Clusson, as well as at Pignerol, in April and May, 1808, and also in the spring of 1829, in Murcia, between Orihuela and the sea-coast, on a space rather less than a German square mile. When in the interior of Mexico, on the western slope of the high land of Mehcacan, the cultivated flat of Jorullo was incessantly shaken for ninety days, the volcano rose, surrounded by many thousand small cones, about five or seven feet high (*los hornitos*), and poured forth a brief but powerful stream of lava. On the other hand, in Piedmont and in Spain, the shaking of the earth gradually ceased without any great natural event ensuing."—Pp. 182, 183.

While the earthquake testifies to the potent energy of the volcanic force by undulatory motions, by subterranean noises, and by the fissure and upheaval of rocks—effects too violent to be disregarded, and too evidently of igneous origin to be misunderstood—the hot springs which gush from the heated interior are the quiet but no less credible witnesses to the same physical condition. In all volcanic districts are found springs, constant or intermittent, more or less laden with earthy or saline matter, which, by their concurrent action with the phenomena attributed to volcanic forces, are apparently produced and sustained by the same agent, and rise from the same deep-seated source. The distinction of hot and cold springs is a popular classification founded on the belief that while springs of low temperature are the outlets of the great conduits of the earth's surface, bringing back to the atmosphere the waters which have fallen from it, thermal springs are the waste-pipes of circulating currents flowing in some part of their deep and unknown circuit, near the reservoirs of that interior heat which gives force and continuance to volcanoes. The terms hot and cold as applied to springs are sufficiently precise for popular designation; but the man of science cannot be justly charged with pedantry when he inquires what that temperature is which separates hot springs from cold. When this question is answered, he desires to know whether temperature alone determines the origin of a spring, or whether it is necessary to take into consideration the presence of impurities—mineral compounds in solution or chemical combination. Upon the origin of springs there is no difference of opinion; they are either the effects of gravitation, the force which maintains the level of all fluid bodies, or of some internal pressure which drives the water upwards, sometimes through the bed of the ocean, and

sometimes to a mountain exit. As the pressure may be a hydrostatic force, as well as high-pressure steam, every spring unconnected with the great system of natural drainage is not necessarily of volcanic origin, but that many are is freely admitted.

The temperature of springs, whether hot or cold, depends on the temperature of the reservoirs in which they are collected, and of the channels in which they flow. When cold springs do not intermix with waters flowing from high levels, their temperature is the mean temperature of the place of exit. In the first volume of "Cosmos," Humboldt expresses in one sentence nearly all that can be said about the origin of the temperature of springs. It is a function of the temperature of the stratum in which they take their rise, of the specific heat of the soil, and of the quantity and temperature of the meteoric water, which is itself different from the temperature of the lower strata of the atmosphere, according to the different modes of its origin, in rain, snow or hail. Many years since Von Buch, Humboldt, and Wahlenberg collected observations on the temperature of springs between  $12^{\circ}$  S. lat. and  $71^{\circ}$  N. lat., and in their tabulated results, separated those in which it varies with the seasons from those in which it is invariable. Springs of variable temperature are most common; but the amount of change, as Von Buch discovered, is influenced by the relative quantities of rain falling in the winter and summer months. In high latitudes the temperature of springs is greater than the mean temperature of the air; but as in such countries the ground is for the greater part of the year covered by snow, the temperature of the atmosphere is depressed at a more than ordinary ratio, and this fact, as Wahlenberg suggested, accounts for the anomaly.

As the temperature of hot springs rarely approaches the boiling point, we may mention one or two remarkable exceptions, and at the same time draw attention to the fact that the hottest springs are not necessarily confined to volcanic districts. The great Geysir of Iceland ejects a column of water nine or ten feet in diameter, to the height of from 100 to 120 feet. The eruptions are periodical, and are announced at intervals of 80 or 90 minutes, by loud but shifted subterranean noises. At the depth of  $72\frac{1}{2}$  feet below the opening of the funnel through which the discharge is made, the temperature of the water immediately before eruption is  $260^{\circ}\cdot6$  F. and immediately after  $251^{\circ}\cdot6$ , proving that it is under more than atmospheric pressure. The eruptions of the Stokkr at the foot of Byarnefell are less frequent than those of the Geysir, and the temperature is somewhat less at a less distance from the surface. Humboldt and others have made experiments on the temperature of several hot springs in

the great mountain ranges of South America, and two of these may be mentioned. The Aguas de Comangillas gush from a mountain of basalt and basaltic breccia, "not far from the rich silver mines of Guanaxuato, in  $21^{\circ}$  N. lat., at an elevation of fully 6400 feet above the level of the sea." Their temperature in September, 1803, was  $205^{\circ}\cdot 5$  F. Near these springs, at an elevation of 8700 feet, snow falls from December to April. The temperature of Aguas Calientes de las Trincheras, situated "on the route from Neceva Valencia, in the Valles de Aragua, to the harbour of Portocabello," was in February, 1800,  $194^{\circ}\cdot 5$  F. as measured by Humboldt; and twenty-three years later, when observed by Boussingault and Rivers it was raised to  $206^{\circ}\cdot 6$ —an increase which suggests some speculations in which we cannot now indulge.

From what has been said it will appear that earthquakes and thermal springs are justly believed to be the effects or the reaction of the heated interior of the earth upon its surface; but it is not till we come to the study of volcanoes that we obtain an adequate conception of its extent and influence. To these important phenomena we must now very briefly refer.

A knowledge of the distribution of volcanoes is essential to a just conception of the reaction of the interior upon the surface of the earth. Von Buch was the first writer who attempted to give a catalogue of active volcanoes, distinguishing linear from central groups. Every succeeding author who has referred to original documents, or made personal investigation, has added something to what was done by that illustrious geologist. But when we review the labours of these authors, the want of agreement between their conclusions is sufficient to prove the existence of a great mistake either in the estimate of numbers or in the definition of the objects to be numbered. This is evident enough if we only turn to the pages of a few books believed to give correct reports of the present state of scientific knowledge. Humboldt has compiled a catalogue of all the known points where a communication exists between the interior of the earth and the external atmosphere; and there are, he says, 407 volcanoes, of which 225 have been in eruption "within very modern times." In Johnston's Physical Atlas the number is said to be 270, Gerardin calculates 303, and Huet 559. The want of accordance between these authors may be in part accounted for by the doubt which hangs over every attempt to separate the volcanoes which have been active in recent times from those which have been long quiescent—the extinct volcanoes of one author being classed among the active by another.

"The result of my laborious investigation is," says Humboldt,

“that, out of 407 volcanoes, 225 have been in activity within very modern times. Earlier statements have given the number of still active volcanoes 30 or 50 less, because prepared on different principles. I have here restricted myself to volcanoes which either emit vapours, or which have had historically assured eruptions within the nineteenth, or the later half of the eighteenth, century.—P. 406.

“Of the 225 orifices through which, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the molten interior of the earth is in volcanic communication with the atmosphere, 70 (less than a third part therefore) are on continents, and 155 (or fully two-thirds) are on islands. Of the 70 continental volcanoes, 53 (or three-fourths) belong to America, 15 to Asia, and 1 to Europe, and 1 or 2 to the portion of America with which we are acquainted. It is the South Asiatic Islands (the Sunda Isles and the Moluccas), and in the Aleutian and Kurile (East Asiatic) Islands, that the greatest number of island-volcanoes are congregated within the smallest space. \* \* Taking the earth altogether, it is the region comprised between the 73rd west, and 127th east meridian from Greenwich, and the parallels of 47° south and 66° north, extending from south-east to north-west in the more western part of the Pacific, which is the richest in volcanoes.”

A knowledge of the distribution of volcanoes and dome-shaped elevations is important to science, chiefly because their number and position supply the evidence and measure of the activity of the volcanic force. There has been during the present century a more extended investigation, and a more correct record has been kept of the observations; but many countries are still unexplored, and the discoveries of former travellers require confirmation. The deficiencies of our knowledge, however, are not more evident in this than in the correlative subjects of physical inquiry, and the facts of which we are possessed are sufficient to support some generalizations of importance. To a few of these we shall briefly refer.

In the Pacific Ocean and on its shores there are no less than 198 active volcanoes—seven-eighths of all the communications still open between the surface of the earth and its molten interior. In the island of Java alone, which is only 544 geographical miles in length, there are 45 mountains, and of these 28 are active volcanoes. Although generally inferior in elevation to the mountains of South America they are not in this respect unimportant, for Gunung Semeru, which was in eruption not long since, is 12,235 feet high. In Kamtchatka fourteen volcanoes are known to have been in eruption in historic periods. Of these, Kintschewskaja Sopka, 15,763 feet in height, is the most lofty. In the Aleutian Islands, within a range of 960 miles, 34 volcanoes are known, nearly all of which have been recently in

eruption. "Within the range of the Kurile Islands, a length of 720 geographical miles, eight or ten volcanoes are known, and the majority are still burning." The historians of Japan," says Von Siebold, "mention only six volcanoes as having been active, two in the island of Nippon and four in that of Kinsin. In addition to these, European navigators have observed two small islands with smoking craters." In Sumatra there are 6, in Celebes 11, and in Flores 6. If we turn from the islands of the Pacific to the new Continent, we find in Central America, within a distance of 680 geographical miles, 29 volcanoes, of which 18 are active; in Peru and Bolivia 14, three of which have been recently in eruption, within a distance of 420 miles; and in Chili 24, of which 13 are active, within a distance of 960 miles.

From this great development of the volcanic force in the Pacific Ocean and on its coasts, are we prepared to assert that the distance of the surface from the intensely-heated nucleus is there less than in any other part of the earth's crust? We believe not. The greater display of power may arise from the greater intensity of the volcanic force, and not from the weakness of resistance. If the thickness of the solid crust of the earth governed the eruption of volcanoes, low craters should be more numerous than high ones. But it may be said that as the force required to lift or project the products of eruption must be in proportion to the elevation of the crater, the number of eruptions should have some relation to the altitudes. The ratio, however, between the number of eruptions from relatively high and low craters does not favour the assumption that from them may be determined the relative thickness of the solid crust at the places where those eruptions occur. The reason is obvious. Let us compare the relative activities of the two island volcanoes, Kosuna and Teneriff, one being 1000 feet above the sea, the other 12,000. The difference of relative heights between these two active cones is considerable; but if to the relative heights we add the probable depth of the molten mass below the sea level (estimated, from Mitscherlich's experiments on the fusion temperature of granite, at 121,500 feet) the difference between the sums is small. Suppose the tension of confined vapours to raise a flood of liquified rock 121,500 feet up to the level of the ocean, what is the probability of the force being sufficient to raise it 1000 feet higher, and not 12,000, taking into consideration a probable motion in limited channels? "The graduated scale of volcanoes," says Humboldt, "beginning with the low Maars of the Eifel (nine funnels without external framework, which have thrown out balls of olivine, surrounded by half-fused schistose fragments) and ending with the still active Sahama, more than 22,000 feet high, has taught us there is no connection between the maximum of

elevation and a less degree of volcanic activity." The same author says, "If in one small group the comparison of Stromboli, Vesuvius, and Etna might mislead us to suppose that the number of eruptions is inversely proportional to the height of the volcano, we soon find other facts which are in direct contradiction to this supposition." Etna is in eruption, on an average, once in six years; Hecla, which is 5755 feet lower, once in 70 or 80 years; Sangay, near the city of Quito, 17,100 feet in height, is in a state of more constant activity than the little conical hill Stromboli, the ancient Strongle. Sebastian Wissa visited it in 1849, and counted 267 eruptions in an hour, each eruption being on an average 13.4 seconds, and ejecting black ashes, rapilli, and scorïæ, which for twelve miles round form a bed of from 300 to 400 feet thick. It is not, then, from any greater development of activity upon one part of the earth's surface than upon another that we can venture to affirm a proportionate want of thickness in the solidified crust, and we will not venture to guess what those conditions are which have caused such an unequal distribution of the phenomena which prove the reaction of the interior upon the surface of the earth.

Among the unsafe generalizations, we may include the assumption that the larger number of volcanoes are insular, because the access of the sea or large bodies of water to the interior of the earth is necessary for the production of eruption. The numerical fact is indisputable, but the induction is an unsupported hypothesis. In Europe, the Mediterranean is the principal site of volcanic activity; in the southern hemisphere, the Pacific; and the few active cones found on the continents are so near the shores of the ocean as to suggest a probable internal connection between the waters of the one and the internal fires of the other. These facts, however, may be admitted without advancing a single step towards the explanation of the distribution of active volcanoes. Dr. Daubeny employs them as convenient crutches for the support of Davy's ingenious, hasty, and afterwards discarded theory of the production of volcanic activity by the access of water to the unoxidized metals composing the nucleus of the earth. Upon this subject, Humboldt is entitled to an attentive hearing.

"We may readily represent to ourselves the probability that, at the margins of the upheaving continents, whose coasts now rise with more or less abruptness above the waters of the sea, simultaneously occasioned subsidence of the ocean-bed, might cause the formation of fissures tending to promote communication with the molten interior. In the <sup>inland</sup> parts of elevated continents, at a distance from the oceanic <sup>areas</sup> of subsidence, there would not be



the same occasion of fracture. Volcanoes follow the coast-lines in single, sometimes in double, and even triple, ranges. Short cross-ridges, elevated over cross-fissures, connect these ranges, forming mountain-knots. Frequently, but by no means invariably, it is the outer range, nearest to the sea-shore, which is the most active, while the more inland ones are extinct, or appear approaching extinction."

The grouping of volcanoes, that is to say, their positions in relation to each other, must be carefully observed, for the present distribution indicates the probable process of formation. We have no reason to anticipate the discovery of any persistent plan; but some similarity of arrangement must result from a common action of the volcanic force, and we detect it in the grouping of active cones round a central elevation, and the arrangement of volcanic mountains in lines, suggesting their elevation over fissures.

Lofty mountains are not unfrequently the centres of volcanic activity, and a number of cones, or simple volcanic openings, are grouped round them, forming clearly-defined systems, in which the relation of the subordinate parts to the principal elevation is more than indicated. Thus Vesuvius, Etna, and the Peak of Teneriff are to be regarded as so many distinct centres of volcanic force, each controlling its own area, and having little or no influence beyond. This is their known condition, for the activity of one does not disturb the repose of the others. Vesuvius is the outlet of power for the Phlegrean fields of Puzzuoli and the neighbouring islands; but its most violent eruptions have not the power to excite Etna. We do not mean to assert that the eruptions of neighbouring volcanoes when forming distinct centres of volcanic force are never simultaneous; but such events are rather exceptional than ordinary, and far less frequent than they would be if an open communication existed between them. We are not now entering upon the discussion of the origin of volcanic cones; but we may observe that the disposition of isolated volcanic mountains, surrounded by secondary cones and the minor effects of disturbance, would result from the upheaving of rocks and the formation of fissures radiating from a central point of action, the form and altitude of the principal mass being modified by the products of eruption.

The linear arrangement of volcanoes is a more frequent disposition than that of groups round a central mountain. Von Buch suggested that they are thus placed because they are formed over fissures which open a communication between the surface and the deep, highly-heated interior. If we turn to the physical history of Iceland we shall obtain evidence of the probability of this conjecture, for in modern times such clefts have

been formed by the volcanic force. One is still to be seen from which lava flowed for a period of six weeks without ceasing, and at the close of the discharge the stream of melted rock covered an area 60 miles in length, and in some parts nearly 12 in breadth. May not this be regarded as a sufficient illustration of the probable origin of the linear arrangement of volcanoes in the same island? A similar position of volcanic mountains is exhibited on the American continent. The volcanoes of Orizaba, Popocateptl, Toluca, and Colima, for example, are ranged over a fissure 360 miles long; and in the same east and west line the volcano of Jorullo was upheaved between those of Toluca and Colima, at a distance of 116 miles from one and 128 from the other. In the Asiatic Islands the same arrangement is observed.

“From the volcano of Kliutschewsk, the northernmost one on the east-coast of the Kamtschatkan peninsula, to the southernmost Japanese island-volcano of Iwogasimia, in the strait of Van Diemen, the direction in which the igneous activity manifests itself from the fissured crust of the globe, is exactly from N. E. to S. W. This direction is maintained through the island of Jackuno Sima, on which a conical mountain rises to the height of 5840 feet, separating the two straits of Van Diemen and Colnet; through Stebold's Linschote Archipelago; through Captain Basil Hall's Sulphur Island (Lung-Huang-Schan); and through the small groups of Lieu-Khlew and Madjiko-Sima, which latter approaches within 92 geographical miles of the great island off the Chinese coast, Formosa (Thaywan). Here, or at Formosa, in  $25^{\circ}$  and  $26^{\circ}$  N. lat., we may recognise the important point at which, instead of the N. E. and S. W. lines of elevation, those of a N. and S. direction commence and prevail almost to the parallels of  $5^{\circ}$  or  $6^{\circ}$  S. lat. The N. and S. lines may be found in Formosa and the Philippines through fully  $20^{\circ}$  of latitude.

“To the south of Celebes and Borneo, a new fissure-system commences. The greater or lesser Sunda islands, from Timor Lant to west Bali, follow for the most part the mean parallel of  $8^{\circ}$  S. lat., through  $18^{\circ}$  of longitude. In the west part of Java, the middle axis already turns rather more towards the N., running almost E. S. E.—W. S. W.; but from the Strait of Sunda, to the southernmost of the Nicobars, the direction is S. E.—N. W. The entire volcanic fissure of elevation (E.—W. and S. E.—N. W.) has, according to this, an extent of about 2700 geographical miles: of the whole distance, if we disregard the slight deviation in Java towards the N., 1620 miles belong to the E. and W., and 1080 to the S. E. and N. W. direction. In this manner, geological considerations, on form and arrangement, conduct us uninterruptedly through the islands of the eastern coast of Asia, over the enormous space of  $68^{\circ}$  of latitude from the Aleutian islands, and the northern sea of Behring to the Moluccas, and the greater and lesser Sunda Isles.”

The want of space prevents us from alluding to many other important questions connected with the formation of volcanoes, and the effects, products, and theories of volcanic action, the volcanic condition of the earth during the several geological epochs, and the influence of the force in the establishment of the present physical conditions. These are subjects of great interest to the geologist, and on some there is a difference of opinion; but the reader who is willing to extend his inquiries to them will, if wise, thankfully accept Humboldt as a guide. The translation which General Sabine has provided is accurate and elegant, and places the "Cosmos," one of the most remarkable books of the age, within the reach of every English student.

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#### ART. V.—REFORMATION-HISTORY.

1. *A History of the Christian Church during the Reformation.* By Charles Hardwick, M.A. Cambridge, Macmillan, & Co. 1856.
2. *Patrick Hamilton, the first Preacher and Martyr of the Scottish Reformation.* An Historical Biography, collected from Original Sources. With an Appendix of Original Letters and other Papers. By the Rev. P. Lorimer, Prof. of Hebrew and Exegetic Theology, English Presbyterian College, London. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1857.
3. *Zwingli; or, the Rise of the Reformation in Switzerland.* A Life of the Reformer, with some Notices of his Time and Contemporaries. By R. Christoffel. Translated from the German by John Cochran, Esq. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1858.

THE ecclesiastical reformation which, in the sixteenth century, changed the aspect of Europe, is not an isolated fact to be accounted for by the religious enlightenment and the appearance of certain individuals, who wielded an influence so momentous and extensive on their contemporaries. The three great institutions for the training of mankind—the church, the schools, and the state—had passed through a development preparatory to this great movement. At an early period, indeed very soon after abuses began to creep into the church, an active opposition began to manifest itself. At first mixed up with great errors, it gradually gathered strength and increased in purity, in proportion as the church itself degenerated. Some such interposition was necessary, if Christianity was not to give place to a

new spirit of heathenism. He can only have scanty knowledge of the history of the period immediately preceding the Reformation, who doubts the urgent necessity of some revolution of a fundamental character. Let any who is sceptical on this point calmly peruse—not the writings of enemies of the papacy—but some of the tractates composed by prelates of the church of Rome, in which the then state of matters is described, such as those contained in volume 2 of that curious and interesting collection, entitled “*Fasciculus Rerum Expetendarum et Fugientiarum*,” and the last remaining doubt will speedily be dispelled. The ignorance, superstition, simony, corruption, and vileness of every kind, and prevailing in every department, might seem almost incredible, were it not attested by witnesses so unimpeachable. The same decay meets us everywhere. The gross vices of high and low clergy, the shameless traffic of greedy priests, and the awful ignorance or perversion of Scriptural truth, cannot be denied by any upright historian. But perhaps some of the absurdities of the religious instruction imparted by the friars may afford a better insight, and thus give a more vivid impression of the spiritual decay of teachers and taught than an elaborate description. Erasmus and Henricus Stephanus have preserved a number of specimens of the pulpit eloquence in repute at the time, of which the folly and the presumption equally surpass ordinary conception. Thus the devices for exciting laughter at Easter (the so-called *risus paschalis*) made from the pulpit—we suppose to show the power of the preacher and the religious joy of the hearers—are well illustrated in an anecdote chronicled by Oecolampadius, who relates that, at a dinner-party in A.D. 1517, each guest described what in the morning he had heard in church. Accordingly it appeared that in one instance, the preacher had successfully crowed like a cuckoo, in another he had effectually imitated a goose, while in a third the hearers had been entertained by a relation of certain pranks played by St. Peter, such as how he had tricked “mine host” out of his bill, and other edifying stories. To discuss such questions as whether God could have taken upon himself the female sex, or whether, if the Jews had failed to crucify Christ, the Virgin would have done it herself, argued deep acquaintance with speculative theology. Great learning was manifested in applying to the Saviour or to the apostles, the medical expressions of Galenus, or the philosophical terms of Aristotle and Plato. Not to speak of the legendary absurdities, and the monstrous fables introduced into the pulpit by ordinary preachers, even the most distinguished of the class—such, for example, as *John Geiler* of Strasburg (ob. 1510)—used comparisons which indicate, to say the least, a singular phase of

religious thinking. Side by side with the corruption to which we have adverted, we see the opposite extremes of wide-spread infidelity, and of a most painful earnestness, which now and again bursts forth into fits of uncontrollable fanaticism—popular outbursts of religious madness. The revival of classical literature, the dethronement of Aristotle, and the installation of Plato in the schools, had brought in their train a new species of heathenism which alike numbered its votaries among high ecclesiastics and among *savants*. On the other hand, the philosophical student of history will not be prepared to set down, on the score of unaccountable superstition, phenomena such as the processions, the wailings, and scourgings of the flagellants, or those most extraordinary effects produced by certain preachers of repentance. He will rather descry in them the mighty working of a deep, although misguided, religious tendency—the moving of the Spirit of God over the face of the chaotic and dark abyss.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were a time of breaking up and of upheaving—the old and the new, the night and the day, death and life, struggling for the mastery. No stretch of imagination is required—it only needs a pictorial realisation of those times to conceive the effects which the appearance of men like Luther, Zwingli, Tyndall, Wishart or Hamilton, would produce in their respective countries. By means of that remarkable adaptation of representative men to their times, which ever and again discloses even to an unbelieving generation, the presence and rule of a Power divine, the beacon-light was almost simultaneously kindled in all lands. The same spirit animated all those who were to initiate the great movement. From one source they had drawn the same inspiration—impelled by the same motives, guided by the same principles, animated by the same convictions, they each accomplished separately, yet, as it afterwards appeared, in sublime harmony, the work intrusted to them. Still there were distinctive elements of mental idiosyncrasy and national peculiarity in each movement. Each man seemed to be raised up, trained and fitted not only for his time, but even for his country and people. Substantially one, yet differing according to the character of the mental refracting medium through which the ray of Scriptural light and truth passed. Divine wisdom and grace, and the watchful care of the Head of the church, no less manifested themselves in the calling than in the selection of the instruments by whom the reformation of the church was to be introduced. Luther and Melancthon in Germany; Calvin and Zwingli in Switzerland; Tyndall, Lambert, Cranmer, Hamilton, Wishart, and Knox in our own country; were equally the heralds of universal truth, and the representatives of distinct mental directions and of national peculiarities.

The above remarks are not intended to preface a sketch of the Reformation, for which our present limits afford not space, nor even a detailed criticism of the books which we have placed at the head of this article. They are rather meant to combat a popular error, to point out a palpable deficiency in our theological literature, and to give some general, though necessarily faint, hints as to the mode of supplying it. Many circumstances combine which at present render it specially important that the Reformation-movement should be more comprehensively viewed and more fully understood than is commonly the case. A mere relation, however detailed and pictorial, of the events connected with the personal history of the Reformers, or an explanation of the doctrines which they taught and for which they suffered, is not sufficient. The great ecclesiastical revolution must be presented, not isolated but in its historical connection, in its bearings upon the period which preceded, as well as upon that which succeeded, the Reformation. The agreement and the divergences of the various ecclesiastical parties must be illustrated and traced back to the ultimate sources whence they sprang. In short, the results of accurate painstaking research, and of the study of original authorities, must be condensed, presented from a philosophical and spiritual point of view, and given in language clear and pictorial, that so men may learn both the meaning and the object of a contest which by too many among ourselves seems almost forgotten, but which, if we mistake not, may ere long have to be renewed.

We have for some time cherished the conviction that the branch of study if not most important to, yet most neglected among us is that of ecclesiastical history generally, and that of the last four centuries in particular. The books which from time to time have appeared on these subjects are, with rare exceptions, singularly unsatisfactory. They betray a lamentable ignorance of original sources, a one-sided tendency, and a superficiality, which to the conscientious student appears unaccountable. The most palpable mistakes are copied from book to book; the same party-views, the same slipshod style of getting up information, the same scissor-work in writing history meet us at every turn. Real study seems to be reserved for other branches of theological science—the language of the story-writer or the tirades of the narrow-minded sectarian are deemed sufficient to illustrate the most momentous event which history has chronicled since apostolic times. Speaking generally, so long as *Mosheim* and *Milner* reign supreme in our theological schools, we shall not expect any decided progress in the study of church history. These works are both able and useful, but they belonged to a period of theological literature now gone by; their defects and faults



are too evident to require special mention; happily there are signs, although as yet few and isolated, of an improvement. Among them we gladly welcome the productions of Messrs. Hardwick, Lorimer, and Christoffel. The first of these books lays no claim to any great original research; it is chiefly valuable as a good condensation of what others have investigated, and as a compilation chiefly from German works on various branches of church history. However, as might be expected under such circumstances, the author neither enters deeply into the various subjects of which he treats, nor presents a broad view of men and events. Occasionally we have also noticed slight inaccuracies which have been transported from German works into this manual. But what will probably operate most unfavourably on its spread among students, who might else have consulted it with great advantage, is the peculiarly *Anglican* point from which Mr. Hardwick views not only the Reformation in England but even the character and worth of such men as Zwingli and Calvin. At times a one-sided and even unfair sketch of the most advanced Reformers is given. The history and teaching of Zwingli have indeed frequently, and in a manner most unaccountable, been misunderstood. The views generally entertained about this strong and noble-hearted hero of the faith come so far short of the real state of the case, that we are almost obliged to have recourse to the theory that ignorance of his works has given currency to the calumnies of his enemies. All the more gladly, therefore, do we welcome Mr. Christoffel's elaborate biography of the Reformer, of which Mr. Cochrane has just given us a very fair translation.

The distinguishing characteristics of Zwingli may be summed up as loftiness of purpose, clearness of intellect, and unswerving courage and decision. There was little of the mystical about him, nor had he passed through those deep inward conflicts which gradually and slowly estranged Luther from the church, and from a blind devotee converted him into a determined opponent of Romanism. Cradled and nursed in an atmosphere of the most decided republicanism, he was a stranger to that veneration for antiquity and authority which for a long time hampered the German reformers. When his mind had once perceived the fundamental principles of the Gospel, he unhesitatingly carried them to all their consequences. Occasionally his clear logic misled him even into extreme views (as on the Sacraments and, perhaps, on Original Sin), although his mistakes in these respects have been much exaggerated. But the accuracy and precision, the consistency and loftiness of his religious thinking, the purity and holiness of his life, and the tragic end of Zwingli in the service of his country, all invest him with an interest peculiar and

distinct from that attaching to other Reformers. The Zurich divine was only by six weeks the junior of Luther, having been born 1 Jan. 1484. After having founded the Swiss Reformed Church, and done well and bravely his great work, he fell, as is well known, in the disastrous battle of Cappel, Oct. 11, 1531. Mr. Christoffel has admirably portrayed not only the outer and inner life of the Reformer, but also the principal events of this period, and the essential features of the work carried on both in Germany and in Switzerland. We specially note the philosophical view presented of the causes of the doctrinal divergences between Luther and Zwingli. To the genuine student of the Reformation there are few books we would more cordially recommend than this.

A personage very different from the bold Swiss was the gentle and loving, but not less decided Scottish proto-martyr, Patrick Hamilton. The events of his short but chequered life, and the impression produced by his martyrdom, are sufficiently known to most well-informed readers. Still Professor Lorimer has, by the study of original authorities, and by much careful research, been enabled, not only to shed new light upon his character and career, but to establish some facts hitherto unknown or unnoticed. His volume is just the kind of history we desiderate, and we can only hope that the learned author will be encouraged to continue the valuable series of historical biographies which in his preface he projects. To bring the lives and labours of the founders of our Protestant Church before the Church, and in tracing them to combine the results of profound study with philosophical generalisation and lively representation, were not only to do a much-needed service to the present generation, but, we believe, materially to advance the interests of theological science and the cause of truth.

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#### ART. VI.—THE PRIMAL DUTIES.

*The Primal Duties; or, Knowledge, Thought, and Action: Illustrated by Biographical Sketches.* By Angus Macpherson. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

THERE is a nervous and rugged force in the style, both of thought and expression, in this small book, which fits it rather for the reading of such minds as do not need its lessons, than for those to whom truth must come dressed in familiar drapery, and with a pleasant, easy address, in order to win their atten-

tion and their love. The appearance of forcible writing repels weak minds; and, indeed, we rather think that sentences which contain, in a terse, condensed form, the concentrated essence of thoughts, are no more fit for the popular palate and digestion than spirits of wine, and the quintessence of flesh and fruits would be for common aliment. A certain amount of dilution and combination of the *sapid*, with what alone would be *vapid*, makes a mixture, not only palatable, but wholesome.

The power of original thought, and the spirit of true study, are very well exemplified in life and action by reference to the working character and style of mind in Pestalozzi, Watt, Hugh Miller, and Wordsworth: the perfect model being found in Him who said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" To know, to think, and to do, may, indeed (in a certain sense), be the primal duties of man, because our mental constitution is that of a capacity to learn, to reflect, and to exercise will in action, corresponding to our power of knowing and thinking; but, unhappily, none of our duties are the more easily accomplished because we see them as demands upon us; but rather, in consequence of another peculiarity in our mental constitution, duties are never well done, unless they are also delights; in short, as the Great Teacher demonstrates alike in His doctrines and His works, love must be the mainspring of all mental effort, whether in acquiring ideas, or in fulfilling duties. The answer of any man's life is but the outward manifestation of the love that lives within him, and that love, too, partakes of the character and colour of his belief. Because we are formed to be free agents, so far as we can think and love, our motive to action is always to be pleasure. According to the state of our minds, as to love of truth, and as to our ideas of the good, will be the choice of our pleasures. It is always pleasure to abide by what we believe in and love. We may even choose pain and tribulation, rather than shun a duty, and, indeed, in many duties, we must endure all that soul and body will bear, and let them burst apart rather than yield; but why? Because we delight to do according to the will of some being whom we love most of all. If ourselves, well! We live and die for ourselves! But herein is the beauty of our moral constitution—there can be no delight in living and dying to ourselves merely. Taking this view of duty and motive, we think Mr. Macpherson has adopted the course best calculated to teach the primal duties, by exhibiting the leading outline of the lives of men energised by those duties. But after all, it must not be forgotten, that the sense of duty is not the primal motive in any man, but some love, some object, on which the powers of mind and heart may be devoted and expended. A man of

great thought does great actions, and the idea of duty never enters into them ; they are done for the sake of some end, for the fulfilment of some desire, awakened by the great thoughts. Duty itself resolves itself into love, and implies the aiming at the accomplishing of deeds, for the sake of some one, interested alike in the deeds and in the person doing them. The guide to duty, then, is not found in the laying down of particular rules of conduct, but in a true apprehension of our relationships. Hence, the value of true science and the literature that grows out of it. But literature and science are true and good, just in proportion as they practically co-operate in giving us truth and goodness, as objects to think of and to love ; for all those objects really refer us away from the idols which men ignorantly worship to those ideas of God which are essential to real adoration. Mr. Macpherson lays great stress on originality of thought ; but we rather question what he means, when he says that "the acquired thoughts of others are not suited as thoughts for us." Surely, good thoughts are as good for one man as for another who can make a good use of them.

Mr. Macpherson well says—

"A merely acquisitive mind merely holds its wealth for no useful purpose, whereas, a truly thinking mind acquires, only that it may the more broadly and the more surely form its own honest opinions. Acquisition of knowledge only makes a derivative mind more conceited ; but an original, more self-diffident. To the former, the diffusion of knowledge may be a curse ; but to the latter, it is a positive blessing. Like every other good thing, it may be abused. Upon the mind of a Newton it could not but produce the effect of humility and reverent awe.

"In reality, then, it is not literature or learning that will advance us. We may have a wide diffusion of these, and yet exist in a kind of mental torpor upon the great point of individual and social advancement. It is not *literati*, doctors, or *savants*, we so much want, as men,—true-thoughted—original-thoughted men.

"We work and traffic in departments of thought ; we toil for the masters of thought, and remain slaves. Let us scorn to be slaves, and dare to be original, independent thinkers."

What is meant by toiling for masters of thought ? We have always doubted the propriety of making minds so very original and independent, for, if we mistake not, your very original and independent thinkers are very apt to see facts with coloured spectacles, and expect others to see them of their colour. Independent thinking, without knowledge enough to think about, causes all the deluding conceits and quackeries of the day. In fact, true thought is not the discoveries of individuals, but of successive minds ; and whatever is true, whether

in science or revelation, is common property, like the light and the air, open to all who are capable of enjoying them. Social advancement is one with the advancement of true knowledge; for the strength and safety of society consist in discountenancing conceits, by requiring all men who advance new views to test them by the laws of God's works, and of His Word, that is to say, by showing how they fit in with truths already known. Unquestionably, the man who adopts a creed on hearsay, or as a book-lesson, without thinking himself upon the facts, however made known, is slavish and narrow-souled. If this is what Mr. Macpherson means, we agree with him.

Man in action gives us the fullest idea and impression of spiritual reality; there is something in us always ready to sympathize with the human spirit at work, either in thinking, doing, or suffering; therefore, skilful pictures of life, always skilful so far as they are life-like, never fail to stir the hearts of men and women, and deservedly command the book-market. Science itself must have more of human life in it than it seems to have, from the dry way it has hitherto been handled. Let it always be interpreted in relation to man's wants, and the actual manner in which the Divine mind meets the demands of the human soul and body, and it will at once become more interesting than any portraiture which imagination can present; for it will, in fact, bring our minds more nearly in contact with those things which it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive, but which God has everywhere prepared for those who love Him and His works.

Science means knowledge, or it means nothing. Now the knowledge of the man of action is the most intense and enlightening form of science, and the knowledge of the man, perfect in motive, thought, will, and deed, is the very revelation of God Himself—a revelation corresponding in its teaching,—though, indeed, deeply exceeding as living spirit excels dead matter, with that discovery of the wonders of His works in the outward creation, by which we learn His power, wisdom, goodness, and Godhead. We would, then, have the sciences applied and simplified, so as to form, as a matter of course, the foundation of all mental training; for by science, we mean all that can be systematically learned and taught, of what God has actually done for man, both in the preparation of a world for him to dwell in, and of the working out of his complete well-being, through the life and doctrines of the Redeemer. The science of revelation is as truly a science as that of nature; and it would be well if men set themselves to understand revealed and spiritual truths, in their mutual relations and practical bearings, with the same temper of

patience and earnestness that are evinced in their pursuit of inferior studies.

The man best qualified to teach is the man who feels a vivid interest in the things he teaches. He will throw life and spirit into his manner and method, which shall not only excite attention and secure remembrance, but a spirit and virtue will go out of him, inducing a sympathy which shall do much toward kindling a permanent feeling in the soul, that shall mould the habits of his pupil's life. A man cannot acquire an accurate knowledge of anything, without at the same time learning something exactly adapted to impart a clear idea of duty. By learning physical facts, we see what must be done to secure success in the application of physical principles; by learning the laws of our bodily and mental constitution, we learn not only our own liabilities and dependence, but we also discern the demands of our fellow-beings upon our assistance and forbearance; and then advancing up to the height from which it would be well to proceed down to all inferior sciences, we learn from the Christian religion, and that alone, how all the everlasting attributes of wisdom, power, truth, and love, alike infinite, and, therefore, alike unchangeable, demand our faith, and so lead us to receive the commands of God into the heart; and to feel that to do duty is to love, and that the true work is the true worship. As the demands of our Maker upon us sprung from His love, so practically to love God and our neighbour, and to co-operate with a god-like and neighbourly spirit, is the whole duty of man.

Truth cannot be invented, it can only be either discovered or revealed: the means of salvation must be sought, like the means of life and all intelligence, from what God has done; and as soul and body are in constant association with each other, so spiritual and physical sciences are reciprocal in their relations. All nature speaks of power, and wisdom, and goodness; but revelation speaks of the *Person* to whom power, wisdom, and goodness belong, and without revelation, our personal relationship to Deity would be lost in fancies concerning the indwelling agencies of nature; lords many and gods many assert their claims, and we fall down into demon worship to suit the degradation of our habits. As man reasons and believes by aid of his senses and his human sympathies, he must have an objective revelation of his Creator, and a human manifestation of His love. In the revealed science, provided for the deathless spirit of man, the created mind is drawn into fellowship with the creative Spirit; and natural objects and adapted truths are ever before presented to us in the Divine philosophy, that we may better understand our spiritual relationship.



The analogies of earth are, so to say, patterns of things heavenly, so that whosoever has true thoughts of those things, as the productions of the Logos, that was in the beginning with God and was God, will also enjoy that consciousness of the Divinity in which he lives and moves. A heavenly light will surround him; and in whatever direction he may look, he will perceive the direct connexion of the present with the higher world, and feel the glory of the everlasting source of light and thought. "Our best philosophy is faith and hope." These thoughts rushed over us, as we reflected on the contents of Mr. Macpherson's little book, and, perhaps, they will serve better than criticism, to express the feelings which the work is calculated to produce, just as any other dissertation on duty might do. We conceive that he claims for nature more than nature warrants, when he refers us to what he calls the lecture-room of nature, for that kind of intelligence, which will, in the slightest degree, serve to supersede the diligent study of the written Word; for is not the Great Master seen to the life, and in His work, *there?* and is He not *there* heard in spirit, speaking the truth, direct from His own heart to the hearts of His disciples, precisely in the very way best calculated to inspire the soul with a due apprehension of His thoughts, because inspiring a feeling, without which there can be no appreciation of His love? Nature is no substitute for the New Testament, for there is no truth in nature that gives freedom from sin; and the spirit of her words is not that of life and of immortality, but of a perpetual contradiction—a perpetuated alternation of life and death—which, indeed, refers us to omnipotence; but Nature alone affords us no hope of seeing God reconciling all things to Himself. Mr. Macpherson shall, however, give us the same testimony to the truth. He thus sums up the whole argument, as it respects alike knowledge and duty, nature and revelation: "From both nature and revelation we may divine the knowledge that God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth; but the *Scriptures alone tell us of redeeming love.*" Even if we could find God to perfection by our wisdom, we should still need revelation, to show us our Saviour, and to raise our sense of duty to the needed point, and teach us where to get that spirit, by which we may learn aright, think aright, and act aright.

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## ART. VII.—THE STORY OF A BOULDER.

*The Story of a Boulder ; or, Gleanings from the Note Book of a Field Geologist.* By Archibald Geikie. Edinburgh : Constable & Co. London : Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1858.

WE are satisfied with this book. It is written by a man who is a competent author and a sound practical geologist. This is perhaps all we need say to introduce Mr. Geikie and his work to those of our readers who have a taste for geology, or desire initiation into that fascinating study. But when we remember how little practical acquaintance with the science and independent thought are to be found in the writings of those who dole out information for the people, we are bound to do something more than express a favourable opinion, when we meet with a good book, written by a man who has spent his time in personal investigation. "The Story of a Boulder," we are informed, was composed by the wayside ; and the sketches are too bold, the effects too true, and the tone of colouring too natural and healthy, to be the work of a copyist.

"The present volume," says the author, "has been written among the rocks which it seeks to describe, during the intervals of leisure of a field geologist. Its composition has been carried on by snatches, often short and far apart, some of the descriptions having been jotted down on the spot by streamlet and hill-side, or in the quiet of old quarries ; others, again, in railway carriage or stage coach. But much the larger portion has been written by the village fireside, after the field work of the day was over."

This is stated by way of apology ; but the circumstances which the author considers most unfavourable, we believe to have been almost necessary for the production of his work, and to them we attribute some of its principal excellencies. Be this as it may, he has given us a book very much better than almost all of its class ; for its details are more accurate, its descriptions more fresh and life-like, its analogies more true, and its disquisitions more compendious and scientific. As a literary production, it has also merits of which scientific books, for unscientific readers, are too frequently destitute. When compared with the greater number of them, it is like a gentleman among pedants and pretenders—natural, polite, Christian—having neither the stiffness of the one class, nor the jaunty, loquacious pretence of the other. It is companionable, entertaining, and instructive. More than this we need not say to recommend Mr. Geikie's "Story of a Boulder ;"

less we could not say, and do him justice. For the sake of the reader, we will now relate a few events in the story.

In a ravine, three miles to the south-west of Edinburgh, and not far from the village of Colinton, our author found a large boulder of carboniferous sandstone, containing some well-known plants of the coal measures, and bearing upon its surface the striæ which are now regarded as proofs of glacial action. The history of this boulder, the age of the rocks of which it once formed a part, the physical conditions under which it was broken, transported, rubbed, and striated, are the principal subjects in the story. But Mr. Geikie himself shall introduce his boulder to our readers, that they may judge what sort of a companion he will be to those who accept him as a teacher:—

“The last time I visited the ravine was in the heart of June, and surely never did woodland scene appear more exquisitely beautiful. The beech trees were in full leaf, and shot their silvery boughs in slender arches athwart the dell, intertwining the broader foliage and deeper green of the elm, and the still darker spray of the stately fir. The rocks on either side were tapestried with verdure; festoons of ivy, with here and there a thread of honeysuckle interwoven, hung gracefully from the cliffs overhead; each projecting ledge had its tuft of harebells or speedwell, or dog-violets, with their blue flowers peeping out of the moss and lichens; the herb-robert trailed its red blossoms over crag and stone; the wood-sorrel nestled its bright leaves and pale flowerets among the gnarled roots of beech and elm; while high over all, alike on the rocks above and among the ferns below, towered the gently drooping stalks of the foxglove. The stream, almost gone, scarcely broke the stillness with a low, drowsy murmur, as it sauntered on among the *lapides adesos* of its pebbly channel. Horace's beautiful lines found again their realization,—

“ ‘Qua pinus ingens, albaque populus  
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant  
Ramis, et obliquo laborat  
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.’

“It was noon, and the sun shone more brightly and with greater heat than had been felt for years. The air, heavy and warm, induced a feeling of listlessness and languor, and the day seemed one for which the only appropriate employment would have been to read once again the ‘Castle of Indolence.’ But failing that, I found it pleasant to watch the flickering light, shot in fitful gleams through the thick canopy of leaves, and thus, in the coolness of the shade, to mark these rays as they danced from rock to stream, now lighting up the ripples that curled dreamily on, now chequering some huge boulder that lay smooth and polished in mid-channel, anon glancing playfully among the thickets of briar or honeysuckle, and vanishing in the shade. . . . While thus idly engaged, my eye rested on a

large boulder on the opposite side. It lay partly imbedded in a stiff clay, and partly protruding from the surface of the bank some way above the stream. A thick arbour of leafage overhung it, through which not even the faintest ray of sunshine could force its way. The spot seemed cooler and more picturesque than that which I occupied, and so, crossing the well-nigh empty channel, I climbed the bank, and was soon seated on the boulder."

What subjects were suggested by this transported block of sandstone, finely laminated above, pebbly and conglomeritic below, we can do little more than mention.

A few years ago geologists were puzzled to give any plausible explanation of the origin of those beds of clay, containing pebbles and isolated masses of rock, profusely spread over a large portion of the British isles. The hypothesis adopted, for lack of a better, had no support from observation; out so long as the distribution of water-worn fragments of foreign rocks was supposed to be universal, it was fashionable to account for their production and accumulation by the assumption of a world-wide diluvian action. The theory was no longer tenable when drift was proved to be a northern formation. So soon as it was known that the deposit then called diluvium does not exist in the country around Ararat, and the sites of ancient Scripture history, the cosmogonist was compelled to abandon the pleasing conjecture that the earth is covered with the ruin of a former world destroyed by Noah's flood. A closer investigation then led to the discovery of the striated and polished surface of some rocks covered with drift, and geologists were slowly, and perhaps unwillingly, brought to admit the transport of boulders by ice. Upon this hypothesis the author explains the presence of the boulder already mentioned, lying "in a stiff clay, partly protruding from the surface of a bank some way above the stream," which flows through a sequestered ravine of Mid-Lothian. Whether it was dropped into its present bed from the base of an iceberg, we will not attempt to determine, and we shall not discuss the question of the relative production of northern drift by icebergs and glaciers. But we do believe that the epoch immediately preceding the advent of the present physical condition of the earth and distribution of climate, was, in the northern regions, including the British isles, one of intense frost, and that "the boulder clay was formed during the slow submergence of our country beneath an icy sea."

Having explained how a large block of sandstone may have been broken from a rock, and transported to a distance by an iceberg, the author collects such geological evidence as illus-

trates the physical conditions of the earth during the deposition of the carboniferous rocks, and describes the animal and vegetable forms existing at that period. We do not know any work in which the student will find a more succinct and satisfactory description of the characteristic fossils of the carboniferous rocks. From the few pages devoted by the author to the subject, the reader will gain some insight into the nature of palæontological studies; and should he be a collector of fossils from the coal shales, or the great calcareous rock beneath them, he will be able, with Mr. Geikie's assistance, to name some of his most interesting specimens.

The boulder itself "consisted of a fine quartz sand more or less distinctly laminated, and showing in its lower parts well-rounded pebbles of quartz, green grit, and feldspathic trap." An inquiry into the composition of this stone, and the union of substances so unlike, necessarily follows the examination of the imbedded fossils, and the author devotes two chapters to a review of the mechanical operations by which rocks are disintegrated and re-formed, illustrating the past by existing cause and effect. The earth is as subject to change as any of the mutable things on its surface. The sea is struggling to recover its dominion over the land, and old sea bottoms are constantly rising above ocean level. Ancient bulwarks are broken down, new ones are formed, and rocks are everywhere produced from the *débris* of preceding formations.

To illustrate the geology of the carboniferous group, the author selects the Mid-Lothian coal-field, which differs considerably from the correlative series in England. In the great field of South Wales and the western counties of England, all the coal-bearing strata rest on the carboniferous limestone formation, but in Scotland coal-beds interstratified with sandstones and shales underlie it, dividing the carboniferous formation into three groups, the limestones intercalated with seams of coal lying between the upper and lower measures. The upper portion of the lower series consists of the well-known Burdiehouse limestone, containing vegetable remains, a small crustacean (the *cypris*), and the relics of ganoidal fish. These fossils supply indisputable evidence of a fresh-water origin; but the occasional discovery of placoidal fish indicates formation in an estuary, and the flow of fresh water into the sea, for there was a neutral area where marine and fresh-water animals met. It may be that the plants grew on some ancient delta, and the fish swam under the shadow of its fern trees; but this low land was afterwards submerged, and the limestone of the middle series was deposited in deep sea. As the lower series is not found in the English coal-fields, the carboniferous areas of Scotland

must have been raised above the water, and covered with a dense vegetation, at a time when the coal districts of the West were submerged, and the mountain limestone, with its encrinital, molluscan, and ichtholitic remains, was being deposited.

The subject of Mr. Geikie's book is one of great interest, and we would willingly discuss many of the subjects to which he refers; but he will have many intelligent readers, and to them we leave the pleasing task.

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## Quarterly Review of American Literature.

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REVIEWERS of American literature, as well as the authors of both countries, whose labours are used without any compensation, have reason to complain of the want of an International Copyright Law. When a bill for this purpose was before the Committee of the House of Representatives, during the last session of congress, we hoped so just a measure would have been adopted. As the American publishers now manifest a desire to do something in the matter, we anticipate that, in the course of the next year, this vexed question of Copyright Law will be placed upon a more satisfactory basis. In consequence of the high duties on all American books, it is often difficult to obtain them, unless ordered by the purchaser. Since we commenced our review of American literature, we have made great efforts to notice new books as early as possible; but delay frequently occurs, as they cannot be obtained in season.

Among recent theological works, Dr. Dagg's "Manual of Theology"<sup>1</sup> is a useful compendium, well adapted not only for ministers, but for intelligent, thoughtful Christians. The work is experimental and practical, and exhibits divine truth in different aspects. In his preface the author says, "While the system has been viewed as emanating from God, and as operating on man, attention has not been directed exclusively to its origin or its termination. The convergence of all its lines in the glorious centre, the cross of Christ, has not been overlooked." He begins with a knowledge of God, and argues the obligation, under which all are laid, to study religious truth. He then considers the sources of divine knowledge, viz., our own moral and religious feelings, the course of nature, and, principally, the Sacred Scriptures, giving an account of their inspiration, transmission, and authority. The

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<sup>1</sup> A Manual of Theology. By John L. Dagg, D.D. Second Edition. Charleston. 1858.



author then examines the proofs of the existence and attributes of God, and enforces the duty of loving him supremely. The will of God, and the twofold view of a permissive and efficient will, are ably discussed. The works of creation; the design of God's providence; the doctrine of the fall and the present state of man; the doctrine concerning Jesus Christ, embracing his humanity and divinity, and his offices as prophet, priest, and king; the proofs of the personality, divinity, and office of the Holy Spirit; and the duty of living and walking in the Spirit: are fully exemplified. The author considers, also, the doctrines of the Trinity, justification, adoption, regeneration, sanctification, &c. His remarks on limited atonement do not appear to us satisfactory, or consistent with the following declarations of Scripture:—"That Christ was a propitiation for the sins of the whole world; that he tasted death for every man—'that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" The last book contains observations concerning the future world, immortality and the separate state of the soul, the resurrection, and the last judgment—heaven and hell. As to some portions of his work, we are by no means prepared to agree with the venerable author. He has, however, expressed his own views, on some difficult points, with great consideration for the opinions of those who differ from him. Dr. Dagg was, for many years, pastor of one of the largest Baptist Churches in Philadelphia, and subsequently President of Mercer University, Georgia.

In the department of Biblical Literature it would be injustice not to mention the American edition of "Olshausen's Commentaries on the New Testament,"<sup>2</sup> revised by Professor Kendrick. The American edition has been much improved by the revisions of the learned and accomplished editor, and the volumes are printed in excellent style. Olshausen is regarded as "one of the most illustrious reformers of biblical exigencies;" and his "Commentary on the New Testament" has become a standard work in England and America, as well as in Germany.

The author, who died in 1839, in the forty-fourth year of his age, was a man of lovely spirit, unaffected piety, and a profound scholar. The Second Epistle to Timothy and the Epistle to Philemon are by Wiesinger, who, with Dr. Ebrard, the successor of Olshausen at Erlangen, carry on the commentary since his death.

Dr. Bushnell's "Sermons for the New Life"<sup>3</sup> bear the stamp of an acute mind, are evangelical in spirit, and earnest in tone. There is a beauty of thought and expression richly scattered through the volume, and it abounds in exquisite delineations of character. It contains twenty-three sermons on the following subjects, which

<sup>2</sup> Biblical Commentary on the New Testament. By Dr. Herman Olshausen, Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German for Clark's Foreign and Theological Library. Revised after the fourth German edition, by A. C. Kendrick, D.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. 6 vols. 8vo. New York. 1858.

<sup>3</sup> Sermons for the New Life. By Horace Bushnell, D.D. 12mo. 456 pp. New York. 1858.

answer well to their titles. "Every Man's Life a Plan of God," "The Spirit of Man," "Dignity of Human Nature shown from its Ruins," "The Hunger of the Soul," "The Reason of Faith," "Regeneration," "The Personal Love of Christ," "Light on the Cloud," "The Capacity of Religion Extirpated by Disuse," "Unconscious Influence," "Obligation, a Privilege," "Happiness and Joy," "The True Problem of Christian Experience," "The Lost Purity Restored," "Living to God in Small Things," "The Power of an Endless Life," "Respectable Sin," "The Power of God in Self-sacrifice," "Duty not Measured by Our Own Ability," "He that Knows God will Confess Him," "The Efficiency of the Passive Virtues," "Spiritual Dislodgements," "Christ as Separate from the World." These sermons present before Christians a high style of character. There is a breadth of thought, a depth of religious feeling, and an adaptation of the Gospel of Christ to the wants of the human heart, which cannot fail to profit the reader. We are pleased to find the author has abandoned some former theological views, and returned to the *old and safe paths*. There is little in the volume from which any Christian will dissent.

Beecher's "Life Thoughts"<sup>4</sup> is a suggestive volume, full of sprightliness and wisdom, and adapted to a variety of minds. It contains many beautiful images, striking and appropriate illustrations, and is often eloquent from the force of embodied truth. The book combines many excellences with some obvious faults.

Dr. Halsey's "Literary Attractions of the Bible"<sup>5</sup> presents, in an eloquent and a forcible light, the value of the Word of God, regarded simply as a book of learning, of taste and genius, of history, and of eloquence—independently of all its higher glories—the knowledge it gives of the way to heaven, and the hope it inspires of a blessed immortality. The author has treated his subject with freshness and ability; and we believe it will be the means of increasing an admiration for the book of God, and inducing men of education, who have neglected it, more carefully to examine its claims.

In history, biography, science, and general literature, the following are worthy of notice.

Broadhead's "History of the State of New York"<sup>6</sup> is the first complete history of the colonization of that great state, or the larger territory of old New Netherlands. In 1841, under an act of the legislature, Mr. Broadhead was appointed as agent to procure and transcribe all papers, in the public offices of European governments, relative to the Colonial History of New York. For several years he was laboriously occupied in searching the archives of Holland,

<sup>4</sup> Life Thoughts, gathered from the extemporaneous discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By One of his Congregation. Boston. 1858.

<sup>5</sup> The Literary Attractions of the Bible; or, A Plea for the Word of God, considered as a Classic. By Le Roy J. Halsey, D.D. New York. 1858.

<sup>6</sup> History of the State of New York. By John Romeyn Broadhead. First Period, 1609—1664. 4to. New York.

France, and England, where the public offices were liberally opened to his researches. He procured a rich harvest of materials for American history, consisting of more than five thousand separate papers, comprised in eighty volumes. All these documents are now in the course of publication, in ten large quarto volumes, by authority of the Legislature of New York. There are four distinct periods in the history of that state: the first commencing with the discovery of the Hudson by the Dutch in 1609, and occupying more than half a century, to the English seizure in 1664, including the early history of New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, and, to some extent, that of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut; the second, to the cession of Canada, in 1763; the third, to the inauguration of Washington, in 1789; the fourth, to the present day. The first volume, embracing the period under the Dutch, from 1609 to 1664, is published, and has been favourably received, and we hope the other volumes will soon follow. The work is judiciously and faithfully executed, and will occupy a high and permanent place in American literature. Mr. Broadhead has presented us with a cleverly-written narrative, embodying a mass of curious and important facts, ingeniously preserving the phraseology of the old authorities, which imparts to the volume the interest of original memoirs. Many quaint and humorous passages are preserved of those olden times, between patroons, dominees, directors-general, and the people.

An important addition to American biographical literature will be found in Randall's "Life of Thomas Jefferson," the philosopher, the politician, and the statesman. Mr. Jefferson had scarcely reached his majority when he entered upon that public career which he continued to pursue for nearly half a century; and, long after he had withdrawn himself within the shade of private life, he continued to influence, by his advice, the course of public measures. His *Memoirs*, *Correspondence*, and *Miscellanies* were published by his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, four volumes, octavo, in 1829. His letters, addressed to Washington, Jay, John Adams, and others, are valuable for their accurate observation and sagacity; and there is scarcely one of them which does not contain something suggestive or useful. Mr. Randall's life of this remarkable man was undertaken under the sanction of his family, who gave him unreserved access to all Mr. Jefferson's private papers. He has received also the benefit of the recollections and opinions of a large circle of the acquaintances of the deceased statesman. A large mass of these materials are of a personal character; and the author has given a graphic portrait of Jefferson, the devoted husband, the loving father, and the faithful friend.

Mr. Randall has been for many years occupied upon the work, and has executed his task with diligence, fidelity, and impartiality. His style is clear, bold, and energetic. The first volume of this

elaborate life ends with the appointment of Jefferson to the first place in Washington's cabinet. The following brief extract—describing Jefferson's qualities of mind and character in early life—will enable our readers to judge of the author's style—"His manners were unusually graceful, but simple and cordial. His conversation already possessed no inconsiderable share of that charm which, in after years, was so much extolled by friends, and to which enemies attributed so seductive an influence in moulding the young and wavering to his political views. There was a frankness, earnestness, and cordiality in its tone, a deep sympathy with humanity, a confidence in man, and a sanguine hopefulness in his destiny, which irresistibly won upon the feelings not only of the ordinary hearer, but of those grave men whose commerce with the world had perhaps led them to form less glowing estimates of it. Mr. Jefferson's temper was gentle, kindly, and forgiving. If it naturally had anything of that warmth, which is the usual concomitant of affections and sympathies so ardent, and it no doubt had, it had been subjugated by habitual control. Yet, under its even placidity, there were not wanting those indications of calm self-reliance and courage which all instinctively recognize and respect. There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal rencontre, or his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the accomplishments, he avoided the vices, of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a class of habits which, if not vices themselves, were too often made preludes to them. He never gambled. To avoid importunities to games, which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another. He was moderate in the enjoyments of the table. To strong drinks he had an aversion, which rarely yielded to any circumstances. His mouth was unpolluted by oaths or tobacco!"

The second volume commences with 1791, and reaches to 1802, the year after Jefferson was first elected president. This volume conducts us through both terms of Washington's administration, the single term of John Adams, his successor, to the beginning of Jefferson's first term. The author describes the fierce conflict of the Federal and Republican parties (the latter led by Jefferson), and the collision between him, the religious feeling of New England, and the country. Mr. Randall says, "that the New England clergy of that period completely misunderstood Mr. Jefferson. He equally misunderstood them and the motives of their attack." In the third volume, Jefferson's Presidential Administration is sketched, and his life brought down to its close in 1826. It was during this administration that the causes which led to the second war with England were generated, that the Tripolitan war occurred, that Louisiana was purchased of France, and that the violence of party feeling ran so high between the Federalists and Republicans, the latter of whom Mr. Jefferson was the bold, ablest, and acknowledged head, from the period of its organization down to that of his retirement from public life. As the leader of a political sect, he had a greater sway

in the United States than ever any man had, excepting Washington. At the expiration of eight years, he retired from the office of president to private life. His last days were passed in the rural enjoyments of Monticello; and, with unimpaired mental powers, he devoted himself to the establishment of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, about four miles from his residence. He died on the 4th of July, 1826, just fifty years from the declaration of independence, aged eighty-three. On the same day, it is remarkable that John Adams also died, a signer, with Jefferson, of the declaration, and his immediate predecessor in the office of president. Mr. Jefferson's temper was, to a remarkable degree, gentle, calm, and reflective. His charity was unostentatious, but bountiful; and the writer of this notice, who, since his death, has visited Monticello and the vicinity, was impressed with the repeated, the grateful, and the spontaneous tributes which were in every place paid to his memory. He was hospitable to a degree, which caused pecuniary embarrassments to throw some dark shadows over the evening of his life, and induced him to sell his library, of about seven thousand volumes, to Congress. He was a zealous cultivator of literature and science; and, in 1800, the French National Institute chose him one of their foreign members. Though deeply regretting Mr. Jefferson's errors with regard to the Christian religion, none can fail to admire his talents, unaffected candour, liberality of sentiment, and uniform opposition to any interference with the rights of conscience, of which he was one of the boldest and most sagacious champions.

Taylor's "Memoir of Judge Phillips"<sup>s</sup> introduces us to a patriot of the olden time, a scholar, and philanthropist. The subject of this biography, both in private and public life, was an estimable man, and altogether a noble character. He graduated at Harvard College in 1771, and, while a student, was distinguished for habits of application and order, a love of learning, and fixed religious principles. He was early engaged in public life, being a member of the provincial congress, and of the house of representatives, and, in 1780, assisted in forming a constitution for Massachusetts. On its adoption he was elected a member of the senate, and was its president from 1785 to 1801. He was also appointed justice of the court of common pleas, and chosen lieutenant-governor in 1801, and died 1802, aged fifty. At various times he was intrusted with other most important and responsible civil duties; and the public and private labours he performed were sufficient to exhaust the energies of common minds. When entering upon the stage of life, he attracted the notice of Washington, who, when he visited New England in 1789, remembered his old friend, and made him a visit at his residence at Andover. His natural disposition was generous and affectionate, united with a strong sense of moral justice. His religious sentiments were decidedly evangelical, and he lived a life of faith and Christian consecration.

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<sup>s</sup> A Memoir of His Honour Samuel Phillips, LL.D. By Rev. John L. Taylor. 8vo. Boston.

Mr. Taylor's book is a beautiful tribute to an enlightened statesman, an accomplished gentleman, and an exemplary Christian. It is written with ability; and a careful perusal will teach us how to use wealth, talent, and influence, so as to promote the best purposes.

In this book-making age, we hail with pleasure a modest, unpretending volume entitled Stone's "Life and Recollections of John Howland." It is a faithful biography of a learned antiquarian, and a man of great moral worth. Mr. Howland was a native of Newport, Rhode Island, and was a leading member of various public and benevolent institutions of his native State. He was a prominent originator of the free-school system of Rhode Island, a state which ranks among the foremost of the Union, as a guardian of the intellectual interests of her youth. Mr. Howland lived to the advanced age of ninety-seven years, and retained the vigour and serenity of his mind to the last. He was a man of sound judgment, great practical experience, and conscientious in the discharge of all duties. His life affords an instructive example of the power of persevering energy, and an inflexible will to overcome difficulties, in the pursuit of noble objects. The book is elevated in aim, is written in a manly style, and abounds with judicious reflections.

Parton's "Life of Aaron Burr" is the record of an unprincipled, licentious, and profligate man. Biography can never be useful except as a model or a warning. If it is made to embalm the memory of bad men, and apologise for their vices, it proves a curse. We regard the volume of Mr. Parton deleterious in its influence, and inaccurate in many points of history. The author is sparing in giving authorities, and some of his statements are vague and extravagant. Burr was undoubtedly a man of intellect, and a skilful party leader, but not a profound statesman. The facts, related in Mr. Parton's book, show that Burr was utterly destitute of moral principle. Immediately after his death, in 1836, his biography appeared, in two volumes, octavo, from the pen of Matthew L. Davis. The author had been intimate with Burr for forty years, and has evidently placed the subject of his memoir in the most favourable light, consistent with the truth of his narrative. He tells us, however, that he committed to the flames a mass of letters which would have stamped Burr's character with infamy. In 1804 he gave Hamilton, his political opponent, a mortal wound in a duel. He soon after conceived the project of his mad, and not very well explained, enterprise in the western country of the United States, for which he was arrested, in 1807, on a charge of

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\* The Life and Recollections of John Howland, late President of the Rhode Island Historical Society. By Edwin M. Stone. 12mo. 348 pp. Providence. 1857.

† The Life and Times of Aaron Burr, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army of the Revolution, U. S. Senator, Vice-President of the United States, &c. By James Parton, author of "Humorous Poetry of the English Language" and "Life of Horace Greely." New York. 8vo. 606 pp.



treason; and, after a long trial, he was acquitted. He passed the remainder of his life, chiefly in New York, in obscurity and neglect.

Few American authors have ventured into the field of intellectual philosophy. The meagre results from the labours of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and other distinguished German philosophers, have repelled American scholars from this department of literature. Professor Havin's "*Mental Philosophy*"<sup>2</sup> supplies a want which is generally felt in academical education; and his volume is an excellent text-book for colleges. It makes no pretence to originality of thought, but it contains the results of patient inquiry and extensive reading. It is also distinguished by freshness of statement and vivid illustrations. His analysis of the mental powers is arranged under three general divisions, subdivided into parts. In the first division, the author considers the intellectual faculties, including consciousness, attention, conception, perception, memory, and imagination; the reflective powers of generalization and reasoning; and intuitive power, comprising conceptions of primary truths, and cognizance of the beautiful and right. In the second division, he speaks of the sensibilities, emotions, and affections. In the third, he treats of the will, discusses the positions and arguments of Edwards concerning the freedom of the will, and closes with a historical sketch of the controversy on this subject. Professor Havin's analysis of the mental phenomena is comprehensive, his definitions are concise, and his style is simple and transparent. The volume was expressly prepared for the students of colleges, and was originally delivered to the author's pupils, in the form of a series of lectures. It has already become a favourite book in various institutions of learning.

Wells's "*Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1858*"<sup>3</sup> is a volume not inferior to any of its predecessors, and contains a mass of information, valuable alike to scientific men and to those who have not made science their study. It was commenced in 1850, and is edited by a gentleman distinguished for his practical scientific attainments. We cannot better indicate its character than by giving its title in full; and we know of no book so cheap that contains so much useful matter.

It is a subject of no small interest, both to the philologist and the philosophical inquirer, to trace the origin of names. Arthur's "*Etymological Dictionary of Family and Christian Names*" is an

<sup>2</sup> *Mental Philosophy*; including the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will. By Joseph Havin, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Amherst College. 8vo. 590 pp. Boston. 1857.

<sup>3</sup> *Annual of Scientific Discovery*; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1858; exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, &c; together with a list of Recent Publications; a classified List of Patents, Obituaries of Eminent Men, Notes on the Progress of Science during the year 1857, &c. Edited by David R. Wells, A.M. 12mo. 419 pp. Boston. 1858.

instructive and entertaining book.<sup>4</sup> In the United States there are families descended from old English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, German, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish settlers, many of whose names, though changed for the sake of euphony, can be traced to their significant originals. Names are, however, sometimes so altered in orthography, in order to make them conform to the popular pronunciation, that their primitive significations are lost. Mr. Arthur's volume does not give a competent idea of the number and variety of English names, and on the subject of peculiar surnames he has said little. Of the latter, the Registrar-General supplies a list of more than two thousand; and the surnames in England and Wales exceed thirty-five thousand. Surnames are frequently derived from places of residence, from heraldic distinctions, offices of honour and trust, personal qualities, occupations, or from almost any accidental circumstance. The etymology, and the philosophy of surnames, is curious in itself, marking the progress of language, of the arts, trades, professions, and the advancement of civilized life.

Hazard's "Essay on Language, and other Papers," is the production of an original and independent thinker. Besides the essay on language, the volume contains another on the philosophical character of Channing, a speech before the Rhode Island Legislature, and other papers on interesting subjects. The American public have already pronounced a favourable verdict on the book, and it deserves to find readers in Old England as well as New.

Poetic talent was at a low ebb in America before the commencement of the present century; but, during the last fifty years, it has been developed in a variety of forms, more especially in New England. Bryant, Dana, Halleek, Longfellow, and others, are poets of whom any nation would be proud. Longfellow is deservedly popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Bryant's poems were, for the first time, collected and published in London in 1832, edited by Washington Irving. They have now received the stamp of approbation from the British as well as the American public. We are pleased to see that a new edition of Bryant's "Poems, collected and arranged by the Author,"<sup>5</sup> has recently issued from the press. He early displayed the poetical faculty; and his "Thanatopsis," written in his nineteenth year, was first published in the North American Review, and created considerable sensation. "The Ages," a didactic poem, viewing the past world's progress by the torchlight of liberty—delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University in 1821, established his reputation. His habits of minute observation render his pictures of American

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<sup>4</sup> An Etymological Dictionary of Family and Christian Names. With an Essay on their Derivation and Import. By William Arthur, M.A. 12mo. 300 pp. New York. 1857.

<sup>5</sup> Essay on Language, and other Papers. By Rowland G. Hazard. Edited by E. P. Peabody. 12mo. 348 pp. Boston. 1857.

<sup>6</sup> Poems. By William Cullen Bryant. Collected and arranged by the Author. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. New York. 1857.

scenery eminently graphic. Among the best specimens of this kind are, "The Prairies," "Autumn Woods," and the "Monument Mountain." In his lyric pieces he deals with the gentle affections, rather than with those emotions which agitate the soul. "The Damsel of Peru" is a lively and elegant specimen of narrative poetry. It is seldom that we find a poet who combines so high and varied excellence with so few faults. He has nothing meretricious or fantastic. The general complexion of his poetry is serious and contemplative, and the tone of his thinking pure and elevated. No expression drops from his pen which the most rigid moralist would wish to erase. We do not believe that Bryant will ever be the favourite of the multitude; but he cannot fail to charm persons of sound judgment and cultivated taste.

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## Brief Notices.

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INSTAURATION. A Poem. By R. S. R. London: Partridge and Co.

INSTAURATION is a dialogue in verse, of which *Festus*, *Balder*, *Night and the Soul*, and *Life*, are notable specimens.

We present a specimen of its blank verse:—

"The door of birth is for us oped, and we  
Are carried in and left upon the skirts.  
Then from that we must wend our way alone;  
And as we go, explore, subsistence find;  
The doors ope, and gather and lay up,  
And find the balm that makes us all so fair,  
And the key, too, that unlocks all to us."

The lyric portion demands quotation also:—

*Eduard sings.*

I was in sorrow long,  
And bitterly did cry;  
But he heard me at last,  
And brought me into joy.

*Eliza sings.*

My heart was hard and cold,  
And anger in it stirred;  
But me to yield he urged,  
And all my passions purged,  
And then in love did fold.

As this language is used in a religious sense, it will be seen that *Instauration* is well-intended. Of the poetical ability it displays, we forbear to speak, for reasons which it would be superfluous to state. Our readers can supply them, without our aid, at the least possible exertion of their critical powers.

THE HERMIT OF THE PYRENEES, and other Miscellaneous Poems. By Rednaxela. London: Longmans. 1858.

WE dislike anonymous productions, but still more those which appeal to us under a pseudonyme. The small volume before us possesses neither merit sufficient to atone for the fault of its misnaming the author, nor yet is it sufficiently bad to make Rednaxela or Alexander ashamed of its parentage. It presents itself, with its chief claim to be called poetry, from the circumstance of its adopting the unrhymed rhythm of *Queen Mab* and *Thalaba*: more serious claims are wanting. Some periods, nevertheless, are musically turned, and give evidence of a good ear in the writer. The style is chaste, but, as for story, the "Hermit of the Pyrenees" is in the predicament of the knife-grinder; for he has none to tell. He is as barren as his mountains, though not quite so rugged. If the poet is young, we would counsel him to burn his stylus; if old, he may do as he pleases.

THE TWO BABYLONS; or, The Papal Worship proved to be the Worship of Nimrod and his Wife. With woodcut illustrations from Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt, Pompeii, &c. By the Rev. A. Hislop. Second Edition. Edinburgh: White and Co. 1858.

THIS little work, of which the title cannot fail to arrest the attention of the reader, is in many respects peculiar and interesting. Mr. Hislop proposes to prove "that the Paganism which Rome has baptized is, in all its essential elements, *the very Paganism* which prevailed in the ancient literal Babylon." Although, in our opinion, he has failed to make good this position, we are bound to add that he has brought a great deal of learning and acuteness to bear upon his task. It is scarcely credible what amount of classical, antiquarian, and historical lore is crowded together in his pages. We are, indeed, ready to admit that there is a remarkable coincidence not only between the general principles of heathenism and Romanism, but also between the particular doctrines and practices formerly in use at Babylon and those now enforced by Rome; but we do not think it follows from this that the one system must have been derived from the other. May not the two systems have had a *common origin*—both being an adaptation to the wants, desires, and devices of the natural mind? Historically speaking, it is not difficult to trace the origin both of the doctrines and practices of Rome. They arose *gradually*, and sprang from very deep sources. They were not, we believe, derived from any other religious system, least of all from that of Babylon. How ideas so foreign to the spirit of Christianity, and so closely connected with heathenism, could be imported into the Church is another question. Viewed *objectively*, the gradual deterioration of the Church of Rome may be traced to philosophical, religious, and heretical tendencies long and powerfully at work. Viewed *subjectively*, we discover in the Church of Rome an embodiment of *the ideas* of religion, natural to the human mind and heart, in its *unenlightened* and unrenewed state. The

latter and, in part, the former agencies also were at work in Babylon as well as in Rome. And if we bear in mind the remnants of Old Testament tradition current in Assyria and Chaldea, we can have no great difficulty in explaining the coincidence on the ground of a common origin.

We have deemed it necessary to explain our own views of this question, lest our praise of Mr. Hislop's book should be mistaken for complete assent. We now feel, however, at liberty, very cordially, to commend his volume for its earnestness, ingenuity, learning, as well as on account of the great interest attaching to such inquiries. We hope Mr. Hislop's great stores of learning may yet be brought to bear on some subject on which all will be able to agree, and where, therefore, his guidance may prove generally useful.

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**A CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF ANCIENT GREECE.**  
By William Mure of Caldwell. Vol. V. London: Longman and Co. 1858.

THE great work of Col. Mure, of Caldwell, on the "Language and Literature of Ancient Greece," is steadily holding on its way towards completion. The severe painstaking research, accuracy, and carefulness, which characterised the former volumes of this "magnum opus," distinguishes also that before us. Mr. Mure now presents us with a critical analysis of Thucydides and Xenophon. The historical calmness and impartiality, the breadth of view, and the extent and minuteness of learning here displayed, continue to make this book worthy the position in the permanent literature of Europe which it has already taken. So long as the Greek language and history are studied, Mr. Mure will be cherished as an invaluable guide and instructor.

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**CHRISTIAN DEVOTEDNESS AND MINISTERIAL USEFULNESS EXEMPLIFIED.** A Memoir of the Rev. David Moir. By the Rev. Alexander Reid. Edinburgh: Thomas C. Jack.

It is impossible to peruse the biography of the good man here introduced to our notice without being interested and stirred up to deeper religious earnestness. Mr. Moir was born in the North of Scotland; and, after having passed through the usual difficulties of studious young men, who struggle with the "*res angusta domi*," devoted himself to missionary work in Hawaia in connection with one of the Presbyterian churches in Scotland. Broken health soon obliged him to relinquish these labours; and on his return, having changed his views on church-government, he became successively the pastor of the congregational churches at Lawrencekirk, South Shields, and Rothbury. In the two last places ill health obliged him to desist from the work he had so much at heart. He died at the early age of forty as superintendent of the Edinburgh City Mission, a post which he had only filled for one year. The record of his labours discloses an amount of work of which we could scarcely believe any one man, however strong, to have been

capable. Withal, his Christian zeal, his tenderness, and kindness seem to have won the hearts of many, and his ministry was greatly owned by the Master. Occasionally we obtain a glimpse of the cares and difficulties of the *Independent Minister*—a designation which, as some of our readers will sigh, is too frequently a sad misnomer! However, Mr. Moir met with many kind friends, both in South Shields and in Edinburgh. Among the later we would specially mention the Rev. Mr. Cullen, a sterling man, well known and much prized in Scotland.

Of the execution of this little volume, we would only say that it should rather be called “a tribute to the memory” than a “memoir” of Mr. Moir. It breathes, however, an affectionate, devout, and earnest spirit—qualities not undeserving special commendation in our days of “book-making.”

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**THE TEMPLE LAMP.** By the Rev. J. B. Dixon. Paisley : Robert Stewart.

THIS is a collection of sermons, essays, poems, and occasional papers, which display a good deal of ingenuity, intellectual vigour, and originality. Probably the best papers are those on Sir William Hamilton—not without some flashes of genius—and on qualifications for preaching. The latter essay, or rather speech, however, is not quite free from exaggeration.

We can recommend this little volume as interesting and useful reading for young men.

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**MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES, AND OF ROME IN THEIR TIMES.**  
An Answer to Dr. Wiseman. By Alessandro Gavazzi. London : Partridge & Co. 1858.

As the Memoirs of the Duc de St. Simon are of the French court, so are these Recollections a *Chronique Scandaleuse* of the Court of Rome. The author is singularly frank in his revelations; the doctrine of reserve, in an unecclesiastical sense, being about as unpalatable to Gavazzi as in an ecclesiastical one attractive to the fourth-century mystics of the Tractarian school. No advocate of the devil in a process of canonization ever displayed less moderation in vituperation; and yet we must add few critics probably have ever embodied more truth in their verdict on men and books than the author of this stinging review. With the plodding pertinacity of a Sioux Indian bent on revenge, Gavazzi follows Dr. Wiseman through chapter and page of his ecclesiastical romance, and shows how untrustworthy the Cardinal is in his estimate of characters and events, and finally scalps and tomahawks his Eminence, with the skill and ruthlessness of a practised warrior. In admirable and vigorous English, this wonderful tribune of the people displays his oratorical powers, his love of truth, his burning patriotism, and his scorn of the whole priestly faction. If his denunciations rise to vehemence, and his democracy to fanaticism, the iconoclast and reformer may claim excuse on the



ground of a downtrodden Italy, a blighted manhood, and a vexed soul. While we are far from pledging ourselves to an approval of every sentiment and expression in this pungent volume, we must confess that we have read it with much more pleasure than the measured periods of Dr. Wiseman himself, in the perusal of which we could never stifle the conviction that they had been composed with a deceptive purpose—to confound Protestants and bamboozle Englishmen. A worse reign, in all the elements of social wrong and disaster, was probably never known than that of Gregory XVI., the predecessor of the present pontiff, and yet Cardinal Wiseman speaks in the most silken terms of “the virtuous Gregory!” The common opinion respecting the domestic habits of this pope is fearlessly reflected in the narrative of Gavazzi. The chamberlain of Gregory, his barber and *maître d’hôtel*, Moroni, whom the graver Farini styles “his minion,” married a beautiful Venetian, a countrywoman of the pope, and, proceeds Gavazzi, “She was called by the Roman subjects *La bella Gaetanina*, and it has never been a secret in our state, that she was the *chère amie* of his holiness. Certainly the pope did nothing to contradict the suspicion, but rather seemed to delight in confirming it. He caused an elegant apartment to be prepared for her contiguous to his own, and the grave pontiff’s leisure moments were passed in the company of *La bella Gaetanina* and her little ones, to whom the Roman people assigned as father a very different person from their putative father, the barber Moroni. When Gregory, in an evil hour for the state, resolved to undertake the journey to Loretto, she always preceded him one day. Scarcely had the pope reached a halting-place, than he retired to his apartments, and the duty of diverting his mind from the fatigues and occupations of travelling devolved upon Signora Gaetanina, who departed as secretly as she had arrived, for the next resting-place. A driver, with whom I afterwards travelled, conveyed the beautiful popess from Rome, attended her during the whole journey, reconducted her privately to Rome, and was handsomely paid for his fidelity and trouble. Now, would any one wish me to maintain that Gaetanina Moroni possessed no talent, and was a novice in the art of management? Meanwhile, let the admirers of the succession of St. Peter delight themselves in their holy pope, ‘the virtuous Gregory,’ who, on his part, stretched upon the couches of the beauteous Gaetanina, and surrounded by a coronet of youthful satellites, exclaims from his apostolic heart, ‘*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*’” This, with the convivial indulgences of the late pontiff, were the common tittle-tattle of Rome during his life, and has been proclaimed in a thousand publications. With their truth or falsehood we have nothing to do, except to fervently desire them to be untrue; we merely allege them as specimens of Gavazzi’s book, and to show that the character of the late popes exhibits another and more repulsive side to onlookers, than that which Cardinal Wiseman so studiously represents. The reign of Gregory was one of repression, cruelty, and misgovernment in every shape, of oppressive taxation and national debt, and yet he died worth a quarter of a million of pounds in

jewels acquired during his pontificate, and bequeathed to his nephews a patrimony of half a million. This, at least, we presume, is undisputed fact—one scarcely consistent with the pretensions of a successor of the fisherman. Gavazzi's book is a withering exposure of all such pretensions.

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**GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND CHURCH.** Translated from the German of Dr. Augustus Neander by Joseph Torrey, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Vermont. New Edition, with a General Index. Volume IX. in Two Parts, pp. 668. London : 1858. (Bohn's *Standard Library*.)

THIS concluding portion of Neander's great work has been edited, since his decease, by his friend and pupil, Mr. Schneider, well known as the editor, in the author's life-time, of his beautiful expository works on the Epistle to the Philippians, the Epistle of James, and the First Epistle of John. In the preface, Mr. Schneider states, in a very straightforward manner, the difficulties of his task, arising from the imperfect state of Neander's manuscript and its frequent illegibility. But we have no hesitation in saying that he has discharged his office most faithfully and efficiently; and with every drawback unavoidably belonging to a posthumous work, these volumes will be received with gratitude, as a precious bequest from the venerable historian. English readers will turn with special interest to the second section in the first part, on the reformatory movement in England. To this succeeds an account of the forerunners of John Huss, in Bohemia; and in the second part we have an ample narrative of the career of that illustrious reformer, extending to nearly two hundred pages. It is unnecessary to urge on the possessors of the former volumes, the purchase of this concluding portion of the work. We have not had an opportunity of comparing Mr. Torrey's translation with the original, but abating a slight stiffness in the phraseology, which from our own experience we know is not easily avoided, and judging by his former labours in this department, we entertain no doubt of the general trustworthiness and ability with which he has executed his task.

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**THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN LOCKE;** with Extracts from his Journal and Common-place Books. By Lord King. New Edition, with a General Index. London : 1858. (Bohn's *Standard Library*.)

WE are not sorry that the age of quarto biographies is past; and we thank Mr. Bohn for republishing this work, which originally appeared about thirty years ago, in a form better suited to general circulation. Those who have merely known Locke as a mental philosopher, will be gratified to find him here presented under a variety of aspects both in public and private life; and they will rise, if we mistake not, from the perusal, with as cordial a reverence for his moral worth as admiration of his intellectual eminence. We find from the preface, *our astonishment and regret, that several*

of Locke's works are still unpublished: one of these is a defence of nonconformity, in answer to a treatise by Stillingfleet—on which Lord King strangely remarks, "*as all interest on the subject to which it relates is now gone by (!)*, it would be useless to print anything except a few extracts as a specimen." We hope the reception given to this volume will induce Mr. Bohn to publish the whole of the treatise, as well as the other remains of this great English thinker. The Appendix contains some curious matter on domestic and foreign affairs by Locke's cousin, Lord Chancellor King. Among other things we are told (p. 481) that Queen Caroline maintained in part her ascendancy over her royal consort, George II., by absolutely countenancing and encouraging his amours with German mistresses; the very same queen, be it observed, who delighted in being a spectator of the intellectual and theological tournaments between Clarke and Berkeley, Hoadley and Sherlock, and who appointed the author of the "*Analogy*" to be clerk of the closet, commanding his attendance every evening from seven to nine. A strange thing this human nature of ours!

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"OLD GINGERBREAD" AND THE SCHOOLBOYS. By the Author of *Willie's Rest*. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1858.

A DELIGHTFUL story for little boys, inculcating benevolent feelings to the poor. "Old Gingerbread" himself supplies a beautiful illustration of the doctrine of a kiss for a blow. There are four extremely pretty coloured pictures in the volume, richly worth the price of the whole book.

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BELGIUM, AND UP AND DOWN THE RHINE. Metrical Memorials. London: Nisbet & Co. 1858.

A SUNNY memorial indeed of a pleasant tour—the record, like the journey itself, one of those "green spots that bloom on the desert of life." The idea is novel of the sonnet-tracing traveller—a blank page being left, facing each poetical effusion, to tempt the criticisms of the fastidious, or the cuckoo-song of the imitative. The sonnets are of all complexions, and marked by refinement and pious feeling. We choose one of the merrier sort:—

#### BRUSSELS TO LILLE.

##### BRADSHAW'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

" I have some memory of my early school;  
 It does not need to say how long ago!  
 And, not being idiotic, or a fool,  
 Learn'd A, B, C, as most young urchins do.  
 I dare say at the time I thought it tough,  
 But did it; then in progress working on,  
 Grammar, French, Latin, Algebra, and stuff,  
 With Mathematics, all in turn were done.  
 Then men and things, life's hardest task of all!  
 Came, trying heart and head; and thick and fast,  
 Work o'day lessons—strifes political;  
 And, weary toil! learning t' unlearn the past.  
 Alas! in life's full prime, I fail and fall,  
 For 'Bradshaw' beats me out and out at last!"

**CURIOSITIES OF HISTORY ; With New Lights. A Book for Old and Young. By John Timbs, F.S.A. London : Kent and Co.**

THIS is altogether a most engaging and useful little publication, in which historical incidents are sketched with equal accuracy and liveliness. To any of our readers who is desirous of inspiring any young person under his charge with a taste for history, or (to be sure a more doubtful purpose than the former) who wishes to furnish himself with a stock of historical anecdotes and curiosities, we can unhesitatingly recommend Mr. Timbs' volume.

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**THE TENT AND THE KHAN: A Journey to Sinai and Palestine. By Robert W. Stewart, D.D. With Map and Illustrations. Edinburgh : W. Oliphant & Sons.**

SAD experience has made most critics exceedingly distrustful of works on Palestine and Egypt. Their name is legion ; and their value, if we except the questionable qualification of seeing one's lucubrations in black print, is generally very small indeed. Few possess the needful preparation for, or the faculty or the means of making observations ; fewer still have the talent of well recording them. No doubt a visit to localities with which associations so sacred are connected will be regarded by most persons as an era or a great chapter in their personal history ; interesting and important to themselves and their friends, but not necessarily to the public. However, let us hope the evil of multiplied accounts of tours in the East is abating. No doubt "the trade" could enlighten us on the causes of this improvement, and inform us how many prospects of imparting information of this kind have been prematurely blighted by cold and prosaic calculations carried on in dingy back rooms.

Entertaining such suspicions, the reader will scarcely wonder that we should have addressed ourselves with some measure of fear to the book before us. Though fully aware of the many and great accomplishments of Dr. Stewart, and, from brief personal contact with him, of his vivacity and candour—invaluable qualities in a traveller—we were not prepared to find all our apprehensions so fully dissipated, and our hopes so far surpassed. Dr. Stewart has furnished us with a volume which we can confidently recommend both to the student and to the traveller. He has proved himself a careful student, a painstaking and accurate observer, a judicious and trustworthy narrator, and—most difficult of all—a not unsuccessful explorer. Besides, he has thrown a peculiar charm about his narrative. The most dry details are lit up by anecdote or "*bon-mot*," and a fascination rarely found in books of this class hangs about almost everything he records. The reader forgets that he sits in his study ; he is carried on, page after page, as if he listened to an oral narrative, or saw in a panorama the scenes described. Nor are the pictorial details over-crowded. We only state our serious and sober conviction when (from a pretty extensive acquaintance with this class of literature) we assert that this is one of the best and most attractive books of the kind which we have perused. Occasionally Dr. Stewart differs from other explorers in the identification of sacred localities. We cannot say

that he has always convinced us of the correctness of his views. But they are at least never urged in the language of overweening confidence, nor are they undeserving of serious attention and examination. Proportionately, he has bestowed most labour on that part of his volume which details his journey through the Arabian desert. As a devout traveller, he makes frequent reference not only to Scriptural events but also to the feelings evolved by a visit to such localities. But all this is done in language modest and impressive, calculated to deepen the interest of the reader, and to throw additional light on Scripture narratives. Another feature which deserves mention is that our author carefully abstains from theorising on subjects with which he is either not sufficiently acquainted, or on which we possess not sufficient information. It is almost a pity that Dr. Stewart's residence at Leghorn had deprived him of the opportunity of "revising the press." Had this been possible he would certainly not have spoken of the celebrated Nestorian merchant Cosmas Indicopleastes, whose "*Topographia Christianike*" is the great authority for the Christian statistics of his age in the East, as "*an Arab merchant named Cosmas Indicopleastes.*"

In a "brief notice" the reader will not expect more detailed criticism, but we may be indulged in one quotation—by way of "pointing a moral":—

"As my purse is by no means of plethoric dimensions, the journey, as originally planned, was to be confined to Palestine; but on my intention becoming known accidentally to the kind relative to whom this volume is dedicated (Lord Blantyre), he, in the handsomest manner, insisted on bearing the whole expense, and suggested that the journey should be extended to Egypt and the desert of Sinai. Though no man shrinks more sensitively than that nobleman from hearing his generous deeds publicly paraded, it would be doing violence to my own feelings to pass this one over unnoticed; and it would at the same time be withholding an example which many whom God has blessed with abundant means might imitate with great advantage to themselves and the congregations to which they belong, by putting it in the power of their clergyman to complete their sacred studies by a personal examination of Bible lands."

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THE STRAWBERRY GIRL. With other Thoughts and Fancies in Verse. By H. M. Rathbone, Authoress of "the Diary of Lady Willoughby." London: Longman and Co.

SIMPLICITY is the chief characteristic of these poems; and if, in reading them, we are occasionally inclined to think it carried to excess, our disapproval is quickly softened as we come upon some delicate and tender redeeming touch. Wordsworth is evidently the favourite poet and model of the writer. There is much picturesque sketching of our English scenery in the volume, which makes it very pleasant reading. Many of the poems are founded on domestic incidents and relationships, which, though naturally of greatest interest to the family of the writer, will doubtless kindle sympathetic feelings in hearts awake to the sweet charities of life.

**ÆSCHYLUS**, ex novissima recensione Frederici A. Paley, accessit verborum quæ præcipue notanda sunt et nominum index. Cantabrigiæ: Deighton, Bell, et Soc. Londini: Whittaker et Soc.; Bell et Daldy, 1858.

THIS is the first volume of a series of the Greek and Latin classics now issuing from the Cambridge University Press. It is intended to combine the advantages of cheapness and a commodious form with a well-printed and carefully-edited text. Judging from the specimen before us, this edition of the classics promises to be superior to any of a pocket size that has yet appeared.

**SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF R. E. H. GREYSON, Esq.** Edited by the Author of "The Eclipse of Faith." New Edition. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

WE are glad to find that a new edition of Mr. Greyson's Correspondence has been called for within little more than twelve months from its first appearance. As we took an early opportunity of expressing our opinion of its merits, we shall merely give an extract or two from the editor's preface to the second edition.

"Few books recently issued from the press have evoked more discordant criticism than Mr. Greyson's 'Letters.' They are very 'amusing,' they are very 'stupid,' they are very 'profound,' they are very 'shallow.' According to one critic, no real correspondence was ever so dull; according to another, equally disposed to condemn, though on other grounds, 'they are very lively and pleasant reading.' 'No,' cries a third, rather notorious for sceptical tendencies, and shocked at Mr. Greyson's egregious want of 'charity' in the treatment of 'secularism,' they are 'too offensive to be dull,' forgetting that his own columns too often prove that it is very possible to be both. If you believe some writers, Mr. Greyson's 'Letters' are full of 'wit, logic, and imagination,' to a degree Mr. Greyson himself would never have suspected, except for such critical aid. If you believe others, his reasonings are full of 'shallow sophisms,' and his humour and wit (such as they are) of the most contemptible kind. According to one, nothing can be more 'prosy' than Mr. Greyson; according to another, who laughs at the critic for saying so, few writers are more 'piquant and fresh.' His style, in one critic's estimate, is 'genuine, racy English;' in that of another, it abounds in 'slip-slop' and 'balderdash,' and all sorts of vulgarisms. In short, seldom has there been such a Babel of criticism as this poor book has provoked." Pp. v. vi.

. . . . "The editor was one day expressing to a friend his amusement at the strangely-discordant opinions of the press. 'Do you not see the reason of it?' was the reply; 'the periodicals that are the most angry—that assume the most solemn airs—are those that usually advocate latitudinarian opinions on religion; some of them are of distinctly infidel character. It is the theology of Mr. Greyson's letters that is so offensive; and though such matter occupies but a third or so of the whole, and only opinions, not persons, are attacked, it would be quite sufficient to make these critics angry,



even if the literary part had had ten times the merit: for there are no persons so thin-skinned, when their opinions are attacked, as this class of men, who yet would fain be supposed superior to all such sensitiveness.'

"It cannot be denied that the 'odium theologicum' is apt to be bitter enough even in those who have a theology, but it is never so bitter as in those who have none!" Pp. viii. ix.

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**SHAKESPEARE AND THE BIBLE.** By the Rev. T. R. Eaton, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. (Who dedicates this work, with filial regard, to his Father.) London: James Blackwood, Paternoster Row. 1858.

THERE is not much in this little book; but what is in it is good, like the contents of a new-laid egg. The object of the author is, "to show, by new evidence, the vastness of Shakespeare's Bible lore;" and this he does by citing those passages from Holy Writ to which the poet makes allusion in his dramas. The only statement of the author to which we should feel disposed to demur is, that, to the Reformation, all the credit should be given of saturating the popular literature of this country with knowledge of Scripture facts. Now, it should never be lost sight of that, all through the dark ages, England was one of the most enlightened countries, as well as one of the most religious; and, further, that nearly all the literature of the common people, though not the simple text of Scripture, was largely overlaid with Scripture allusion and teaching. At the same time, we gladly and thankfully own that, to the Reformation we are indebted for a free and open Bible; and, to the fact that Warwickshire was a nest of Puritanism, the probability that Shakespeare's early education brought him under the most salutary influences. Mr. Eaton's book, and Mr. Price's *Wisdom of Shakespeare*, will prove pleasant companion-volumes to students of the poet. One of the novelties of Mr. Eaton's volume is, the dedication on the title-page, which is pleasant to observe as a tribute of filial affection, although unusual in its position.

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**EVENINGS WITH JESUS; a Series of Devotional Readings for the Closet and the Family.** By the late William Jay of Bath. London: J. K. Shaw.

ANOTHER memorial volume, which will be heartily welcomed by the admirers of the simplicity, wisdom, and kindness which distinguished the venerable William Jay. We have recognised here and there some sentences very characteristic, both in thought and expression, of their author; and though the "readings" are very far from being all equally excellent, none can be read without profit.

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**SONGS OF THE NIGHT.** Dublin: Dublin Tract Repository. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

THESE religious poems—forming a small pamphlet—are replete with good and soothing Christian thought, clothed in musical verse. They will be acceptable to invalids and persons in sorrow.

## Monthly Review of Public Events.

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OUR monthly chronicle has usually been "of the earth, earthy;" but for once emperors, politicians, and ecclesiastical potentates shall give precedence to a "heavenly vision." The month of October, 1858, will be spoken of by grey-headed men sixty or seventy years hence as the month of the "great comet." Our readers may be grateful, perhaps, if we remind them of two or three important facts respecting the illustrious visitor on whose fiery presence and fierce retinue all England has of late been gazing. The comet was discovered by Donati, a Florentine astronomer, on the 2nd of June last: no astronomical predictions had prepared the world for its approach. At the date of its discovery it was 228,000,000 miles from the earth; in September it passed within the earth's orbit, on the 11th of that month, and was only 55,000,000 miles from the sun. The average length of its tail during half of the month of October was 40,000,000 miles; and Mr. Hind informs us that 2495 years will elapse before the inhabitants of this world will again have an opportunity of wondering at its splendour. Who can venture to imagine what will be at that time the condition of our planet? Will it still be oppressed with a burden of ignorance, folly, misery, and sin? Will the great battle between Christ and Satan be still raging tumultuously from sea to sea and pole to pole? Or will the "elements" have melted before then with a "fervent heat," and the regenerated earth, having passed through a baptism of fire, be bathed in a glory whose lustre shall quench the dim radiance of the "wandering star?" Or will desolation and black ruins alone be left to tell where once the sources and struggles of humanity had place, and where the agency and death of ONE in whom the Finite and the Infinite intermingled were awfully accomplished? "Who shall live when these things shall be?"

Meanwhile our true work lies in making this bad world better—rebuking its sins, instructing its ignorance, and consoling its sorrows. During the last month the second great conference of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science has been held, from whose labours some help—not, perhaps, so gigantic as its ardent friends predict—may be fairly anticipated towards the doing of this work. Lord Brougham's Address on Popular Literature appears to have been the most significant part of the proceedings: we like his lordship's generous appreciation of the real merit of many of the cheap serials, and wish we could honestly join him in his fearlessness about the moral influence of some that have the largest circulation. It is not gross, palpable immorality that corrupts our popular periodicals, but a looseness and feebleness of moral correction, and a pandering to an unhealthy and most degrading craving for the pleasures of intellectual excitement, associated with an unwillingness or inability to pay the lawful and natural price for it. The


real student enjoys an intellectual exhilaration as the reward of his mental labour, just as the active, vigorous man gets a quicker pulse and a brighter eye and more joyous spirits as the reward of his muscular exertion; the patrons of much of our cheap literature, like the drunkard, try to get their pleasure by the easier process of dram drinking; and a wretchedly morbid condition of intellect and heart is the just and inevitable penalty.

The bishops have been unusually interesting of late. The Bishop of Oxford has denounced the confessional, and our ancient friend of Exeter has been proving in the most satisfactory manner that his "ruling passion" is likely to be "strong in death." His lordship has been obliged at last to consecrate the cemetery at Tiverton, although the wall which he thought was necessary to protect the peace and sanctity of the church's dead from the unhallowed dust of infidels and dissenters has not been erected. A boundary there is, according to parliamentary requirement, but an effectual bulwark has not been provided. His lordship, however, was only the more earnest in maintaining the invisible and spiritual distinction between hallowed and unhallowed ground. Terrible visions seem to have haunted his aged vision concerning the horrors that might be witnessed at some future time on the turf which has not been sanctified by his mysterious benediction. And yet we suppose that the grass is as green, and that the dewdrops are as bright, that the bee hums as merrily over the flowers, and that the flowers themselves are as graceful in form, and have tints as delicate, in the ground the bishop has never blessed, as within the happy limits which all nonconformist heretics are forbidden to transgress. We shall be comforted if sunlight and shower, the symbols of God's benediction, still descend on the graves of our friends who sleep in Jesus, though the benediction of the bishop is denied them. We trust that none of the vials of vitriol which his lordship poured out on the unconsecrated soil mingled their contents with the gracious influences which were meant to distil on the neighbouring earth.

The Prince of Prussia has been fully installed as Regent, and the reactionary policy of the late ministry will now be effectually checked and reversed.

We entreat our readers to give an honest and careful perusal to Lord Canning's defence of his policy in Oude. For ourselves, we had a perfect conviction before we read it that the proclamation which called forth the Ellenborough despatch was both expedient and just; but we rejoice that the governor-general has been able, with such admirable temper, such firmness and modesty, to meet and crush the insolent and wicked manifesto which was intended to drive him from power. Lord Canning may rest secure that history will do honour both to his government and to his noble defence of it.

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THE  
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1858.

ART. I.—DANTE.

1. *La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri, ridotta a miglior lezione.* Da G. B. Niccolini, Gino Capponi, Giuseppe Borghi e Fruttuoso Becchi. Secondo l'Edizione, Fiorentina, 1839. Parigi: presso La vedova Thieriot, Libraia, Strada pavée-Saint-André.
2. *The Life and Times of Dante.* By R. De Véricour. London: J. F. Hope. 1858.
3. *Dante Translated into English Verse.* By J. C. Wright, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Fourth Edition. Illustrated with engravings on steel, after designs by Flaxman. London: H. G. Bohn. 1857.

THE person of whom Ruskin thus writes:—"I think that the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties, all at their highest, is Dante;" and whom Paul Jovius, in more measured eulogy, calls "primus Italorum," may well be considered worthy of occasional review, if only for the purpose of bringing his merits before each succeeding generation. But besides the general license which such a consideration would furnish for the course we are now pursuing, we have a special challenge to write about this great poet in the publication of the very recent *Life and Times of Dante*, at the head of our article, addressing itself with emphasis to the men of the present time, as Count Balbo's memoir, so lately as 1839, claimed the attention of a somewhat earlier auditory. Not only has Dante's unparalleled genius supplied a *Bibliografia Dantesca*, but that work contains probably a larger library of its peculiar literature, than any other author since the fourteenth century has had the ability to

call into existence. So early and so surpassing was the poet's fame, that his later contemporaries were employed to lecture publicly on his *Commedia*, in the towns of Florence, Pisa, Bologna, and Piacenza, while that poem furnished texts for countless homilies delivered in solemn cathedrals, at the great festivals of the Church. We shall be doing a service to many readers by inviting their attention to the leading facts in the history of this remarkable personage, at the same time that we shall display the merits of Professor Véricour's comprehensive and eloquent memoir.

The fruitless passion of the great poet for his lost love, sung as it has been in such melodious numbers, no less than his surpassing genius, has enshrined him for ever in the world's heart, and Beatrice shares with Dante the crown of immortal celebrity won by his devotion to her beauty.

The love of this strong, clever, and busy man, throughout the course of his active and suffering life, for the flame of his boyhood—the little Beatrice, his neighbour's daughter, who was, at eight years old, in the words of Boccaccio, “besides being so beautiful, so full of goodness and sweetness that she was considered by many as a little angel,” has in it something strangely attractive, and more which attests the refinement of this lifelong passion.

“The starry fable of the milky way  
Has not that story's purity.”

Well might it be associated with all that the poet had of religion. Well might heaven and hell, the all-enchaining mysteries of future being, and the grave thoughts that make their home in philosophic minds, link themselves on to the spiritual and unearthly love cherished for this almost angelic woman. She rose a morning star upon his childhood and claimed his homage, and the vesper of his life's day found him true to her worship. She seated herself in the empire of his heart amid the earliest pulses of its passions, when love must have been rather a boyish liking than either animal instinct or reasonable sentiment, and she remained “lord of his bosom's throne” till the throne itself crumbled under the touch of “Decay's effacing fingers.” The fountain of his mature life reflected the same sky as did the pellucid waters of his youth, and he who looked down into it saw the same azure depth of firmament mirrored there—the same planets career in the same measureless arena—the same cynosure of tranquil beauty dazzle the eye and enslave the heart.

That love of his which knew no change has more than all the purity of the drop of quintessential dew, which the first hour of

summer twilight distils into the cup of the candescent lily, a draught of intoxication for the nymph of the flower, a perfumed bath for Titania herself. No grave reviewer need be ashamed to write thus, when Dante speaks, in his *Vita Nuova*, with such reverence of his dead love :—

“ This lovely lady, of whom I have spoken in the preceding sentences, gained such favour with all persons, that when she passed in the street people ran to see her, which gave me marvellous delight. And when she was near any one, she inspired his heart with such reverence that he dared not raise his eyes, nor return her greeting; and, if any disbelieves in this, many who have experienced it could bear witness to its truth. And thus she passed on, crowned and clothed with meekness, and showing no exultation at what she saw and heard. Many used to say, after she had passed by, ‘ *She is not a woman, but one of the beautiful angels of heaven.*’ Others would say, ‘ *She is a miracle.—Blessed be our Lord, whose handiwork is so beautiful!* ’ ”

Loyal to that love till his latest breath, she formed the romance of his life, the theme of his song, the purifier of his thoughts, the nurse of his religion, and his guide to Paradise. Near the close of the last work of his pen, he thus apostrophises the glorified spirit of his love :—

“ A slave before, Thou hast releas’d me—Thou,  
By every art and mode that could be tried,  
Did’st win the freedom that I cherish now.  
Continue thy beneficence to me,  
So that my soul, which Thou hast purified,  
May lose its mortal bonds, approved by thee.  
My prayer thus ended, she, with smiling face,  
Seemed to behold me where she sate remov’d,  
Then turn’d unto the Eternal Fount of Grace.”—*Par.* xxxi. 85.

A consecutive history of Dante of any fulness is impossible, from the meagreness of the details of his life. The poet, but not the man, lives in the remembrance of posterity, which, as in the case of too many of the sons of the Muses, is only charged with the recollection of two things, his misfortunes and his verses. Thus much and no more we know—that Dante’s father was a jurisconsult by profession, who on his marriage with a second wife, a certain Donna Bella, but of what family is not known, became the father of the poet in May 1265. The infant son was baptized in the church of San Giovanni, in Florence, by the name of Durante, shortened by himself and friends afterwards to Dante. The family claimed a Roman descent, and was, in every sense of the word, respectable, long domiciled in Florence, and sufficiently prominent in the politics of the day to



suffer exile for their opinions. They adhered to the Guelf cause, or the French side of native policy, and Bellincione, the poet's grandfather, had been banished from the city in 1260 by the victorious Ghibellines. In some way not accounted for, Dante's father was nevertheless residing in Florence at the time of the poet's birth, for he himself declares that he was baptized in Florence. Predicting for himself a triumphant return to the city, he says:—

“Con altra voce omai, con altro vello  
Ritornero poeta, ed in sul fonte  
Del mio battesimo prendero il cappello.”—*Par.* xxv. 8.

In the year 1267, two years after Dante's birth, the tide of politics turned in Florence, owing to foreign intervention, and the Guelfs were once more in the ascendant, the Ghibellines being in their turn excluded from the city and its government. Of these vicissitudes the boy of whom we write knew nothing during their occurrence; but as all his family belonged to the Guelf faction, they must have tended to the welfare of the Alighieri family. The youth was trained liberally, and displayed the utmost aptitude for the acquisition of letters. Amongst his preceptors is especially noted Brunetto Latini, one of the most learned men of his time, and employed in important offices by his native city in its intercourse with other states. For many years he was notary, secretary, and syndic of the republic. He composed verses in his native tongue, and was a distinguished Latin scholar likewise. Under such auspices, the son of a scholar, and surrounded by scholarly influences, Dante could scarcely fail to become a barque so well freighted for the voyage of life as he became; for even ordinary industry, apart from genius, must have laid up large accumulations of learning amid such circumstances as these.

The education of Dante embraced the trivium and quadrivium of his day, or the studies of grammar, rhetoric, and dialectics included in the shorter course; and arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy in the larger. These constituted as regularly the education of a scholar in the middle ages, as what is called a university education does that of a scholar now. Under the head of grammar came the Latin language, with its literature—at that period, and especially in Italy, having somewhat the currency of a vernacular—being the common medium of communication amongst all educated persons of the slightest pretensions to learning. And in these our poet profited beyond many his equal; for, apart from his poetical faculty and fine natural abilities, we have proof that in all matters of scholarship he was distinguished amongst his contemporaries for his eminence and

soundness of attainment. His Latin treatises are composed in a good style, as well as his epistles, and remain for our inspection in proof of varied and solid acquisitions in the schools. It is well known that Dante designed originally to compose his great poem in Latin, the first three stanzas of which attempt alone remain to us, awaking no regrets that, in the transcriber's phrase, *cetera desunt* :—

“ Ultima regna canam fluido contermina mundo,  
 Spiritibus quæ lata patent, quæ præmia solvant,  
 Pro meritis cuique suis data lego Tonantis.”

That such a project as this should have been nursed in his brain is no wonder when we recollect that Petrarch, his senior contemporary, wrote so much in Latin, deriving his inspiration from a kindred fountain with Dante's, namely, the poems of the Mantuan bard. It is stated that Dante's studies were prosecuted in the universities of Padua and Bologna as well as in Florence, the first named of these having always borne a high reputation for legal studies. We trust his teachers were as much the better for his honorarium as the student was for their instruction, and that he left no starving professors to bewail the traditional poverty of their pupils, and the consequent hardship of their own lot, in the barbarous Latin of the schools: *scholares non sunt boni pagatores; quia volunt scire, sed nolunt solvere*. From the days of Dante until now a chronic plethora of the purse has been one of the rarest ailments of bookish men.

As might be surmised, the love of Dante for music was an early characteristic—an instinct with the Italians as a race, a passion with individuals. Hence the *Sonnetti* and other verse compositions of our bard, which we simply read for the rhythm and admire for the sentiment, were written for and set to music, and were sung as commonly as with us the melodies of Moore and the ballads of Balfe. A soul for music is certainly one of the first accomplishments of the man of verse—and Dante evidently had it, as well as the practical skill which science and study impart. His lot was cast in sunny days, as far as regards his course of education, and the influences, literary and artistic, which surrounded him. Poets and musicians nurtured his sensibilities with song, while painters and sculptors educated his eye to the understanding of all that constitutes the glory of the outward world—the world of colour and form. Orlandi and Guido Cavalcanti, with a whole choir of singers besides, initiated him from his earliest years in the numbers of the tuneful art; and Cimabue and Giotto fed his taste for the picturesque by their graphic delineations. All the Muses seemed to make him their care; and if posterity were asked for its verdict, would avow

that their pains were repaid by the result of their combined tuition being—a DANTE.

As to personal appearance, we must not think of our Dante as in any sort a *bellus homo*, a mere beautiful animal. We reserve that characteristic for your Absaloms, your Hephæstions, your Antinous' of doubtful reputation, brilliant as the butterfly, but as light; yet was he not destitute of nature's letters—commendatory of becoming and manly grace, with an addition of regard to the exterior man, such as became a person of nice and dainty habits. The following portrait of the poet is due to a contemporary:—

“He was very neat in his person, of a middle height, and of a pleasing appearance, but extremely grave. He spoke rarely and slowly; but his replies showed much subtlety. Nor did he shut himself up in literary inactivity, nor deprive himself of the society of the day; but, living and conversing with other youths of his age, he became well-mannered and brave, and skilled in every youthful exercise. Nor did he absent himself from general intercourse with his fellow-citizens. It was a wonderful thing that, studying as he did constantly, no one would have supposed that he studied at all, from his gay manner and youthful conversation. This gives me an opportunity of reproving an error which belongs to many of the ignorant, who suppose no one to be studious who does not shut himself up in solitude and inactivity; and I, for my part, never knew one of those who put on such a mysterious air of learning, and secluded themselves from intercourse with men, who knew more than their letters. A great and lofty mind does not need such penances; but it is a certain and true conclusion, that those who do not show what they are soon, will never show it at all: so, to estrange themselves from others, and to forsake the intercourse of men, is only the part of those who, from their low understandings, are not fit to learn anything.”

Bravo, biographer! and bravo more truly his hero! Leonardo has his sly hits for the pretentious pedants of Florence—a race that has had its representatives in all time—the men who fancy that the frown makes the philosopher, the cowl the monk—and Dante had his lofty, innate scorn of all shams, as became a *true gentleman* and a Christian. He would be, not seem, a scholar; fight in the field as well as pray on the mount. He felt duty was only half done in the closet; that the council-chamber, the 'Change, the mart, demanded his endeavours. The muse of active life secured his homage as well as the muse of contemplation, and both sides of his nature were complete. Not long after the time to which this description refers, the battle of Campaldino took place, in the year 1289, on St. Barnabas' day, in which Dante himself fought. Dante, in one of his letters, gives an account of this engagement, with a plan of it, expressly mention-

ing that he had fought there. With amazing frankness, the poet in another letter confesses to certain unpleasant sensations awakened at the sight of cold steel in the hour of conflict, which are supposed to be inconsistent with the highest heroic emotions, but which are very natural, we presume, and more general than is acknowledged by the actors in the fray. Writing a long time afterwards of this occurrence, he says—

“Ten years had already elapsed since the battle of Campaldino, in which the Ghibelline party was almost entirely destroyed, and where I found myself not a child in war, and where, in the various casualties of the battle, I felt a good deal of fear, and in the end extreme joy.”

Neither love nor valour had such ascendancy over his nature as to render him insensible to the comforts of a whole skin, and nature's usual allotment of limbs and features. Even though pension may have followed mutilation in those days as well as in ours, Dante, we presume, would dispense with the florins for the sake of his full complement of inches, and deem poverty from lacking a pike-thrust in his eye amply compensated by escaping the peculiarity of the monocular. Valour is a capital thing in the character and career of a hero, and the man is only half a man who wholly wants it; but Valour matched with Discretion is none the less true, while it is thus more human, forcible, and efficient.

The romance of the poet's life begins early, with his boyish passion for his neighbour, Beatrice, or Bice Portinari. Her father, a wealthy citizen, occupied the same quarter of the city as Dante's father, and the young innamorato, of the mature age of nine years, enjoyed natural if not frequent opportunities of associating with the maiden, who had barely completed her eighth. In his *Vita Nuova*, written after her decease, he describes the course of his early passion, consequent on his first interview with her:—

“She appeared to me dressed in that most noble, humble, and honourable colour, scarlet, girded and ornamented in a manner suitable to her youthful age. I speak the truth when I say, that at that moment the spirit of life, which dwells in the most secret chambers of our hearts, began to tremble so violently within me, that I felt it dreadfully in every pulse. From that day forward, I say, Love, to which it was thus early espoused, ruled my soul, and he, Love, began to assume over me so much ascendancy and so much authority, by my imagination giving him the power, that I submitted implicitly to his desires.”

A second fatal interview at a wider interval is thus described:—

“After so many days had passed, after the above-mentioned apparition of this most lovely one, that the nine years were exactly completed, it so happened that, at the end of these days, this admirable lady appeared to me, clothed in a habit of the purest white, between two gentlewomen of more advanced age; and, passing through the street, she turned her eyes towards where I stood, full of fear, and, through her ineffable courtesy, she greeted me; and this had such an effect upon me, that it seemed that I had reached the furthest limits of blessedness; and, since that was the first time that her words had met my ears, I felt such sweet delight, that, like one intoxicated, I separated myself from society. I took refuge in the solitude of my chamber, where I was able to think of this most courteous one; and, thinking of her, a sweet sleep fell upon me, in which a wonderful vision appeared to me. And, thinking over what had happened to me, I proposed to let many celebrated Trouvères of that time hear about it; and, inasmuch as I had already acquired the art of putting words into rhyme, I proposed to write a sonnet, in which I greeted all the loyal subjects of love; and, begging them to give their opinion of my vision, I described to them what I had seen in my sleep; and I then composed this sonnet—*a ciascun alma presa, e gentil core.*”

The which signal effort of Dante's youthful muse, we may Anglicise after the following rough fashion:—

“To every soul, in gentle model cast,  
 Into whose hands this ditty shall descend,  
 Interpretation of its lay to lend,  
 Health in the name of LOVE, the Protoplast!  
 A third part of the hours had almost pass'd,  
 When at their brightest in their courses bend  
 The stars, when LOVE, the universal friend,  
 Such vision show'd as struck my soul aghast!  
 Glad the young savage seem'd, as close he clapp'd  
 His fingers round my heart; my Fair appears  
 Laid on his arm asleep, in mantle wrapt,  
 While, with my heart, he fed her, which he tears;  
 Submiss my heart's blood at his hand she lapp'd—  
 This done, I saw him go his way in tears!”

This has been strangely deemed the production of a boy of nine years of age, whereas, whatever may be the ambiguity in the account of its composition, the second of these signal interviews with the lady of his affections, must have been nine years after the first, or when he was eighteen. Their education and circumstances would preclude much intercourse during the interval. the young lady being brought up probably in a convent, and Dante himself at the university. The *Vita* moreover, written ten or twenty years after the incidents narrated, after death too

had sublimed and sainted the object of his affection, is rather to be regarded as a record of what he supposed he felt, or it had been natural to feel, than what he actually had felt on the occasions specified. Abating the 'Turneresque glow that colours every object and feeling seen in the brilliant sunset of memory, we must allow that a deep and lasting impression was made upon the mind of the young enthusiastic student by the charms of the lovely Beatrice Portinari.

But that love was never destined to be returned. By the time this often-sung and much-loved lady reached twenty-one years, we find her the wife of a certain knight, named Messer Simone de' Bardi. And therein perhaps, as in the kindred case of Petrarch, lay the immortality of the poet's passion.

" Love fed upon smiles, like the smiles will depart;  
But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow is true."

If the element of the ludicrous in the question be withdrawn, there is an assertion of a serious truth implied in the words of the modern, who asks—

" Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,  
He would have written sonnets all his life?"

The repose of possession lacks the stir and stimulus of desire. Repose is as fatal to poetry as indolence to enterprise.

" Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry *by wrong* ;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Emotion is essential to true poetry, making the absence of emotion death. The deeper the pain too, the sweeter the song, like the fabled thorn in the breast of the nightingale. It stands to reason that it should be so, and experience confirms it; thus without any derogation from the domestic character of those poets who sing of love, it cannot be but that the love which is a-seeking shall elicit more poetical strains than the love which is caught. A hopeless passion, like that for a dead Beatrice, will have either of two effects as it acts upon different natures—it will either extinguish it in its very hopelessness, or it will gather the charm of eternity round the feeling of time, and will say, with the modern poet amid the pangs of bereavement, that—

" By the death-blow of his ' hope '  
His ' memory ' immortal grew."

Suffice it to say that thus it operated with our Dante, whose Beatrice migrated amongst the blessed in June 1290, and left



the bereaved poet, not the perplexities of an earthly love, but the purity of a heavenly reminiscence. So long as Beatrice lived, nothing could be more spiritual than the Platonic passion he indulged for her, for they had broken off even the distant courtesies of mere acquaintance, and met as strangers. Like some "most crystal-guarded shrine," she was "worshipped at holy distance;" nevertheless even this kind of admiration gained no little by the transfer of his lady-love "within the veil, within the veil:" the flesh was no longer associated with her image, she was become etherealised to his enamoured imagination.

On the occurrence of this great grief, Dante solaced himself as best he might with verses, philosophy, and religion. There seems some ground for believing that he adopted the initiatory rules of the brothers-minor, of the order of St. Francis, either at this or at an earlier period, and the words of the sixteenth canto of the *Inferno* are supposed to refer to the monastic girdle of their order:—

"Io aveva una corda intorno cinta."

But matrimony also came with its cares and its joys to dissipate the intensity of his grief, although not to obliterate the memory of his buried love. In or about the year 1293, the poet wedded Gemma Donati, a member of one of the leading Guelf families of Florence, by whom he had seven children, one of them endowed with the immortal name, Beatrice. On the head of his married life we have few records of a trustworthy character; but Boccaccio's reflections would intimate that the consolation derived from this step was not in proportion to its inconveniences. The fact of Gemma and Dante's not meeting, after his enforced exile took place, is, we presume, indisputable—but the broad conclusion from it in favour of philosophic celibacy is open to exception. "It is certain," says the lively Boccaccio, "that when he had once been separated from her who had been given to him for a consolation in his afflictions, he never would go to the place where she was, nor would he ever suffer her to come to him, although he was the parent by her of many children. . . . Let philosophers leave marriage to the unembarrassed rich, to noblemen and working-men, and let them delight themselves with philosophy, which is a much better wife than any other." Gemma, in her long separation from her husband, after having lived together only ten years, appears to advantage in the discharge of her motherly duties, whence we may infer favourably of her married life, and that the insinuation of Boccaccio is nothing more than the surmise of a surly bachelor, or the tittle-tattle of a vicious society, unworthy of resuscitation or belief.

The old novelist ascribes Dante's embarkation in diplomatic and civil life expressly to his having an uncomfortable home. "Domestic cares drove Dante into public life"—which we prefer nevertheless to read in another way, namely, that his alliance with the Donati, who were at the head of the popular faction of Florence, insensibly and naturally drew the poet into the vortex of public affairs. His learning and eloquence pointed him out for diplomatic employment, together with his notarial education; hence we find him charged with embassies to the neighbouring towns and small states, to the kings of Naples, Hungary, and France, and to the pope at Rome. In politics Dante sided with the Guelf party; but as these were themselves divided into Neri and Bianchi, or the violent and moderate, he gradually became linked with the moderates, and severed from the Donati, who were for extremes, and headed the Neri faction; by this connection with the moderate Guelfs, and by persecution received at the hands of the Neri, he was prepared to pass over to the side of the Ghibellines, as he does unstintedly in his published works. This tergiversation from his party exposed him to much abuse, as personally lacking steadiness, and civically wanting patriotism; but, in point of fact, he was true to his philosophic moderation, while he could scarcely be said to want patriotism, whose advocacy of imperial influence in Italy was a protest against a more obtrusive Gallic despotism.

From the fact of Dante's embracing so completely the cause of the Ghibelline or foreign party in Italy, and receding from that of the pope's, it has been assumed by some that he was less of a patriot than a partizan; and by others that his religious views were antagonistic to the Romanism then prevalent. Rosetti and Aroux have published learned disquisitions to sustain the latter thesis; but without any valid result, as Dante never quarrels with the dogmas of the Church, only with the vices of its chief administrators. On the other question that he would sacrifice Italy to Germany, it was with the poet a choice of foreign rulers, for the estates of the Church were not then, and probably never will be, independent. At that period the popedom was entirely French, and Dante's Ghibelline prepossessions were his protest, after his manner, against the intrusion of strangers.

But the Guelfic, or pope's party, claimed an exclusive and eminent patriotism, to the disparagement of all besides. In these intestine feuds at Florence as elsewhere in the middle ages, it did so happen that the side of popular freedom was often, from circumstances, the side of the Church, and that the Church in this wise (as, for instance, in the pages of Guizot) obtains undeservedly the credit of concern for the interests of liberty. But the inference is fallacious although the fact may

be indisputable. Reasons of mere policy might have induced the ecclesiastics of any day to adopt the cry of the people for freedom from their oppressive taskmasters of the nobility, in the same manner as in 1848 the clergy of France were the first to cry up liberty, fraternity, equality, under the new *régime* of republicanism, and proved themselves then landscape-gardeners of the most emulous zeal and first-rate pretensions by their patronage of trees of liberty. But the interests of the corporation, as in the case of even secular communities, are really the object at stake, and to override individual freedom of action, in order that the corporation may rule, the steady aim of the Church at all times. Whenever that body can so dazzle the authorities of a land with its splendour, or by its influence make it expedient that it should be taken into partnership with power, it will be sure to be found allied with the court and nobility, its tendency being ever to govern by means of the governor, if the governor will but yield to its guidance and ghostly counsel. But the tendency of all strong government is to subordinate the Church, and keep under its pretensions, as a corporation that may meddle unduly with secular business, and sometimes even come between the sovereign and his subjects, in matters outside its proper control. And the like tendency is shown by the nobility and the upper classes, in proportion to their intelligence and wealth—they will not bow to the dictation of vulgar and upstart priests, who would check or tolerate their vices at the bidding of interest, while they would in any case most scrupulously direct their expenditures into the coffers of the Church. The pride and passions of this class would both revolt against the assumptions of the men with frock and crozier, who might be the sons of their own dependents, and in moral character no better than the gentry whom they would reprove and govern. As long as the Church could ally itself with wealth, intelligence, and power, subjecting these to its will, and by their means commanding the resources and subserviency of the whole community, it would gladly be found enthroned in the high places of the earth, clothed with imperial purple, and seated at the table of princes, faring sumptuously every day. Little sympathy has it ever displayed in such a position for the sufferings of the people, less indignation for their wrongs. Let but the despot make the interests of the priest his own, and the strong arm may crush the serf in the dust of infamy, and the chest of the tax-gatherer may be replenished by any iniquity of exaction out of the resources of industry.

There never yet has been shown so strong a sense of justice on the part of the ecclesiastical body anywhere, as to raise its voice in defence of injured men, where it was its own obvious

interest to keep silence, and utter no protest. Now all this obvious policy on the part of the Church will explain at once the feuds of the elder Florence, and other seigniories, as well as unravel some of the complications of the present time in connection with the Italian peninsula. In order to withstand the Church, the higher classes of mediæval Italy threw themselves upon the support of the German emperor, and by thus upholding the pretensions of the foreigner to dominion in their own country, forfeited the name of patriot, which was gladly clutched at by the ecclesiastical native authorities, who found Italy for the Italians, a watchword of influence. The Church meanwhile traded on the credulity, ignorance, and natural resistance to the oppression of their feudal lords of the common people and burgher class, and superadded the appeal to the patriotism of the Italians, to the pretext that they were seeking to maintain the rights of the commonalty against the nobility.

Dante saw clearly enough the factious and fallacious character of the entire procedure, detached himself from the party, and denounced its pretences. But as they had the upper hand in Florence, he could only with dignity retire from a position which the rancour of his opponents forbade his sustaining with advantage to the state. They added, indeed, the contumely of proscription to the other iniquities of their treatment of their gifted and patriotic magistrate, and Florence earned the epithet written by Dante for his own tomb: *parvi Florentia mater amoris*.

But we anticipate; for ere his banishment he served Florence with his most devoted services, and had these acknowledged by his election to the priorate in the year 1300, when he had reached thirty-four years of age—an elevation to which the poet himself ascribed all his misfortunes and vexations. Of course such a position tied him more and more to the politics of a party, and robbed him of his power of self-will. But those politics form so tangled a skein that we do not purpose to unravel them here; their whole tissue is complicated, and to each party-division, there are still subdivisions that would court our observation—all these powerful to confuse, but neither to interest nor edify. It is just as in the present day, some Italians will espouse the cause of the Emperor of Austria, and others that of Louis Napoleon, others again that of the King of Naples, while all will be equally devoted to the pope. A revolution, effected in Florence under the auspices of the French prince, Charles of Valois, ousted the party of Dante from power, and he himself, then ambassador at Rome, banished with as many as six hundred of his fellow-citizens were banished from their homes. His property was plundered and confiscated, except such portions as his wife secured under the pretext of having been her own dowry,

while he himself was obliged to depend on foreign aid for support.

In January 1302, Dante was condemned to fine and banishment, which sentence was solemnly confirmed in the March of the same year. The party of Guelfs, with whom he was driven forth, were the Bianchi, or moderate pope's party; but they suffered as sympathisers with the Ghibellines, or the German party, and many of them became ultimately avowed Ghibellines, amongst whom signally was our poet; but his official and public life ceases here, and henceforth he wanders over the world of Italy without a home, a lucrative profession, or even an inducement to live, save that of the completion of his great contemplated work, the germinal idea and plan of which bespeak an ascetic mind in the author, long before the commencement of his exile.

An armed attempt was made by the exiles next year, and the year after—at Mungello in 1303, and Lastra, 1304—to recover possession of Florence, and to expel their foes, but it only issued in further disaster, and the bitter extinction of their hopes. The lords of Sienna, Arezzo, Verona, and sundry others in turn, harboured the poet and his companions in misfortune; but Dante was doomed to spend nearly twenty years of his life dependent on their hospitality and that of others, galled by poverty, fretted by misfortune, yet ever devoted to poetry. With his son we find the poet at Bologna and Padua, probably directing his son's studies. In 1308 he went to Paris, and left the *Inferno*, the first part of his *Commedia*, complete, behind him, in safe custody in Italy. At the French capital he frequented the schools of the university, and disputed publicly with the learned *candidati*; on one memorable occasion, in the school of theology, maintaining fourteen different theses on abstruse subjects, solving the difficulties with much dialectic subtilty, and answering the arguments on the opposite side to the wonder of those present. The *Purgatorio* was probably the chief fruit of this French sojourn, full as it is of French words, and allusions to the country.

During this absence from Italy occurred Dante's visit to Oxford, if we are to credit Boccaccio, his contemporary, and other biographers. We are contented to believe this without being over particular about the evidence, as it adds a charm to our old monastic town, to fancy, that amongst its celebrities, during the reign of Edward the Second, that pale, thin, spiritual figure might have been encountered pacing its cloisters, and worshipping in its chapels, gazing on the painted glories of its monumental glass, perhaps sharing for a time those anti-papistical influences which issued in the labours of a Wickliffe so shortly

afterwards. The poet next turns up in Italy, whither he felt encouraged to return, by the fact of Henry the Seventh of Germany being in that region, vindicating his rights, creating the hope of a reconquest of Florence, and, as a consequence, of the return of Dante to his native city. In the year 1311, we find him in that country, addressing the emperor in his own name and that of his fellow-exiles, begging the monarch to crush the power of their common enemies, saying of Florence that she is a "deadly monster," a "viper which tears the entrails of her mother," "a sick sheep whose infection contaminates the flock of its lord," a city which "contradicts the ordinances of God, adoring the idol of her own will, insomuch that, having scorned her own legitimate king, the frantic one is not ashamed to treat with a king not her own, for conditions which are not in his power." Then he proceeds, "Tarry no longer . . . The Phitines will fly and Israel will be free. Then our inheritance, for the loss of which we incessantly weep, will be immediately restored to us." The emperor, after his royal coronation at Milan and imperial investiture at Rome, besieged Florence; but that city, garrisoned by French troops, and animated by the spirit of freedom, resisted all his efforts at subjugation, and Henry was obliged to retire and raise the siege at the end of three months. By this successful resistance the adherents of his party were still excluded from their inheritance and home, and Dante with others had to rue the want of perseverance on the part of their imperial protector; suffering still in person and in fortune, for quarrels which were not their own. It is the old story—kings fall out, and Greeks and Trojans smart for it. Henry nevertheless had Dante's highest veneration; and in his *Paradiso*, the poet assigns that monarch a lofty place, while he further intended to dedicate to him his book *De Monarchiâ*, in which he had made good progress, when the death of the emperor unexpectedly took place near Sienna, in the month of August 1312—from natural causes say some, poisoned under the elements of the Eucharist, administered by a Dominican monk, say others. He dedicated it eventually to Louis of Bavaria, elected to succeed Henry after an interregnum of fourteen months. The poet was living at this time at Pisa, the chief resort of the Ghibellines, under the protection of Ugucione della Faggiola, who held the lordship of that city. There he probably completed his *Purgatorio*. In 1315, Ugucione encountered the force of the Florentines in successful fight, at Monte Catini, overthrowing their battle array; but this victory did not lay open the city to the return of the exiles; on the contrary, it drew down on them further condemnation, and expressly upon Dante, whose fortunes were supposed to be identified with those of the enemies of the



state. He next takes refuge under the wing of Can Grande della Scala, imperial vicar of Verona and Vicenza, and captain-general of the Ghibelline League of Lombardy.

Here the poor scholar finds refuge, but, destitute of the means of support, meets with only a poor scholar's treatment. He offers the dedication of his *Paradiso*, the work then in hand, to the governor, in a letter in which he describes the plan of his poem, adding, "I shall not at present explain it in detail, because I am prevented by the narrowness of my means; this obliges me to lay aside these and other things which would be conducive to the public weal: but I hope to obtain assistance from your highness, to enable me to give a more useful exposition of it." He probably refers here to the interruption some law office, which had been conferred on him, interposed to the prosecution of his studies, and his cultivation of the muse.

In the year 1317, a peace was concluded between Pisa and Florence, and an opportunity was presented for the exiles of returning to their home; but the conditions were humiliating, rather befitting criminals obtaining pardon than free citizens sharing in an amnesty. It was required of them that they should stand as penitents with lighted tapers in their hands in the church of St. John, on the festival of that saint, and that they should pay a stipulated fine, as it had been customary in the case of pardoned criminals from the jails, from time immemorial at that festival. On such terms our haughty and consciously-innocent Dante would not return, and in the following terms declines the proposal to a friendly monk, who had made it to him:—

"In your letters, which I received with due reverence and affection, I have read, with gratitude and diligent consideration, how much at heart you have the thoughts of my restoration to my country; and with this kindness you have so much the more closely attached me to you, as it is rare for exiles to meet with friends. But to the contents of that letter I answer:—It is signified to me that, by an ordinance lately made in Florence relating to the pardon of the banished, if I would pay a certain sum of money, and suffer the disgrace of the offering (in St. John's), I should be pardoned, and allowed immediately to return. \* \* And what is this glorious edict that recalls Dante Allagherio to his country, after having endured nearly three lustrums of exile? Is this the reward of an innocence evident to all? of the sweat and labour of constant study? Far be it from a man, familiar with philosophy, to show a baseness of heart so rash and earthly as to allow himself to be offered up almost in fetters, and in a manner almost befitting Ciolo (an infamous criminal of that time), and other such wretches. Far be it from a man who is a teacher of justice, after having suffered injustice, to pay down his own money to those who have thus

injured him! This! Oh, my Father, is not the way that I should return to my country! Another method may be found, either by you or by others, which shall not derogate from Dante's fame and honour. Such I will accept, and not tardily. But if there is no other way to enter Florence but that, I will never enter Florence. And what then? Shall I not enjoy, wherever I may be, the sight of the sun and the stars? Shall I not be able to speculate on most delightful truth, under whatever sky I may be, without first bowing ingloriously, or rather ignominiously, before the people of Florence? Nor shall I want bread."

The lofty spirit of the public servant they had dishonoured would not bow to unmanly concession, even to gain a most desirable end, even to slake the great thirst of his soul to repose once more beneath his own roof, to tread the same precious *piazza* and *via* that had often echoed to his steps, to muse along the quays that bordered his pleasant Arno, to worship at the altar which had nursed his early devotion. He might still have to cry for home in all the agony of enforced exile, with a real woe which the foolish false philosopher, who professes a cosmopolitan indifference to the soil of his birth, cannot understand; but this he would continue to endure, till the shadow of life's evening gathered around his head, ere he would confess that the charges which led to his expulsion were founded on truth, or that he had acted unworthily as a citizen of Florence. The spirit of injured innocence breathes in this reply, just as in the case of a more noble sufferer than he: "They have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans: let them come themselves and fetch us out."

The date of this transaction leaves but four years longer to the termination of Dante's sorrows with his life. Gubbio, Fonte Avellana, a monastery picturesquely seated amongst the mountains, and Udine, claim his residence during the early portion of these years, while his final bourne and most pleasant asylum was with Guido Novella da Polenta, an accomplished nobleman, residing at Ravenna. Dante had two of his sons with him here, and was engaged with both of them in the public service of the municipality, himself going once at least on embassy to the Venetians, and his two sons finding local employment in Ravenna. From the poetry that recorded his loves and hates in his *Commedia*, he here, reminded by advancing years and growing infirmities of the solemn close to his minstrelsy fast pressing on him, devoted his last efforts in song to versifying the Penitential Psalms of David, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, and the Ten Commandments. He prefaces this, the last production of his muse with the following graceful and happy recantation, if such it may be called:—

"I have already written many times regarding love in the sweetest, most beautiful, and graceful rhymes I was able, and I exerted all my powers to refine them. They no longer satisfy my desires; for I know I have often vainly expended my labours, and been ill-repaid. I will now withdraw my hand from writing any longer on this false love, but will discourse on God as befits a Christian."

To this complexion do we come at last: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity: let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." So Dante, we trust, found it in the result, entering into rest in the year of our Lord 1321, prematurely aged with study and strange suffering. One of those men that—

"Do become  
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age  
Without the violence of warlike death."

And sad as is the tale of his experience is the character of his verses. The same dark cloud impends over his fortunes and his poem, relieved at times by light from above.

Up from the deep heart of the thirteenth century issues a poetical wail—like the plaint of the everlasting sufferer of the rock, the ingenious and undying Titan—but not modulated on the keys of wild and stridulous passion, not sharpened into the shriek of agony, not tamed down into the monotone of despair, rather, like the song of the bird of night,

"Most musical, most melancholy."

It startles us amid the dead silence of that century, as the Homeric poems bursting into view in their consummate melody, in the midst of an obscure age and unpolished people. But the feelings with which the *Iliad* and the *Inferno* are read are widely different—the one a glowing picture of busy life, "the crowd, the hum, the shock of men," radiant with the sunlight of the *Ægean*, and resonant with the laugh of its waters; the other shaded with a monastic gloom, the reflection of the author's saddened heart, appealing to our sympathy rather than our imagination. Homer drew from the stores of his observation, and the impulse of his fancy, things which might have been in some ideal state, wherein the simplicity of heroic life was tempered with the chivalries and courtesies of civilization, partly the condition of things familiar to his own eyes in "the isles of Greece" and on the Asiatic main, and partly derived from the creative power of his genius. But Dante's poem is all subjective, all personal, and all sad. The history he records, the sketches he

makes, the feelings he discloses are his own; he has been through the water and through the fire; he has sojourned in Mesech, and dwelt in the tents of Kedar; a pilgrim and a stranger he has trodden a country not his own; and the bread of affliction and the water of affliction have been his daily meat, while that bread has been steeped in his tears, and that water has been mixed with wormwood and gall. Painful experiences have been his instructors; he has graduated in the school of Heraclitus, and he thinks the world a vast lazaret of woe. The *Divina Commedia* is a book of Job, in the prevailing melancholy of its strain, with the divine providential mystery left out: an arraignment of the race of the poet's contemporaries, more, however, in the guise of philosophic sadness than splenetic crimination. He had suffered much wrong; but himself an erring mortal, he must have sometimes done wrong, so that though he may have suffered immeasurably, it became him only to complain in measure. Moved by his concession to human infirmity, that of others, and no less his own, he virtually breathes a sublime forgiveness of his tormentors, in the strain of the wayward, yet noble Childe:—

“ My curse shall be forgiveness—have I not—  
 Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—  
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?  
 Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?  
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,  
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?  
 And only not to desperation driv'n,  
 Because not altogether of such clay  
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey?”

The judicial calmness of his decisions forms, perhaps, the most striking feature of Dante's poetical impeachments. The model on which his poem is constructed is remarkable—to assume the functions of the Eternal Judge, and assign his predecessors and contemporaries their lot in the invisible world, according as their merits should present themselves to his appreciation. To accomplish a task so hard, with infallible correctness, would require the combined omniscience and impartiality of the Divine. It is a terrible temptation to a weak and fallible mortal to gibbet to everlasting infamy, or roast before inextinguishable fires, the objects of his dislike—to consign to disgrace and suffering his foes fancied or real, not because they were wicked, but because he was unjust. Yet, demanding no inordinate abatement on the score of human weakness, there is shown in the *Commedia*, such an admirable impartiality in the distribution of rewards and punishments, as commends its verdicts to general

approval, and forms the moral strength of the poem. Calm, impassive, and equitable, Dante deals his sentences from the tribunal of eternity to friend and foe alike, free from "fear, favour, or affection"—sparing no sinner because a Ghibelline fellow-partisan, smirching no saint because a hostile Guelf. It is an awful function which the poet assumes, but he discharges it awfully, with the deliberation, earnestness, and equanimity of the recording angel at the judgment-seat: Francesca is condemned, yet with infinite pities, though his best patron's aunt, and Ugolino compassionated, though suffering through the vindictive cruelty of a Ghibelline—that party with whom his fortunes and matured opinions mated the poet in inseparable concord at the last. Never does Dante appear so sublime, as in this almost superhuman exercise of a retributive justice.

To the analysis of the poem itself, we are invited by the consideration that, while often referred to, it is little read, for reasons too obvious to require statement; a circumstance, too, which demands the less apology on the part of English readers, when we find Alfieri aver that, at the beginning of the present century, Dante had not probably in the whole peninsula of Italy as many as twenty persons who had read the *Commedia* through. The dialect is antiquated, the history obscure, and the reading what would be commonly designated dry; nevertheless, the genius of the writer signal, and the poem one of the greatest and most sustained efforts of the human understanding.

The structure is singularly formal, and the versification that interlinked and intricate *Terza Rima*, the difficulty of moving in which it must have cost no little ingenuity to overcome, and the musical oral delivery of which is an achievement that requires practice on the part of readers to attain.

The whole *Commedia* consists of three leading poems, the *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio*, and the *Paradiso*, each of these containing thirty-three cantos, with an introductory one to the *Inferno*, thus making the whole number one hundred. It is curious to observe, in connection with this artificiality of division and structure, that each of the three leading poems ends with the same word—*stelle*, stars. But rhyme and rhythm in any case are artificial, and have never hindered, sometimes even helped, the utterance of the most sublime thoughts in the most fitting diction; so that a few degrees of artifice more or less will not be allowed to detract from the essential merit of a poem in the hands of a first-rate artist, the more so if the substantial merits of his work blind the eyes to the difficulties he has overcome, in admiration of the surpassing completed work—the harmony of the strain and the majesty of the sentiment. This is clearly the case with the *Divina Commedia*, which the more profoundly it is

studied, awakens the more wonder at the power of the poet, the more respect for the greatness of the man.

The artificiality of the structure of the poem further appears in the resemblance which the poet's three regions bear to each other, namely, that the stages or steps of succession in each are nine. The poet descends in vision through nine successive strata or provinces of the realms of woe, to the centre of our globe, the deepest deep of all, where Beelzebub presides. Over each of the intermediate ones some demon rules, whose name is taken from the heathen mythology. In the Purgatory, the reverse of the process prevails, for the poet here ascends nine grades toward the region of perfect remission, or consummate bliss. In like manner are there nine heavens in Paradise. This might be supposed to create a sense of sameness or tautology, together with the nearly uniform length of the cantos, not exceeding about one hundred and fifty lines each; but this feeling is never evoked, from the marvellous variety of colour and incident set within this monotonous frame. Much of the poem is allegorical, in the taste of the age, much figurative, and much literal. The task of the commentator and studious reader is to evolve order out of this chaos, to reduce these elements to their proper places. The introductory canto begins with the well-known and oft-quoted lines:—

“ Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura.”

“ In the mid-journey of our life below  
I found myself within a gloomy wood.”

Dante in 1300, the supposed date of the occurrences recorded here, was thirty-five years of age, or in the middle period of human life, and represents himself as in a wood. Through this wood, lying in the depth of a valley, he arrives at the foot of a hill, and sees its summit shining with the light of the rising sun, but finds his ascent of the hill barred by three wild beasts, and Virgil appears to him.

Prepared under the guidance of Virgil to enter hell, Dante reads on the outer gates the well-known inscription:—

“ Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.”

“ All hope abandon, ye who enter here.”

Hell is represented as a deep open pit, or inverted cone down to the centre of the earth, and the poet descends past its successive stages or hells by narrow passages which communicate from



one to another. The first hell contains two regions divided by the river Acheron, which Charon ferries over, and contains those Christians who were of a vacillating and unsteady character, and the heathen who knew not God. This is rather a place of exclusion than of torment.

The second hell, over which Minos presides, is that in which the sins of the flesh are punished, by the sowing of the wind and the reaping of the whirlwind. Here is treated the exquisite episode of Paolo and Francesca, which is one of those few incidents of deep and touching human interest which Dante has admitted amongst the solemnities and verities of his judicial awards.

The third hell contains the gluttons, guarded by Cerberus, and stuck irretrievably in the mud.

The fourth hell embraces the avaricious and the prodigal, who crush each other in turn with enormous weights. Here Pluto reigns.

The fifth hell is the Stygian marsh, above the waters of which stand out the passionate, while the sluggish stifle under the mire.

The sixth hell is one of flame, and devoted to the punishment of heresy and unbelief. There popes, cardinals, and emperors, with impartial verdict, undergo the sentence due to their misdeeds.

The seventh hell includes men of blood, men of impiety, and men of unnatural impurity.

In the eighth hell are seducers, flatterers, simonists, sorcerers, peculators, hypocrites, thieves, fraudulent counsellors, sowers of division, and forgers.

The ninth hell, the worst of all, including traitors of all description, is divided into four zones called Caina, Antenora, Ptolomæa, and Judas. From this, through a cavern, the poet and his guide again revisit the glimpses of the moon, and so end their subterranean adventures. There is wonderful inventive faculty displayed in the variety and aptness of the tortures assigned to the various classes of criminals, although this part may not have been entirely original, inasmuch as Dante's theological studies, especially of the scholastic divines, would be fruitful in hints of this nature. Thomas of Aquino, we may presume, was a favourite author of the bard, from his placing him in Paradise in the centre of the sun, where are gathered the spirits which are entirely freed from sin, in the most exalted companionship. The eccentric painters of the middle ages, who embodied the current ideas of the torments of hell on their canvas, may also have contributed their quota of suggestion to the poet. No traveller can have visited the galleries of Europe, without having had his risible muscles excited by the ludicrous and horrible

representations of the demons and torments of the last judgment, in many a revolting picture—the revel of intoxication, or the dream of a crazed fancy. We notably recall one such, at least, at Cologne. To us these appear chiefly grotesque, but they were appalling realities to simple believers, long ago. The names and histories of all the persons reviewed, in their respective cells in the everlasting dungeons, are inexhaustible sources of interest and call for comment.

At the risk of wearying our readers, we proceed to analyze the *Purgatorio* in the same way in which we have just dissected the skeleton of the *Inferno*, a process the more needful, as the Purgatory with the Paradise is rarely read in comparison with the earliest and most stirring poem. The machinery of this second grand division of the epopee, seems more original and more entirely Dante's own, than the preceding. The island-mountain or upright cone of Purgatory, is approached by the poet, who mounts to a terrace where the spirits of men are all obliged to remain as long a time as they delayed repentance upon earth. Seven rocky ledges succeed to this, up which men by degrees ascend, as they pass upward having the seven P's (for Peccatum, sin) gradually erased from their brow. Dante himself is thus marked like the rest, and shares in their erasure as he ascends. When he has reached the summit, Beatrice appears, at whose lips he receives reproaches, but also the assurance of forgiveness. He is dipped in Lethe, which flows above, and having lost the recollection of his sins, he fixes his eyes on those of Beatrice, who draws him after her while she herself is lifted up to the stars. This poem is more imaginative, serene, and soothing, than the preceding one, and breathes more of the sobriety of advancing years, cooling resentment, personal introspection, and regard for religion. Its date is about 1314, or six years later than the *Inferno*. The *Paradiso* takes us on about six years further, to 1320. The theological studies, which more than ever occupied Dante's attention during his period of exclusion from public life, have tinged this poem with their deepest colours, and rendered many of its cantos little more than scholastic themes and discussions. That its abstruseness would baffle the understanding of many, Dante himself predicts in the second canto, where he says :

“ O voi che siete in piccioletta barca  
Desiderosi d'ascoltar, sequiti  
Dietro al mio legno che cantando varca,  
Tornate a riveder li vostri liti.”

‘ Oh, ye, who fain would listen to my song,  
Following in little bark full eagerly  
My venturous ship, that chanting hies along,  
Turn back unto your native shores again.”

The Paradise of Dante is founded on the old Ptolemaic system. The earth is in the centre, and the successive heavens are the planets that move round it, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the heaven of the fixed stars, and the *Primum Mobile*, which carries along with it all the other heavens. Above all these shines the motionless Empyreum, the throne of God.

The ascent from the summit of Purgatory to the moon, is effected by Beatrice fixing her eyes on the sun, and then raising them higher and higher to the eternal throne, and by Dante's fixing his eyes upon hers, so that he follows her in her ascent. We can only particularise in the curtest summary, the nine heavens of the planetary sphere. The Moon contains women who were constrained by external influences to break their vows of chastity. In Mercury, persons who were guided by the principles of earthly honour. In Venus, those who erred through love, but repented of their wrong. In the Sun, the distinguished theologians, and founders of religious orders. In Mars, the champions who have fought for the faith. In Jupiter, the spirits of great princes, such as Charlemagne. In Saturn, the hermits and solitaries for religion's sake. In the eighth heaven, the Virgin Mary and attendant saints, Adam, St. Peter, &c. In the ninth, or *Primum Mobile*, the glorious angels of God. The poetry in relation to some of these classes is almost celestial, fine conceptions, rapturous emotions, splendid versification. The poem ends appropriately, with the poet gazing on the beatific vision—lost in the consuming sight of God:—

“ Oh, plenteous grace that nerved my soul to raise  
 So fixt a look on the eternal Light,  
 That I achiev'd the object of my gaze!  
 Within its depths I saw that, by the chains  
 Of love, in one sole volume was confined  
 Whate'er the universal world contains—  
 Substance and accident—their properties,  
 Together in such wondrous manner join'd,  
 One glimpse is all my utmost skill supplies.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Riveted and bent  
 So wholly was my mind upon that Light,  
 And ever kindling to fresh wonderment.  
 Such one becomes, admiring that blest ray  
 That, whatsoever else allure the sight,  
 Impossible it is to turn away;  
 Because the one sole wish'd-for good is there,  
 And everything defective elsewhere found,  
 In it is perfected beyond compare.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

“ Oh! how are words unable to express  
 My least conception of what then I view'd!  
 And even this how infinitely less!  
 Oh, Light eternal, in thyself alone  
 Enshrin'd, and by Thee only understood,  
 Object of love and joy to Thee alone!

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

“ But vainly my own wings to this aspir'd;  
 When such a splendour struck me from above,  
 It straight accomplish'd all I had desired.  
 The glorious vision here my powers o'ercame—  
 But now my will and wish were sway'd by love—  
 (As turns a wheel on every side the same,)  
 Love—at whose word the sun and planets move.”

This close is conceived in the most sublime spirit, and as far surpasses Childe Harold's farewell in the presence of the ocean, as heaven surpasses earth. This, together with our imperfect analysis, may induce some of our readers to make acquaintance with this magnificent poem, if not in the original, at least in Wright's admirable translation—which preserves throughout much of the grave, equable march of the original—is its most adequate representative in English verse—and is creditable to the scholarship of the country. We are not insensible to the deserts of other and earlier labourers in this field; but have no hesitation in assigning the palm, on all the merits, to Mr. Wright's production, as literal, intelligible, appreciative, and as poetical as the line of operation traced out for himself would allow.

We may add, however, that we still want a good English version, which shall exhibit the final trochee, or double rhyme of the Italian throughout. A single verse here and there, in most of the rhyming translations, exhibits this peculiarity, so that what could be accomplished in one stanza might be accomplished in all, and thus render the resemblance to the original more complete.

We would close this desultory paper with an inquiry apropos of its subject, viz., where is the Dante window, that glorious achievement in coloured glass, which to us was the gem of the Exhibition of 1851? There it stood in the Eastern Nave, surrounded with its tent-like draperies, presenting nothing outwardly to attract, beyond its name; but once within its dingy curtains, and in full view of the artist's representation, all sense of the present and inferior was lost in the poetical visions evoked to every sympathetic imagination by the exquisite figures in which art had embodied its conceptions. If not already appropriated,

would not that Town Hall, wherewith provincial munificence has adorned the borough of Leeds, furnish, in library or record-room, a fitting receptacle for this poem in glass? Would the architecture without, imposing though it be, outvie the attraction of the marvel within? We trow not. What for a thousand years to come would prove an honour to the residents, and the charm to traveller and tourist in Leeds?—That self-same Dante window. We should rejoice as friends of the arts, as well as devotees of literature, if our suggestion became a prophecy, and our prophecy in due time received fulfilment.

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## ART. II.—RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

*The Rambles of a Naturalist on the Coasts of France, Spain, and Sicily.*  
By A. De Quatrefages. Translated by E. C. Otté. Two Vols.  
London: Longman, Brown, Green, &c. 1857.

IF M. de Quatrefages had a less established reputation as a naturalist, the apology he makes for writing a book for the people, would induce us to class him among the quacks and charlatans of the scientific world; so anxious is he to avoid reproach for any diversion of his time from original research. The example of Laplace, Cuvier, Arago, and Humboldt, however, has encouraged him to brave the reproach of the savans, for he hopes that as other great men have popularized science, he may be forgiven for doing the same. This is either the silliest conceit of self-esteem, barely covering itself with the worn-out garments of humility, or M. Quatrefages is the affrighted bondsman of the coteries of the Academy. Turn where we may, we find men wearing these old clothes to cover the marks of their pride or servitude; but it is not in such attire we would see such men as M. Quatrefages. The people honour science far above its value, if it have no lesson for them; and when it is necessary to apologize to the learned for teaching the ignorant, a man who has formed a just estimate of the claims of society upon his intelligence, will hesitate to devote more time to his favourite pursuit, till he has convinced himself that his studies will ultimately conduce to the moral or material benefit of mankind. But we desire no better testimony to the value of books popularizing science, when written by competent men, than the volumes before us, for they are calculated to prompt and direct observation, to give an intelligent interest in the developments and operations of nature, to communicate pleasure through the

noblest attributes of mind, and to exhibit the wisdom and glory of God in his works. That man has not lived in vain, and owes no apology to academies, who has excited in but one mind an intelligent interest in the investigation of God's creatures; for in so doing he has added to the sum of human happiness; and a high appreciation of the wisdom and providential care of the Creator, may bring a thoughtful spirit somewhat nearer to that mental condition which precedes the exhibition of Divine love.

M. Quatrefages is well known in the annals of science, as a successful investigator of the habits, anatomical structure, and physiology of certain classes of the neglected sub-kingdom, Invertebrata, of the animal world. A special interest in the marine worms, the annelida of our classification, has induced him, for some years past, as frequently as opportunity served, to visit the sea-coasts of France and neighbouring countries; and the book before us is a record of what he saw, what he did, what he thought. Subjects connected with his own studies occupy the principal place in his volumes; but he speaks freely of the state of the societies and the condition of the people among whom he resided; discusses the origin of nations, the influence of scenery, and, as a matter of course—for he is a Frenchman—abuses England, disparages Englishmen, and glorifies France in the inimitable labour of her sons, as often as decency permits, or an occasion can be invented. Sometimes he ventures within the precincts of history, where no man can walk without making known the temperament of his mind, his philosophy or his prejudice, his candour or his bigotry. What shall we say of the author who can detect no motive for the struggles of the Protestants in La Rochelle, but a desire to evade innocent and just laws, made to secure liberty of conscience, and for the public safety? “The issue of the second siege,” says M. Quatrefages, “destroyed the last stronghold of the Protestants, and compelled them forcibly to submit to one common law with their Catholic brethren. From this time forth, Protestantism was simply a religion, and ceased to constitute a political watchword.” Was simply a religion! Why it was for this admission the Rochellaise fought; it was for liberty of conscience they fortified and defended their city, and seven times turned back the assault of the Duke d’Anjou, the favourite son of Catherine, and ultimately, as their author himself says, obtained from Charles the Ninth, “one of the most favourable edicts that had as yet been obtained by the reformed party; for the Rochellaise not only secured liberty of conscience for themselves, but stipulated that the same privileges should be accorded to all those who professed the reformed faith in France.” It was for this they suffered death by starvation behind the walls of their city, when besieged



by Cardinal Richelieu, and sustained their position till the garrison was reduced to one hundred and thirty-six men. If our author were no better to be trusted as a naturalist than as an historian, we should at once close his book, and refuse the guidance of a man so prejudiced or so blind; but his claims upon our confidence as an observer of nature are indisputable although the strength of his predilections, and his intensely-vain nationality, often incapacitate him for the award of scientific honours.

The author's first journey to the sea-coast was in the summer of 1841, to a group of islands, three leagues from the coast of Brittany, on the western shore of France, "situated to the north-west of the Bay of St. Michael's Mount, and designated by the pompous title of the Archipelago of Chausey." Sailing from Granville in a revenue-cutter he had his first experience of the salt sea, and it was not a pleasant one to him. When once domiciled in a large dreary old room in the island of Chausey, he began his work; and it must have had some interest to keep a Parisian four months in a country, where the sun during that period did not shine unclouded half-a-dozen times, where mist or rain was the constant companion of his rambles, and where society was made up of fishermen, stone-cutters, and barilla-collectors.

"I often returned home," says M. Quatrefages, "so thoroughly drenched that, for want of a sufficient supply of clothing, I was obliged to remain in bed while my clothes were drying before the fire of the farm-house kitchen. The south-west wind, which beat full on my door, had so completely loosened all the joints that, in the slightest storm, I was inundated. A few days after my arrival, I awoke one morning with six inches of water under my bed. In order to avoid being entirely surrounded, I was obliged to cut a hole in the most sloping part of the floor; and, by means of this precaution, I had for the future a river instead of a lake in my room. All my steel instruments were covered with rust, the metallic mirror of my camera lucida was entirely ruined, and I had some difficulty in protecting the brasswork of my microscope. The salt melted in my salt-cellar, and a pound of sugar, which had been forgotten for a fortnight at the bottom of my cupboard, was converted into syrup. But these disagreeables were soon forgotten if I were able, at the spring-time of new or full moon, to proceed in Master Hyacinthe's boat to the islands of Enseigne, or Corbières, or to Ile-aux-Oiseaux."

The reader may perhaps wish to know what M. Quatrefages saw when at new and full moon, or in other words at the time of spring-tides, he took a trip in Master Hyacinthe's boat, to make amends for so much discomfort. A narrow channel, shut in between precipitous granitic rocks, separates Meule from Ile-aux-Oiseaux. At low water of some spring-tides, this channel is barely covered with clear sea-water, and there is then exhibited

to the naturalist a marine aquarium, to see which, we can readily believe, he would not put an exorbitant estimate upon a little labour and inconvenience.

“In this spot, where every stone is a world within itself, I was able to contemplate, in its incredible variety, the domain of the lower marine animals. Here I could admire, in all their glory, those unknown wonders of the deep, of which even our best museums afford not the least idea; for these animal forms droop and, as it were, fade from view whenever they are removed from their native element. The turbo, the buccinum, with its brown and white markings; the rissoa, with its small, closely-twisted shell; and the acorn-shell, with its pyramidal test, covered every stone and rock. In sheltered nooks I found the pretty little rose-coloured cowrie and large chitons, animals in which the back is covered by a solid cuirass, composed of moveable pieces like the olden greaves. Then there was the thetys, a kind of sea-slug of a fine orange colour, which bears its tuft of branchia on the hindermost part of the back; and the haliotis, with its nacreous shell, surrounded by a triple row of fringes. The vaulted roof of the little caverns, which had been formed by the crumbling away of the rocks, was clothed with a mammilated stratum of simple ascidians, a species of molluscs which live and die without ever having moved from the same spot; while from this bright red ceiling there hung, like so many girandoles, transparent, crystal-like clavellinæ and the bright botrylli, whose conglomerated masses exhibit the colours and translucence of the agate. The smoother stones were all covered with compound ascidians, which were spread over the surface in shining green, brown, red, or violet patches, interspersed with markings of geometrical regularity, which severally indicated the different family groups of these singular beings. Among these animals, all of which belong to the great division of the mollusca, appeared thousands of zoophytes, while star-fishes of the finest carmine, and greyish-brown ophiuras, with their five long and slender arms, lay hidden beneath the stones. Above them the flustra spread out its little stony web; sertularias and campanularias raised aloft their arborescent polyparies, resembling miniature shrubs; while the eschara threw its microscopic cellules over the stems and fronds of the marine plants. Sponges of every form and colour were intertwined among the branches of the fucus, and attached to the sides of the rocks, either in thick masses or in interlacing meshes of delicate network. Here and there the thetys might be seen, with its rounded lobes bristling with little spicula, side by side with the finger-like masses of the alcyonium and the lobularia; sometimes, too, a holothuria, with its long, polygonal, whitish body, would slowly move across this living carpet by means of its sucker-like feet, spreading abroad its coronet of arborescent tentacles. How rapidly the hours passed amid this profusion of life!”—Vol. I., pp. 39, 40.

After his return to Paris, M. Quatrefages discovered, as every

man who has attempted an original investigation must have done, that his notes were too brief, his sketches too much in outline, and that memory could not be trusted to fill-in details the hand had not drawn. Another excursion was therefore resolved on, and the little Archipelago of Bréhat, lying off the coast of Brittany, was selected for further research among the invertebrata. The annelids were again the principal subjects of study; and after a residence of three months, he returned "with numerous drawings, notes, and collections of animals, many of which were carefully preserved in spirits." What admirable use he has made of these, to his own honour and the improvement of science, is known to every naturalist.

In 1844, the Minister for Public Instruction, the authorities of the Jardin des Plantes, and the Academy of Sciences, appointed a commission to investigate the natural history of the coast of Sicily, collect specimens for the museum, and make new researches among the invertebrata. In the prosecution of these objects, M. Quatrefages was associated with M. Milne Edwards and M. Blanchard. At Palermo they engaged a boat and her crew, intending to sail round the island, landing at such places as might seem to offer facilities for the prosecution of their studies. Their first station was the village of Torre dell Isola de Terra, where they obtained the use of three empty rooms in an old mansion, the residence of "a poor Dominican, who, for forty-one tari, or less than twenty francs a month, celebrated mass every Sunday, confessed the dying, performed the service of marriage, and baptized the newly-born." During a residence of twenty days, under the most favourable circumstances, the naturalists enriched themselves with a large collection of specimens, and filled their note-books and portfolios with descriptions of the invertebrated animals they were commissioned to study. But the calm was at length broken, the sky was overcast, and a heavy sea rolled in and broke upon the shore. After a long period of uninterrupted success, no wonder, for it is of every-day occurrence, if they foresaw an entire change of weather, and foreboding misfortune, packed up their specimens and instruments, and, in spite of a personal acquaintance with the misery of the sea, sailed for their next station; but they had anticipated a misfortune that did not come, and met a disappointment they did not expect. When they entered the little port of Castellamare, the sky was clear, the air was calm, and new conquests seemed to be within reach; but in this expectation they erred. "In one direction," says M. Quatrefages, "we found a long stretch of sand and boulders, while on the opposite side of the gulf, huge rocks descended precipitously into the sea, exhibiting no traces of life beyond a few isolated tufts of fucus, and an

occasional branch of gorgonia and caryophyllia. We were therefore under the necessity of planning a speedy retreat, before we were thoroughly settled in our new quarters. We resolved, however, first to visit the Temple of Segesta, which is situated about six miles from Castellamare, in a desolate region, known in the present day as the Contrada Barbara."

At Santo Vito, the next station, the weather was unfavourable, the shore unproductive, and the lodging intolerable, so they proceeded by land to Trapani, leaving the crew to contend with a westerly gale. Still disappointment accompanied them, and they looked forward to the ancient *Ægades*, now known as the islands of Favignana, only nine miles distant. We must pass over the events of their distinguished reception at Favignana, for the reader will find in M. Quatrefages' book how the country-house of Signor Georgio, the commander, was washed and white-washed for their occupation. Many new discoveries were made by the savans in this unexplored portion of the world; and although we cannot now particularise them, we must mention one which will be sure to interest our sensual, unimaginative fellow-countrymen. "Everything that relates to the material wants of life," says M. Quatrefages, "is of English origin; knives, forks, dinner-services, all bear, with few exceptions, the name of London. Everything akin to elegance, everything that can call up an idea, has come to Favignana from the provinces of France, if not from Paris. The chimney-pieces were adorned with our porcelain vases, the walls were hung over with our papers, and everywhere our eyes encountered engravings of the Rue St. Jacques, of Napoleon, his Marshals, and his battles." This is strange, for in another place our author says—"in these districts no traces of the usages of modern civilization seem as yet to have penetrated;" and in another he informs us that the islands of Favignana are rarely visited by any foreigners, except Englishmen, and that "no Frenchman had lauded upon any of the islands, within the memory of the oldest inhabitants." Under these circumstances, the author should at least have applauded the good taste of the English trader who selected French articles of vertu, to call up an idea among those semi-civilized islanders. But M. Quatrefages and many of his intelligent countrymen have yet to learn that the decencies and amenities of society must precede the elegancies. The introduction of a good town-clock into Favignana, though made with English clumsiness and want of taste, to supplant the man who hammers the hours on a bell under the guidance of an hour-glass, would call up better ideas among the inhabitants—so we Englishmen think—than all the vases and paper-hangings of Paris, and as for the trumpery engravings so abundantly distributed among the

people for doubtful purposes, we could not characterise them without giving offence.

We shall not follow our author to Stromboli and Etna, nor stay to investigate his theory of the formation of volcanic mountains. The chapters in which these rambles are recorded will be read with interest, for the historical, scientific, and descriptive are well blended; and although these trips are familiar to all readers from numerous descriptions, and the histories of the great eruptions of the loftiest of the European volcanoes are better known than many of the great physical phenomena which have been witnessed in their own country, they may be heard again without weariness, when told by a lively narrator, and illustrated by personal adventure.

The author's next ramble was to that portion of the shore of the Bay of Biscay between Bayonne and St. Sebastian; and his last was to the coasts of Saintonge. These might have been told without a disquisition on the origin of the Basques and a history of La Rochelle, for readers will at once perceive that such subjects are foreign to the object of the author; and although they will be often interested in his remarks, they will return with as much zest, as the author himself, to the more interesting and original investigation of the numerous genera and species of the invertebrata of which he was in search. With all departments of natural history, M. Quatrefages is more or less minutely acquainted; but his studies have been specially directed to the annelids, and those portions of his work in which these animals are described have therefore a remarkable claim to attention. To the naturalist, the annelida have a singular interest in consequence of the variations of character they present. The most unexpected differences in the organisation, circulation, and anatomical structure are observed; and mean and trifling as the study of creatures so low in the scale of animal life may appear, it is only by a knowledge of the physiology they teach, that we can obtain a solution of some of the most involved problems of natural science. A few general remarks on this subject may not therefore be uninteresting, and some notice of M. Quatrefages' researches and discoveries is necessary for the reader who may receive from our pages his impression of the volumes before us.

The variety of organic bodies, like and unlike, existing in nature, necessitates an attempt to group them round typical forms; and the first effort of the student is to obtain, independent of technical classification, a clear perception of a congress of animals allied to each other by some common principle of structure. Of these primordial types we discover several: one is aptly described as the articulated, for the body is composed of rings, jointed or articulated one to the other. This form is evi-

dent in a multitude of animals with which all persons are familiar. We see it in the crustaceans and the arachnidans, in insects, in the annelids, and in some parasitical forms (Entozoa), of which those inhabiting the alimentary canal of other animals are best known.

In the lower members of this type, each ring is an exact repetition of the form and organization of the segments with which it is connected, but so little intimacy is there in the union of one with the other, that a local injury scarcely affects the animal—each segment in fact appears to have an almost independent existence, though it is in truth only part of that which has a unity of life. In the higher forms there is a greater dependence of the parts on each other, and they are severally more necessary to common existence, although these individuals also possess a wonderful reproducing power. In a still higher grade, those in which the type is most perfectly represented, we discover the adaptation of special organs to special functions, and a concentration of power acting through a suitable mechanism. In these animals the organs are in pairs, and if divided longitudinally one half is the exact representative of the other half. These are the external characters of the articulata generally; but while some are vermiform, and the head is only a prolongation of a terminal ring, others, like the insects, have the body divided into head, thorax and abdomen. The latter are the true or perfect articulata, and have jointed limbs. This division of the body, however, is not always strongly marked, even in the higher grades of this great class of animals; for in the millepedes there is no separation between the head and the abdomen, and in the arachnidans, the head and thorax are so united as to form what is called the cephalo-thorax, to which the eight legs of the animal are attached.

It would be beside our purpose to allude in any way to the organic structure and physiology of the insects, myriapods, arachnida, and crustacea; but we have something to do with the ringed worms, and the few general remarks already made, may serve to explain their relation to the great sub-kingdom of which they form a part.

The class annelida presents us with the highest types of the vermiform articulata. These animals have usually cylindrical as well as elongated bodies. They are all destitute of articulated members; but those which are not sedentary are supplied with minute lateral tubercles in pairs, which carry bundles of hairs or bristles (setæ), and assist them in locomotion. The segments of the body are usually similar, and the head, which may often be regarded as a continuation of them, has organs of sight. To the two orders of true annelids, the attention of our author has been



principally directed and in reference to them there is much in the volume before us that will interest every reader who does not think too highly of himself to study a worm.

Mr. Milne Edwards has placed all the true annelids under two orders, the errant and the tubicolous, regarding the earth-worms (terrestrial) and the leeches (sanguinea) as aberrant forms, connecting the true annelids with the nematodes on the one side and the trematodes on the other. The errant or wandering worms, of which the lug-worm of the Listerian *arenicola pectinatus* is one, have received the name of *chaetobranchia*, because the respiratory apparatus is attached to the dorsal surface of the body. They are as appropriately called errant, for they have a perfect freedom of motion, crawling with ease and swimming rapidly. The tubicolous envelope themselves in a case formed of calcareous earth, or of a concrete formed of sand and minute fragments of shell. The construction of this dwelling is commenced as soon as the animal emerges from the egg, and is enlarged as its growth may require, so as to permit a free motion up and down, the feet moving backward and forward with equal facility. Hiding themselves in this tube, the tubicolous annelids dart from the open end on their prey without exposing their bodies, for they are not less eager in their attacks upon creatures weaker than themselves than their wandering allies, though in other habits differing as much as the hermit and the bandit. Lifting the operculum which covers the open end of the tube, the animal throws out a gorgeously-coloured plume, more beautiful than the richest flower: but it is an instrument of death.

The *Eunice gigantea* is one of the largest errant annelids, and sometimes attains the length of five or six feet in the Indian seas. The genus to which it belongs is the nearest approach to the ideal type of the annelids, and our author has well described one of the small species:—

“We have just placed upon the stage of our instrument a little trough filled with sea-water, in which an eunice is disporting itself. See how indignant it is at its captivity; how its numerous rings contract, elongate, twist into a spiral coil, and at every moment emit flashes of light, in which all the tints of the prism are blended in the brightest metallic reflections. It is impossible, in the midst of this tumultuous agitation, to distinguish anything definitely. But it is more quiet now: lose no time, therefore, in examining it; see how it crawls along the bottom of the vessel, with its thousand feet moving rapidly forward, and emitting bundles of darts from the broad knobs with which they are furnished. See what beautiful plumes adorn the sides of the body—these are the branchiæ, or organs of respiration, which become vermilion as they are swelled

by the blood, whose course you may trace along the whole length of the great dorsal vessel. Look at that head enamelled with the brightest colours—here are the five antennæ, delicate organs of touch, and here in the midst of them is the mouth, which at first sight seems merely like an irregularly puckered opening. But watch it for a few moments; see how it opens and protrudes a large proboscis, furnished with three pairs of jaws, and possessing a diameter which equals that of the body, within which it is enclosed as in a living sheath. Well! is it not wonderful? Is there any animal which can contend with it for the prize of decoration? The corslet of the brightest beetle, the speckled wings of the butterfly, the sparkling throat of the humming-bird, would all look pale when compared with the play of light flashing in large patches over the rings of its body, glowing in its golden threads, and sparkling over its amber and coral fringes.”—Vol. I., p. 43.

Such is the animal: let us look more closely at some of the hairs from the two bundles on the outer edge of the feet; they are common to all these annelids, and are weapons of defence. “There is scarcely,” says M. Quatrefages, “a single weapon invented by the murderous genius of man, whose counterpart and model could not be found among this class of animals.” And they are wanted as weapons of attack, for they are all creatures of prey, and of defence, for they are surrounded by enemies. While fishes and the larger crustaceans hunt them, they attack animals weaker than themselves, seizing them with their proboscis and throwing round them their hundred arms. Some lie concealed and wait the appearance of their victims; others, more bold, chase them through the Liliputian forests of coralline and other marine plants. Among this insignificant race of animals we observe the same exercise of deadly craft and of superior strength, which is common among creatures of greater bulk and superior organization—the cowardice of the assassin, the courage of the sportsman. They are in fact a fighting race, but the destroying instinct is roused by hunger; and, as among human savages, the conquered invariably supplies a feast for the victor.

M. de Quatrefages has graphically described the external appearance of an Eunice, and we are anxious to know something of its internal structure. Let us hear how he guides his readers in an anatomical dissection. The species he has chosen is the *Eunice sanguinea*, which is of common occurrence at Bréhat, and often measures more than two and a half feet in length.

“You must begin with the nervous system, which is an apparatus of such predominating influence, that it has been termed the impersonation of the animal itself. Observe, first, how the brain is situated within the head on the dorsal surface of the body, from

whence it gives off nerves to the eyes and antennæ, the organs of sight and touch. In the rear it gives origin to a secondary nervous system, which is entirely distributed through the proboscis and œsophagus. In the front, another special system supplies the lips, and, no doubt, communicates to them the property of taste. On the sides, two bands are given off, which form a ring round the buccal cavity, and are again joined together on the ventral surface below the digestive apparatus. At this point there is a kind of ladder-like structure, composed of two cords, stretched from one extremity of the body to the other, and connected together in each ring by an oblong mass called a ganglion. These ganglia are the nervous centres which animate the rings, any one of which may be at once destroyed by the removal or destruction of the ganglion belonging to it. From each of these centres five nervous trunks are given off on each side, which distribute their branches to the intestine and to the muscles [of the body and feet. As there are about three hundred rings, it follows that this annelid must have one brain or chief nervous centre, three hundred secondary centres, and three thousand nervous trunks, without counting those of the lip and proboscis.

“Let us next consider the apparatus destined to accomplish the process of alimentation. At the bottom of this funnel-like mouth there is a large proboscis furnished with powerful muscles, and armed with eight horny jaws. Take care of your fingers! These sharp and curved teeth might very easily penetrate through the epidermis and draw blood. Beyond this tube you will perceive an œsophagus, and further on a series of large sacs, each of which corresponds to one of the rings, and is separated from the two contiguous sacs, or pouches, by a strong constriction. You see that the animal we are dissecting has not less than two hundred and eighty stomachs.”—Vol. I., pp. 112, 113.

We shall not continue the quotation, but refer the reader to the author's pages; it will be sufficient for our purpose to say that this eunice has five hundred and fifty branchiæ, six hundred hearts, and a similar number of arteries and veins, and the motions of the body are performed by the action of more than thirty thousand muscles. But all the wonders of this marvellous organization and difficult anatomy are not yet told, for the annelids possess organs of sight as well as a complex nervous system. Oken taught, and his disciples believed, that the possession of an organ of sense is the evidence of a superior organism. Indifferent to this dogma and the authority of the schools, Ehrenberg announced the discovery of eyes in the annelids. He observed certain coloured points in the heads of these animals, on the margin of the umbrella of medusæ, and on the extremity of the rays of star-fish, and he called them eyes. This cannot be, the philosophers replied, for the lower an animal is in the scale of being, the more simple is its organization. Such is also

the popular opinion ; the medusæ are commonly supposed to be nothing more than masses of vitalized jelly, and the organization of the conchifera would be denied if they had not muscles for the attachment of their shells. It is not, however, either the simplicity of the organism, or its comparative minuteness, that constitutes an inferior animal, but the want of organs for functional duties—the diffusion of power instead of its concentration. But Ehrenberg continued his observations in spite of the unbelief of the philosophers, and to their utter dismay announced that the *amphicora* has two eyes in its head and two in its tail. There was no hesitation in denying this, for how could there be an organ of sight so far from the brain? and it was not possible that the seat of perception could be in any other part of the nervous system. These philosophers would have found it easier to believe that the *nermetes* and the *planarias* have more than fifty eyes in their head. But all doubt is at last removed by an examination of a *polyophthalmian*, a little wandering annelid about an inch long, with three eyes in its head and a row of them on each side of the rings of its body.

“With the view of directing its course, the *polyophthalmian* is provided on its head with three eyes, each of which is furnished with two or three voluminous crystalline lenses very easy of recognition. Besides this, on each side of the rings of its body there appears on either side a red point, very similar to those of certain of the *amphoricoræ*. On dissection we find that each of these points receives a large nerve issuing from the ganglion, or ventral nervous centre, corresponding to it. By the help of the microscope we can see that this nerve penetrates into a mass of pigment, which encloses a spherical crystalline lens; and we now see that the textures lying before it have undergone a modification, by which they are rendered more completely and equably transparent. In a word, we can no longer doubt that these red points, which are placed on the sides and along the whole length of the body, are true eyes, receiving their optic nerves from the abdominal nervous centres, and having no direct communication with the brain.”

Naturalists are not yet fully acquainted with the succession of changes in the reproduction of the several species of the annelids, but what is known with certainty is as marvellous as anything we have yet learned about their form and structure, and as contradictory to the hypotheses drawn from a study of vertebrated animals as the multiplication of the organs of sight down the body and unconnected with the brain. There is a little wandering annelid called the *syllis*, belonging to the family *nereidæ*, not more than two or three inches long, which might be passed unobserved by the sea-side visitor if it were not pointed

out by the naturalist. It has a complex organization, and was long supposed, on the authority of Müller, to be fissiparous, that is to say, the multiplication of individuals was supposed to be effected by the separation of the parent into two parts, a head being developed on one half and a tail on the other, thus forming two perfect individuals out of one. This is a mode of production not uncommon among some of the invertebrata, but it is not the usual mode of increase among the annelids. The multiplication of individuals, however, is not the same in all species, and that of the syllis is very remarkable. Of causes we are in all cases profoundly ignorant, and can only describe certain appearances which follow each other in the strangest manner. We observe, first, the formation, upon the extremity of a perfect syllis, of a series of new rings, and then the development, upon the first of these new segments, of a head like that of the parent animal, with the same number of eyes and antennæ. This may be described as a process of budding. For a time the young and the old syllis are so perfectly united by the same skin and intestine, that the food swallowed by the parent gives nutriment to the offspring, and yet the two animals have a distinct life and will. The body of the younger, however, is rapidly filled with ova, and when this process is complete a separation is effected between the parent and the offshoot. The liberty thus obtained by the younger animal is, however, but the prelude of death, for as soon as the eggs are sufficiently matured, the body bursts and the ova are thrown on the water to pass through a series of metamorphoses before they take the ultimate form, that of an annelid, and the creature for whose existence there was no purpose but the reproduction of the species, dies.

We might select from M. Quatrefages' pages many interesting particulars in reference to the tubicolæ, the second order of annelids, if we could find space for a review of the entire subject we have selected. To dwell in tubes being the predetermined mode of life for these animals, the respiratory organs are developed round or immediately below the head, for in no other part of the body could the branchial tufts have been so placed as to secure in every species the aëration of the blood. This is another of the evident proofs of design everywhere discovered when studying the inferior animals, as we call them; but how beautifully has the design been finished! how exquisite the organization! how elegant the forms! We need not look far for specimens of this class of animals—they may be found on any part of our coasts. The serpulæ are perhaps the most common and most abundant, for they may be collected from any large mass of sea-weed, and are detected on almost every fragment of shell that has been long lying in the sea. The tubes are cal-

careous, and are secreted by the animal just as shells are produced by the mollusca, but the varieties are numerous; some are opaque, others transparent; some are spiral, others straight; some prostrate, others erect; some are solitary, like the *Serpula tubularia*, and others live in groups. The sabella, amphitrite, terebella, and hermella, live in tubes constructed of sand and fragments of shell. Of all these the hermellas are the most singular. One of the characteristics of the annelids is the formation of the animals in symmetrical halves united in such a manner as to suggest a very imperfect connection. This structure is, if we may so speak, exaggerated in the hermellas, for the body seems to be cleft in two parts, and the halves are apparently only united by the skin and the digestive canal. But that which gives the principal interest to this genus is the fact, that although the first segment of the body has on both sides a triple series of tufts, the back is supplied with cirrhi, which perform the office of branchiæ, so that although inhabiting a tube, the hermella is a dorsibranchiata. The external appearance of the animal, as he observed it on the coasts of the bay of Biscay, is well described by our author:—

“ On these coasts, which are so violently beaten by the waves, we often observe small hillocks of sand, pierced by an infinite number of minute openings, half covered by a thin, projecting margin. These mounds are either found behind some large rock, or in some deep fissure, although occasionally they are fixed on an entirely uncovered point. These little hillocks, or mounds, which look very much like a thick piece of honeycomb, are in reality villages, or populous cities, in which live, in modest seclusion, certain tubiculous annelids, known by the name of ‘hermellas’—creatures as curious as any that fall under the notice of the naturalist. Their body, which is about two inches in length, is terminated anteriorly by a bifurcated head, bearing a double, bright golden-coloured crown of strong, sharp, serrated silken threads. These brilliant crowns are not mere ornaments, but, to speak more correctly, are the two sides of a solid door, or rather a true portcullis, which hermetically closes the entrance of the habitation, when, at the least alarm of danger, the annelid darts, with the rapidity of lightning, within its house of sand. From the edges of the cephalic opening, issue about fifty or sixty light violet-coloured, slender filaments, which are incessantly moving about like numerous minute serpents. These are so many arms which can be lengthened or shortened at will, and which, seizing the prey as it passes, bring it into the hollow funnel-shaped mouth at the base of the depression. It is by means of these arms that one by one the grains of quartz, or hard limestone, are collected, and put into their proper places, to serve in the composition of the tubes, the different parts being solidly cemented together by a sort of mortar-like mucosity, which



is furnished by the animal itself. On the sides of the body appear little projections, from whence issue bundles of sharp and cutting lances, or broad fans, serrated like semicircular saws. These are the feet of the hermella. Finally, the back is furnished with cirrhi, recurved like sickles, and whose colour varies from dark-red to grass-green. These organs represent the branchiæ, which, by an exception that has hitherto been found to be unique in this group, are distributed over every ring, instead of being united to the head like the petals of a flower."—Vol. II., p. 170.

' The extracts we have made from M. Quatrefages' "*Rambles of a Naturalist*" will supersede the necessity for criticism. We have endeavoured to bring together a few facts relating to a small class of animals, and to give a connected, though brief account of their natural history; but the reader will not expect any such connected exposition in the volumes before us. He will find there a pleasing record of such excursions as he himself takes, when time and circumstances permit, made by a man of minute observation, well informed in every branch of natural history, and above all habituated to personal research. A book written by such a man, and containing such facts as he would collect, could not fail to be agreeable, instructive, suggestive. These are the characteristics of the "*Rambles of a Naturalist*." The blemishes are unimportant, and incident to the education and nationality of the author; but the excellences are those which distinguish the works of a man of thought and observation, enthusiastic in his studies, cautious in his deductions, and anxious to communicate that knowledge, in the attainment of which his labours have been great, but his enjoyments greater.

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### ART. III.—FIJI AND THE FIJIANS.

*Fiji and the Fijians.* Vol. I. *The Islands and their Inhabitants.* By Thomas Williams, late Missionary in Fiji. Vol. II. *Mission History.* By James Calvert, late Missionary in Fiji. Edited by George Stringer Rowe. London, Alexander Heylin.

No more interesting records have ever been penned, perhaps, than those which relate to the propagation of the Christian faith in the islands of the Pacific Ocean. A people sunk in the grossest depths of barbarism, whose very existence seemed a scandal to the human race, have within a few years been reclaimed by the voice of the preacher from fiendish habits, and may now be seen sitting at the feet of the missionary, "clothed, and in their right mind." To those who first visited the coral

coasts of these beautiful islets, "where all, save the spirit of man, is divine," it seemed a marvel that such fair Edens could be converted into the theatres of crimes so horrible as were perpetrated within their confines, and that the inhabitants who possessed these charming abodes, nursery-grounds as it were, tilled by the hand of nature, should have striven to render them more desolate than the desert, by the commission of every abominable and degrading vice. Even now that spirit is rampant on many an island; even now the fiery passions of the islanders are as uncontrollable and as fierce as ever; but gradually the cross of Christ and brotherly love and gentleness are being extended throughout them, and already the neck of the moral disease has been broken, and if sin cannot be banished from those shores, the feelings of the natives are happily becoming every day more humanised by purer notions of the Deity, by obedience to his commands, and by faith and expectation in the promises of a Divine Saviour.

Amongst the most recent of those interesting works, which chronicle the labours and hopes of the missionary, are the volumes before us. They refer to a group of islands lying in the Pacific Ocean, a canoe sailing-distance from the Friendly Islands, and called by their aboriginal name, the Fiji Islands. They consist of not fewer than two hundred and twenty five in number, about eighty of which are inhabited, and extending over about forty thousand square miles of ocean, form a connecting link between the abodes of the Malayan and Papuan races, which inhabit the widely-spread Polynesia. Abel Jansen Tasman, the Dutch navigator, was the first to sail amongst them. Since the visit of this enterprising explorer in 1643, they remained unnoticed until Captain Cook lay-to off an island in the windward group, naming it "Turtle Island." In 1789 and 1792, Captain Bligh caught a sight of them; and in 1796, the "Duff," under the command of Captain Wilson, was nearly lost touching the reef off Tavuni. About the year 1806 traders began to discover their value, and visited them for the purpose of procuring sandal-wood to burn before Chinese idols, or biche-de-mer to gratify the palate of Chinese epicures. Nothing, however, was done by the Admiralty to obtain accurate information about this magnificent group of islands, or to improve the charts bequeathed to them by the navigators of the last century, until within the last few years, when an elaborate survey was made by the United States' Exploring Expedition, which cruised in those waters from 1838 to 1842.

The number of the islands or islets in this group we have already given; but, as we may easily imagine, they vary vastly in size and outline, from the simple form of the coral reef to the

rugged and often majestic grandeur of volcanic structure. The two largest islands, Vanua Levu (Great-land) and Na Viti Levu (the Great Fiji), measure respectively one hundred miles long by twenty five in breadth, and ninety miles long and fifty in breadth. The population is estimated at about 150,000 souls. "So beautiful was their aspect," writes Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, referring to his visit to them, "that I could scarcely bring my mind to the realizing sense of the well-known fact that they were the abode of a savage, ferocious, and treacherous race of cannibals."

Before entering upon the subject of the labours of the mission, we will give the reader an opportunity of judging of the character of the natives, by introducing a few pictures drawn on the spot by that truthful artist, the author of the first volume of the present work, the Rev. Thomas Williams. We shall do this also with the less fear of wearying our reader, inasmuch as the work is thickly strewn with illustrative anecdotes of a most interesting and graphic character, and will therefore supply at every turn a descriptive and animated incident.

The Fijians, according to the account we have before us, are described as being above the middle height, well made and of great variety of figure. They exceed the white race in average stature, but are below the Tongans. Their build is decidedly European. Most have broad chests and strong sinewy arms, whilst a prevailing stoutness of limb is at once conspicuous. The head is covered by a mass of black hair, long, frizzly, and bushy, sometimes encroaching on the forehead, and joined by whiskers to a thick, round, and pointed beard, to which moustaches are often added. The outline of the face is a good oval; the mouth large, with white and regular teeth; the nose well-shaped, with full nostrils, yet distinct from the negro type; the eyes black, quick, and restlessly observant. The coiffures of these natives display remarkable ingenuity, but are most commonly grotesque, being arranged in every kind of shape, and dyed jet-black, blue-black, and ashy-white, whilst even several shades of red prevail. Sometimes two or more colours meet on the same head: some heads are finished both as to shape and colour nearly like a counsellor's wig: in some the head is a spherical mass of jet-black hair with a white roll in front: some heads have all the ornamentation behind, consisting of a crowd of twisted cords ending in tassels; in others the cords give place to a large red roll or a sandy projection falling on the neck. One man will have a large knot of fiery hair on his crown, all the rest of the head being bald; a second has most of his hair cut away, leaving three or four rows of small clusters, as if his head were planted with small paint-brushes; a third has his

head bare except where a large patch projects over each temple ; one, two, or three cords of twisted hair often fall from the right temple, a foot or eighteen inches in length. But it would be an endless task to enumerate all the varieties of head-dresses invented by the ingenious *coiffeurs* of Fiji.

The aspect of the Fijian, considered with reference to his mental character, so far from supporting the decision which would thrust him almost outside of mankind, presents many points of great interest, showing that if an ordinary amount of attention were bestowed upon him, he would take no mean rank in the great human family to which he has hitherto been a disgrace. Dull, barren stupidity forms no part of his character. His feelings are acute but not lasting ; his emotions easily roused but transient ; his senses are keen and so well-employed that he often excels the white man in many things. In social diplomacy the Fijian is very cautious, rarely will he fail to read the countenance of the person he addresses ; he is capable of deep reserve and impenetrable duplicity ; the more important he feels his business, the more earnestly he protests he has none at all if he thinks the time is inopportune for urging it ; if it serves his purpose he will study difficult and peculiar characters, reserving the results for future use ; if afterwards he wish to please them he will know how ; and if to annoy them, it will be done most exactly. His sense of hearing is acute, and by a stroke of his nail he judges of the ripeness of fruits or soundness of various substances.

“ Great command of temper, and power to conceal his emotions, are often displayed by the Fijian. Let some one, for instance, bring a valuable present to a Chief from whom he seeks a favour, it will be regarded with chilling indifference, although it is, of all things, what the delighted superior most wished to possess. I well recollect how an old Chief on Lakemba received from my lips an important piece of information, just arrived from Mbau. I communicated it, under the impression that no one else in his village knew of it. His manner strengthened this belief ; for, by simply naming the source of my report, I secured his ear, and, as I proceeded, his jaw fell, his eyes dilated, the muscles of his face worked strongly, and long before I finished, the old man was a very impersonation of admiring attention. The effect was complete, and I paused at the end of my story expecting the usual outburst of exclamation ; but, to my mortification, the old Chief's features relapsed into their wonted placidity, as he coolly replied, ‘ The messenger of the King had just finished telling us this news as you approached the house.’

“ The conduct of Absalom towards his brother Amnon is exactly descriptive of what often happens in Fiji : ‘ And Absalom spake unto his brother Amnon neither good nor bad ; for Absalom hated

Amnon.' I have often witnessed such outward calmness and apparent indifference, when within—

‘Slumbered a whirlwind of the heart’s emotions.’

I was personally acquainted with the chief parties in the following tragedy, which serves to illustrate the characteristic just noted. Tui Wainunu, the principal actor, was himself my informant. In the year 1851, his cousin Mbatinamu of Mbua was slain. Shortly after Mbatinamu’s death, part of a tribe from the district where he fell, visited Tui Wainunu with a present of pottery, and were entertained by him for several days. One day, when the party from Na Mbua were conversing with Tui Wainunu, their Chief, ignorant of their entertainer’s connexion with Mbua, mentioned Mbatinamu, saying that he was a fine young Chief. Tui Wainunu’s suspicions were at once excited, and he, pretending entire ignorance of the deceased Chief, made several inquiries about him. This had the desired effect. The Mbua Chief gave Mbatinamu’s history, concluding thus: ‘I struck him to the earth, and was deaf to his entreaties for life.’ After describing how the corpse lay, he added, ‘I turned it upon its back, cut out the tongue by the roots, and ate it myself! And see this cord, by which my chest key is suspended from my neck; it was braided of the ornamental tufts of hair cut from his head.’ ‘And did you eat his tongue?’ calmly asked the listener. ‘Yes,’ was the reply, ‘I killed him, and ate his tongue.’ The guest was already a dead man in Tui Wainunu’s estimation; but the execution of his vengeance was deferred until the eve of the visitor’s departure. Then, after midnight, Tui Wainunu called round him a few trusty men, and walked with them to the house where the victims slept. A blow on the wall from the Chief’s heavy club woke the inmates, who, before they could recover from their surprise, were ordered out to die, while the wrathful avenger cried, ‘And can you fly, that you will escape from me?’ The first who came out was placed in the custody of an attendant. The next fell with his skull smashed, and the next, and the next, until eleven dead or dying men lay at the feet of the executioners. Two women of the party were kept as slaves, and the man who came out first managed to escape in the confusion. All the rest, without the slightest warning, were suddenly butchered, and their bodies shared and devoured by the friends of Tui Wainunu, who ‘spake’ to his ill-fated guests ‘neither good nor bad.’”

The Fijians are also superstitious.

“The heathen sailors are very superstitious. Certain parts of the ocean, through fear of the spirits of the deep, they pass over in silence, with uncovered heads, and careful that no fragment of food or part of their dress shall fall into the water. The common tropic-bird is the shrine of one of their gods, and the shark of another; and should the one fly over their heads, or the other swim past, those who wore turbans would doff them, and all utter the word of respect. A shark lying athwart their course is an omen which fills

them with fear. A basket of bitter oranges put on a *vesi* canoe is believed to diminish its speed. On one of their canoes it is *tabu* to eat food in the hold ; on another, in the house-on-deck ; on another, on the platform over the house. Canoes have been lost because the crew, instead of exerting themselves in a storm, have quitted their posts to *soro* to their god, and throw *yaqona* and whales' teeth at the waves to propitiate them."

The Fijians have more than average conversational powers, and chattering groups while away the early night by retailing local news or olden legends. In sarcasm, mimicry, jest, and "chaff," they greatly excel, and will keep each other on the broad grin for hours together. That they possess great mechanical skill, and are clever in designing, may be seen in the carved and stained patterns of their spear-heads, clubs, bowls, fans, sun-screens, house decorations, *likus* or waist-costumes. If we contemplate the moral character of the Fijian we shall find it more degraded than can be conceived by an imagination trained and nurtured in the ideas furnished by a Christian state of civilization. Pride and covetousness exercise a joint tyranny over his mind ; he is excessively attached to his country, and to hear it spoken of as less than the largest kingdoms of the earth wounds his self-love and deeply hurts his feelings. Boasting is another of his qualifications ; but few things annoy him more than being betrayed into a manifestation of anger. The Fijian is also a great adept in acting as well as telling an untruth, and to accomplish a deed of vengeance he will practise any sort of treachery and deceit. Ingratitude and an intense and vengeful malignity are indeed amongst the most conspicuous vices of the Fijian character ; whilst all the evils of the most licentious sensuality are found amongst this people.

As may be imagined the manners and customs of the natives of these islands partake largely of the dark picture we have drawn of their moral character. Whilst in every-day matters they are exceedingly finniking. In the first place they are rigidly ceremonious, and as an instance we give an extract illustrating the manner of drinking the *yaqona*, a beverage in common use on Vanua Levu and some parts of Viti Levu, where it is taken as Europeans do coffee.

"More form attends the use of this narcotic in Somosomo than elsewhere. Early in the morning the King's herald stands in front of the royal abode, and shouts at the top of his voice, "Yaqona !" Hereupon, all within hearing respond, in a sort of scream, 'Mama !'—'Chew it !' At this signal the Chiefs, priests, and leading men gather round the well-known bowl, and talk over public affairs, or state the work assigned for the day, while their favourite draught is being prepared. When the young men have finished the chewing, each deposits his portion, in the form of a



round dry ball, in the bowl, the inside of which thus becomes studded over with a large number of these separate little masses. The man who has to make the grog, takes the bowl by the edge and tilts it towards the King, or, in his absence, to the Chief appointed to preside. A herald calls the King's attention to the slanting bowl, saying, 'Sir, with respects, the yaqona is collected.' If the King thinks it enough, he replies, in a low tone, '*Loba*,' 'Wring it;' an order which the herald communicates to the man at the bowl in a louder voice. The water is then called for, and gradually poured in, a little at first, and then more, until the bowl is full, or the master of the ceremonies says, 'Stop!' the operator, in the meantime, gathering up and compressing the chewed root. Now follows the *science* of the process, which Mariner describes so accurately, that I cannot do better than transcribe his account. The strainer is composed of a quantity of the fine fibrous *vau*, (hibiscus,) which is spread over the surface of the infusion, on which it floats, and 'the man who manages the bowl now begins his difficult operation. In the first place, he extends his left hand to the farther side of the bowl, with his fingers pointing downwards, and the palm towards himself; he sinks that hand carefully down the side of the bowl, carrying with it the edge of the *vau*; at the same time, his right hand is performing a similar operation at the side next to him, the finger pointing downwards, and the palm presenting outwards. He does this slowly, from side to side, gradually descending deeper and deeper, till his fingers meet each other at the bottom, so that nearly the whole of the fibres of the root are by these means enclosed in the *vau*, forming as it were a roll of above two feet in length, lying along the bottom from side to side, the edges of the *vau* meeting each other underneath. He now carefully rolls it over, so that the edges overlapping each other, or rather intermingling, come uppermost. He next doubles in the two ends, and rolls it carefully over again, endeavouring to reduce it to a narrower and firmer compass. He now brings it cautiously out of the fluid, taking firm hold of it by the two ends, one in each hand, (the back of the hands being upwards,) and, raising it breast high, with his arms considerably extended, he brings his right hand towards his breast moving it gradually onwards; and, whilst his left hand is coming round towards his right shoulder, his right hand partially twisting the *vau*, lays the end which it holds upon the left elbow, so that the *vau* lies thus extended upon that arm, one end being still grasped by the left hand. The right hand, being now at liberty, is brought under the left fore-arm, (which still remains in the same situation,) and carried outwardly towards the left elbow, that it may again seize in that situation the end of the *vau*. The right hand then describes a bold curve outwardly from the chest, whilst the left comes across the chest, describing a curve nearer to him, and in the opposite direction, till, at length, the left hand is extended from him, and the right approaches to the left shoulder, gradually twisting the *vau* by the turn and flexures principally of that wrist: this double motion is then retraced, but in such a way (the left wrist

now principally acting) that the *vau*, instead of being untwisted, is still more twisted, and is at length again placed on the left arm, while he takes a new and less constrained hold. Thus the hands and arms perform a variety of curves of the most graceful description: the muscles, both of the arms and chest, are seen rising as they are called into action, displaying what would be a fine and uncommon subject of study for the painter; for no combinations of animal action can develop the swell and play of the muscles with more grace or with better effect. The degree of strength which he exerts, when there is a large quantity, is very great, and the dexterity with which he accomplishes the whole never fails to excite the attention and admiration of all present. . . . . Sometimes the fibres of the *vau* are heard to crack with the increasing tension, yet the mass is seen whole and entire, becoming more thin as it becomes more twisted, while the infusion drains from it in a regularly decreasing quantity, till at length it denies a single drop.' The man now tosses the dregs behind him, or, with a new lot of *vau*, repeats the operation, until the liquid is clear and fit for use."

We can only allude to the prominent characteristics of these islanders. Their treatment of the sick and the aged strongly mark the heathenism of their customs.

"To the aged and infirm, the kindnesses of the Fijians are cruel. Bald heads and grey hairs excite contempt instead of honour; and, on this account, the aged, when they find themselves likely to become troublesome, beg of their children to strangle them. If the parents should be slow to make the proposal, they are anticipated by the children. The heathen notion is, that, as they die, such will their condition be in another world; hence their desire to escape extreme infirmity. I have never known a case of self-destruction which had personal defect or deformity for its motive; but a repugnance on the part of the sound, the healthy, and the young, to associate with the maimed, the sick, and the aged, is the main cause of the sacrifice.

"It could answer no good purpose to record many of the frequent instances of abominable cruelty towards the aged and infirm, which are precisely similar to those practised by some other heathen nations. Exposure, burying alive, and the rope, are the means generally used for despatching these unfortunates. One case, peculiarly Fijian, may be narrated. Wangka i Vuki told me that his brother was drowned at sea with Rambithi, a Somosomo Prince. 'Then,' said I, 'he went from you well, and you saw him no more.' Wangka i replied, 'Well, not exactly so; we saw him again; for, when the canoe on which he sailed went down, he swam about until one of the fleet came near him, and he got on board, resting some time, it being night. As the day broke he was discovered by his companions in trouble, and since he had fared worse than they, it was at once decided that he ought to be clubbed. Just then, some one recognised him as a skilful sailor: this turned the scale in his favour, as it was agreed that he should live, and at

once take the helm. Weak and unfit as he necessarily was for a post which wearies the most energetic, he took the great steer-oar; nor was he allowed to leave it until, after a tedious voyage, they reached Vuna. One heart there was among the crew that pitied that death-like being who grasped the helm, and, seeing that he was unable to move from the canoe, carried him ashore, and shared a piece of water-melon with him. His friends at Somosomo, on hearing of his twofold escape, rejoiced greatly, brought him home, attended him for nearly two months, and had the satisfaction of witnessing his recovery. Soon after, through eating a piece of fowl, he suffered a relapse, so that his body became swollen, and his friends said that his breath smelt bad. They had received orders to go on a voyage the next day, and, as no one could be spared to look after the invalid, and to take him on the canoe might give him pain, and inconvenience his friends, they concluded that it would be best to strangle him; which purpose, with his own consent, they carried out. His relatives kissed and wept over him; strangled, buried, and mourned for him; and the next day set out on their voyage.

“In the destruction of their decrepit parents, the Fijians sometimes plead affection, urging that it is a kindness to shorten the miserable period of second childhood. In their estimation, the use of a rope instead of the club is a mark of love so strong, that they wonder when a stronger is demanded. In many cases, however, no attempt is made to disguise the cruelty of the deed. It is a startling, but incontestable fact, that in Fiji there exists a general system of parricide, which ranks too, in all respects, as a social institution.”

And again:—

“If sick persons have no friends, they are simply left to perish. Should they be among friends, they are cared for until they become troublesome, or, through weakness, offensive; whereupon they are generally put out of the way. The people near to Vatikali decide the question of a sick person's recovery by a visit to a famous *mulamula* tree, which is the index of death. If they find a branch of the tree newly broken off, they suppose that the person on whose account they pay the visit must die. If no branch is broken, recovery is expected. When a warrior meditates a daring deed, he says, ‘I shall come near to breaking a branch of the *mulamula* to-day.’ The death of the patient being at once determined, any appeal on his part is useless. Ratu Varani spoke of one among many whom he had caused to be buried alive. She had been weakly for a long time, and the Chief, thinking her likely to remain so, had a grave dug. The curiosity of the poor girl was excited by loud exclamations, as though something extraordinary had appeared, and, on stepping out of the house, she was seized, and thrown into her grave. In vain she shrieked with horror, and cried out, ‘Do not bury me! I am quite well now!’ Two men kept her down by standing on her, while others threw the soil in upon her, until she was heard no more.”

As an illustration of the horrid practice of sacrificing human victims on the death of a husband or chief, we give the following extract:—

“Ordinarily, the first victim for the *loloku* is the man's wife, and more than one, if he has several. I have known the mother to be strangled too. In the case of a Chief who has a confidential companion, this his right-hand man, in order to prevent a disruption of their intimacy, ought to die with his superior; and a neglect of this duty would lower him in public opinion. I knew one who escaped; but the associate of Ra Mbombo, the Chief of Weilea, was, together with the head wife of the deceased, murdered, to accompany him into the regions of the dead. The bodies of these victims are called ‘grass’ for bedding the Chief's grave. When Mbithi, who was a Chief of high rank and greatly esteemed in Mathuata, died, (1840,) in addition to his own wife, five men and their wives were strangled, to form the floor of his grave. They were laid on a layer of mats, and the Chief was placed on them. Mbule-i-Navave, a Chief of limited influence, was buried on four poor women, one quite a girl. Six were to have been killed; but one was bold enough to object, and was spared; the other owed her life to missionary interposition. The usual victims on these occasions are two women, or a man and a woman. After the women are strangled, they are well oiled, their heads dressed and ornamented, new *likus* put on them, and vermilion or turmeric powder spread on their faces and bosoms. I have seen this done on some women before death. When prepared, they are placed by the side of the warlike dead, and together form one of the strangest and saddest of groups. The young Chief of Lasakau, Ngavindi, was laid out with a wife at his side, his mother at his feet, and a servant a short way off.”

The following will show that the horrible practice of cannibalism exists in all its most degrading malignity in these islands:—

“When I first knew Loti, he was living at Na Ruwai. A few years before, he killed his only wife and ate her. She accompanied him to plant taro, and when the work was done, he sent her to fetch wood, with which he made a fire, while she, at his bidding, collected leaves and grass to line the oven, and procured a bamboo to cut up what was to be cooked. When she had cheerfully obeyed his commands, the monster seized his wife, deliberately dismembered her, and cooked and ate her, calling some to help him in consuming the unnatural feast. The woman was his equal, one with whom he lived comfortably; he had no quarrel with her, or cause of complaint. Twice he might have defended his conduct to me, had he been so disposed, but he only assented to the truth of what I here record. The only motives could have been a fondness for human flesh, and a hope that he should be spoken of and pointed out as a terrific fellow.

“Those who escape from shipwreck are supposed to be saved that they may be eaten, and very rarely are they allowed to live. Recently, at Wakaya, fourteen or sixteen persons, who lost their canoe at sea, were cooked and eaten.

“So far as I can learn, this abominable food is never eaten raw, although the victim is often presented in full life and vigour. Thus young women have been placed alive beside a pile of food given by the Kandavuans to the Chiefs of Rewa. I knew also of a man being taken alive to a Chief on Vanua Levu, and given him to eat. In such cases they would be killed first.

“Cannibalism does not confine its selection to one sex, or a particular age. I have seen the grey-headed and children of both sexes devoted to the oven. I have laboured to make the murderers of females ashamed of themselves; and have heard their cowardly cruelty defended by the assertion that such victims were doubly good—because they ate well, and because of the distress it caused their husbands and friends. The heart, the thigh, and the arm above the elbow are considered the greatest dainties. The head is the least esteemed, so that the favourite wife of Tuikilakila used to say it was ‘the portion for the priests of religion.’

“Would that this horrible record could be finished here! but the *vakatotoga*, the “torture,” must be noticed. Nothing short of the most fiendish cruelty could dictate some of these forms of torment, the worst of which consists in cutting off parts and even limbs of the victim while still living, and cooking and eating them before his eyes, sometimes finishing the brutality by offering him his own cooked flesh to eat.”

We have dwelt perhaps longer than was necessary upon these harrowing details; but there is so much difficulty in convincing the heart of civilized man of the utter depths of depravity to which human nature can sink, and there are besides disciples of a certain school, who delight in preaching up the doctrine of the perfectibility of that *human nature*, that we deemed it essential to a due appreciation of the labours of the Christian missionary, and to the unspeakable power of the Gospel, to indulge in a multiplicity of anecdotes of an irrefutable character.

Having looked upon *that* picture, now let us look on *this*.

In the Friendly Islands the dreadful state of the Fiji had long been known and lamented; and in 1834 an effort was made, in accordance with the pious wishes of Tubou, the converted King of Tonga, to send missionaries to the benighted heathen of those islands. A district meeting was held in the December of that year, when it was resolved that a new mission should be established, and that though they could be ill spared from their labours in the Friendly Islands, two ministers should be appointed to carry the Word of God to the cannibal Fijians. The Rev. William Cross and the Rev. David Cargill were appointed

to this honourable post, and became the pioneers of Christianity amongst these grossly-deluded people. In 1835 these two intrepid apostles to the Gentiles, landed with their families on the shores of Lakemba. The king of Tonga had from the beginning manifested a sincere interest in the undertaking, and sent an influential person with a present to Tui Nayau, King of Lakemba, and a message urging that the missionaries should be well received. His plenipotentiary was also instructed to state what benefits he himself and his people had already derived from the presence and teaching of these godly men and their pious brethren. Messrs. Cross and Cargill on their arrival were consequently received by the king and some of his chiefs in a kind of state in one of the royal huts. Tui Nayau readily promised them land for the mission premises, and desired that their families and goods should be taken care of in temporary houses erected for their special convenience. We must refer the reader to the interesting volumes of Messrs. Williams and Calvert for an account of the labours and fatigues of the first days of their mission; we can only spare time for a rapid glance at the impression made by their presence, after they had set up the tabernacle of the Lord, preached the Word of God in the Fijian tongue, and translated portions of the Scriptures into the Fijian language.

Success came slowly; but the hand of God was with them, and the operation of his Spirit was frequently manifested in a remarkable and encouraging manner. Take for example its operation amongst the natives of the island of Ono:—

“In 1835, the same year in which the Missionaries first came to Fiji, Ono was visited with an epidemic disease which killed many of the people, and, together with the destructiveness of late wars, thinned their numbers in such a way as to excite great uneasiness and alarm. Offerings of food and property were brought in plenty to the gods of Ono, and the rites of their worship were observed with all zeal and perseverance; but no relief came. Just at this time, one of the chiefs of the island, named Wai, went to Lakemba, bearing the accustomed tribute. While there, he met with Takai, a Fijian chief, who had visited Sydney, Tahiti, and the Friendly Islands, and had become a Christian. From this man Wai first heard about the true God; though his information amounted to little more than the fact that Jehovah was the only God, and that all ought to worship him. Carrying this scanty supply of truth with them, Wai and his friends went home. But far more precious than the cargo of tribute they took away was the first glimpse of light which they brought back. The introduction of that first element of Christianity, though but dimly understood, was the beginning of a new age of healing and of gladness to those lonely isles.



“The Ono Chief and his companions felt well assured that their own gods could not deliver them from the present calamity, and therefore resolved to forsake them, and pray only to Jehovah, of whom they had lately heard. Several more approved of their purpose, and determined to join them in the new worship. The late visitors to Lakemba had also heard something concerning the Sabbath institution, and resolved to set apart every seventh day as holy, to be used only for the worship of God. Food was accordingly prepared for the Sabbath, and the best dresses were put on, and the bodies of the worshippers anointed more profusely than usual with oil. But on meeting together, they found themselves in a great difficulty about the conduct of the service. None of them had ever tried to pray; but they had always been accustomed to employ the mediation of priests in their religious observances. A heathen priest was therefore waited upon, and informed of the purpose and perplexity of the people. Whether moved by his own good temper, or by fear of the consequences of refusal, the priest consented to become chaplain; and in this strange, groping way did these Ono heathens feel after the Lord, if haply they might find Him. When all were seated, the priest offered prayer in terms after the following fashion: ‘Lord, Jehovah! here are Thy people: they worship Thee. I turn my back on Thee for the present, and am on another tack, worshipping another god. But do Thou bless these Thy people: keep them from harm, and do them good.’ Such was the first act of worship rendered to the Almighty in the far-off island of Ono. After it was over, the people returned to their usual work for the rest of the day, and, with the heathen priest still for their minister, tried to serve God as well as they knew how. But they were not satisfied, and a great longing grew up among them to have some one to teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly. A whaler, on her way to the Friendly Islands, called at Ono for provisions, and a passage was engaged on board of her for two messengers, who should lay the case of the people before the missionaries at Tonga, and beg them to send a teacher. The return from such a voyage is a long affair in those parts; and since the time when Wai came back from Lakemba, after having heard of the *lotu*, many months had passed.”

The story of the career of the pioneer-missionaries, left alone amongst the savage natures of these islanders, is truly affecting. It is not simply the dangers to which they were exposed, for they had dedicated themselves to the service of the Lord, and in His hands they knew they were safe. But it was their isolation from civilized habits and customs, and something more. “Let Christians at home,” remarks Mr. Rowe, “try to realize the state of things at the Lakemba mission station. Men of education, accustomed to the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, were there suffering privations of the most severe kind, which were harder to bear, because they fell too upon their

wives and little children. Looking at such scenes from a distance, a haze of romance hangs around them, hiding the common-place details from view. Immediate contact soon destroys the romance. But all these privations were cheerfully endured for the sake of the Gospel, and that too without a murmur; and these stout-hearted men of faith received at last the reward of their trust."

We heartily recommend these volumes, for the full and interesting details they give of the labours of Messrs. Cross, Cargill, Waterhouse and others, who laboured in these vineyards of the Lord. It may easily be imagined, from the description we have admitted into these pages of the character and habits of the Fijians, what scenes of cruelty and horror these early pioneers had to witness. We willingly turn from those chapters to give the concluding summary of the work, which tells better than we can the present state of those islands, and the future hopes and expectations of the mission.

"The change which has taken place in Fiji during the last five-and-twenty years—a change going far beneath the broad surface over which it has extended—presents to the philosophical student of history a phenomenon which cannot be explained except by recognising the presence of a supernatural force, Almighty and Divine. Let the nature of this change be well considered. Many of the most strongly-marked points which are described in these volumes, have almost or altogether disappeared from the condition and general aspect of the people. Throughout a great part of Fiji, cannibalism has become entirely extinct. Polygamy, in important districts, is fast passing away, and infanticide in the same proportion is diminishing. Arbitrary and despotic violence, on the part of rulers, is yielding to the control of justice and equity. Human life is no longer reckoned cheap, and the avenger of blood comes not now as a stealthy assassin, or backed by savage warriors, but invested with the solemn dignity of established law, founded on the word of God. Other acts, once occurring daily without protest or reproof, are now recognised and punished as crimes.

"Civilisation has made progress; not, perhaps, so much as will be expected by those who are ignorant of what had to be removed, and what to be introduced, or who have viewed these things only as softened by distance. But the progress has been real, and such as may be expected to reach, in due time, a full development. It is surely absurd to suppose, as some seem to do, that civilisation can be suddenly imposed upon a barbarous people. To try to force upon these tribes what are, after all, but the results and evidences of national improvement and culture, would be but hanging sham leaves and blossoms on a lifeless tree. The elaborate details, the decorations and adornments of the building, will be the after-care of the architect: the solid structure must first be erected; and,

before all, the foundations must be well and deeply laid, involving much hidden toil and massive masonry buried beneath the surface.

“At the same time, the civilisation of this and other island groups in the South Sea, may reasonably be expected to advance far more rapidly than has been the case with such nations as our own. Ours has been a slow and gradual growth, forcing its way through untoward circumstances, and gathering and assimilating, particle by particle, the elements of its present vigour and completeness. The Fijians, on the other hand, with certain other peoples, in starting on the course of civilisation, have all the benefit of the fostering care and experience of those who have come from the scene of the highest national culture, and from whose more favoured home, ships, equipped and laden with the fruits of civilised life, visit, again and again, these secluded and long unknown shores.

“However great the success which has followed the labours of the Missionaries in Fiji, let it not be supposed that there is now time for the churches at home to rest or to slacken their efforts. Those efforts are needed more than ever. In Fiji, there are now more than seven thousand church-members, and about two thousand on trial for membership. Besides these, there are sixty thousand stated hearers. To feed this great and growing flock *there are but eight Missionaries*; and these are overworked, while they are oppressed by the painful consciousness that there is so much that needs to be done which they cannot accomplish. Several have died in the work, whose lives, speaking after the manner of men, might have been spared, had there been more to help them. But, it will be said, there are the native agents, who furnish a most important auxiliary. It is true; but it is also true that the care and oversight of these agents constitute one of the heaviest parts of the Missionaries’ toil.

“Let it be remembered by those who have enough and to spare of religious privilege—who can command far more means of Christian enjoyment and profit than they can find time to embrace—let these, with the remedy in their hands, reflect on this: **EVERY SABBATH, MANY THOUSANDS MEET IN FIJI TO ‘HEAR WITHOUT A PREACHER.’**

“The Missionaries have not given their sacrifice of labour, of suffering, of *life*, grudgingly. Cross, Hunt, Hazlewood, Crawford, went down to their graves without a murmur; but as they sank beneath the too heavy yoke, they cast many a longing look towards the Christians across the sea, and wondered that so little help came.

“Without keeping from the outcast multitudes at home one morsel of that knowledge, for lack of which they perish; without crippling one philanthropic effort to remove the wretchedness in which so many, near at hand are lying; the whole of Fiji may soon be gained for Christ. More Missionaries *must* be sent. Every success brings a necessity for increased labour. And then, much as has been accomplished, how much more is to be done! There is in Fiji, in this year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, as horrible cannibalism as ever: the infirm are still

buried alive; widows are still strangled; infanticide is still a recognised institution; and the treacheries and cruelties of war still pollute and scourge many parts of the group.

"The wail of suffering and the savage yells of crime still mingle with the 'new song,' which has begun to rise from Fiji. Is the sound of joy to prevail? Is the reproach of Fiji to be taken away? and shall the Gospel, which has already cleansed so many of her stains, complete the work, until she shall stand before God, adorned with the beauties of holiness, and be no more an outcast from the brotherhood of the nations? A little band of noble men and women, toiling and suffering in those distant islands, say, 'It shall be so, 'for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it;' trusting in this, we have given our lives, our all. But the work is too great for us. When will help come?"

#### ART. IV.—OULITA, THE SERF.

*Oulita, the Serf.* A Tragedy. By Arthur Helps. London.

WE feel as in the centre of a labyrinth, and know not which way to turn, to extricate ourselves from the maze. Shall we speak in praise or dispraise of this little volume? If we begin to dispraise, the honoured name of the author, Arthur Helps, often the "Companion of our Solitude," is recalled to our mind, and it seems a sacrilege to vilify his work, as it would be to point out the blemishes of a friend; and then so many musical lines and happy images flow into the memory, that the wormwood of our criticism dissolves in kindness. Yet, "amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed major veritas;" and our desire again to meet Arthur Helps in his own appropriate domain, as essayist, will fortify our determination to warn him from this new and perilous track. He cannot write a drama; his thoughtful, strong, and gentle spirit, retains too tenaciously its own familiar mould. It cannot dissolve, like the cloud-sprite, to reappear under every mocking, grim or happy guise that is seen on earth. Both the capacity of his nature, and the moral habit of his will, forbid such an exquisite and utter impersonation of the various characters, whose sympathies and antipathies, aid and antagonism, make up the interest and bring about the denouement of a drama. He cannot divest himself of self, to assume and be another character. There are not the many troubled incongruous elements in his soul, from which such diverse personages could be formed, and whose inner harmony and strife, are but forthshadowed with their concomitant peace or misery, in the creations of the poet. He has not the buffoonery and jest of Falstaff, the quicksilver sportive-

ness of Mercutio, the innocent malice of Puck, the intense and dreamy speculation of Hamlet, the oriental passionateness of Romeo, the awful grief and insanity of Lear,—all at play on the stage of his own consciousness, and yearning for utterance and expansion in dramas that shall repeat their joyous or fearful experience and strange commixture. He is one, not manifold, by nature. Further, even, if his nature were of far wider scope and strung with chords of the most varying tone, the simplicity and moral unity of his will would prevent the free unbounded display of those passions in the utmost tension and sway of their power. The habitual grip that holds these struggling passions under hand in the soul, cannot be relaxed by Mr. Helps, to exhibit them in the terror of their violence before the public. We here trench on a deep and delicate question, which has been discussed, and we believe most wrongly determined, by only one philosophical writer in art—Schiller, viz., the seeming antagonism between *art* and *morals*. The former aspiring and struggling towards the infinite—the unbounded; the latter subduing and binding us down to law and limits. We only hint at the proper solution of the difficulty in words which, strange to say, we quote from him whose conclusion we reprobate.

“The representation of passion as mere passion is never the aim of art, though it is most essential to that aim. The last aim of art is the manifestation of the reason and will, and tragic art especially succeeds in this, because it exhibits a moral independence and superiority over the natural forces of passion. We attain at the true manifestation of moral freedom, only by means of the most vivid representation of the passions which are subdued. The hero of tragedy must first prove himself to be the subject of strong impulses, ere we can honour him as a man of unconquerable virtue, and believe in his commanding strength of soul.”\* No art therefore, we repeat it, is true to itself, that does not show the strength of Will subduing and chastening to itself the otherwise lawless passions of the soul, and that *strength* springs only from faith in God; so that art should only represent what is the inward struggle and victory of every good man. We do not deal now, however, with the general question, but with a particular case; and we believe that the moral thoughtfulness which pervades Mr. Helps’ mind, has too much weakened and dulled the stronger erratic passions, for him possibly to give that full, vivid, life-like presentation of them, which constitutes all the excitement of tragedy, and reveals in their dark fury the glory of the spirit which quells them.

So this work has proved: every character which springs from

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\* Schiller, “Ueber das Pathetisches,” vol. x. p. 68.

his mind is of his own proper essence,—like the suckers which sprout round the roots of a tree. They are not another species, or even another tree; they are all one, and if another character is introduced, it does not live, it has no root of its own, nor is it grafted upon its own tap-root; it is a broken twig stuck into the ground to fill up a gap, or like Jacob's wands, to deceive "the sheep."

Let us acknowledge, however, that the story is full of pathetic interest. If told by Mr. Helps as a narrative, it would have been fascinating in its truth, and nobleness, and beauty. We would it had been so. The two personages who are the hero and heroine of the tragedy are but the reverse and obverse of his own nature, and so in their representation we have the unmistakable ring of truth and reality. The Count Von Straubenheim is a man of refined, quaint, scholarly thought, and gentle but unassailable honour; which, when the alternative of Siberia or the yielding of his sacred love was presented to him, and the latter sacrifice was implored, even by her he loved, thus reproves his beloved, and makes answer—

"I shall return, perhaps—and then I claim you—  
If not, I have a loving memory always by me—  
Something to think of when I sit beside  
My hut, amidst the unheeded falling snow  
Of evenings, when my sorry work is done.  
Better so sit, so thinking, than in palaces—  
A thought of inextinguishable baseness  
Fast clinging round the soul—drink merrily  
With princes, or partake their cares—perhaps  
Their empire's guest—that thought still clinging to you."

Oulita, the singing-girl, the serf—

"The fair philosopher who, in the wood,  
Engaged his heart by gentle, subtle words  
Above the range of ordinary women,"

is the embodiment of beautiful emotions, reined in by native modesty, the sweet curvetings of which leap to the carols of her song—and of love which glowing round her adored one sees nothing but his glory, and willingly consumes even her own life, that it may shine undimmed.

The sex-like differences illustrated in these two characters, the twofold gender—the manly and womanly spirit of Truth and Love (for the refinement—*nativus lepos* of thought—belongs to both the Count and Slave), the former of which, however, is sovereign, combine, if we mistake not, in Mr. Helps's nature; and as "the twin tidal wave inarms the world," so do they inarm and harmoniously balance his character.



The story of their love and suffering is easily epitomised, and runs thus :—

The scene lies in Russia, the time is the beginning of our century, and the tale is no fiction. The Count Edgar Von Straubenheim has travelled much—thought quietly but profoundly—has a refined, strong and gentle spirit, with playful gleams of humour glancing on it; but, as is usual, in its depths there are slumbering earnestness and fire, for the lightning that winks and sports on summer nights is the same as the gory bolt of the thunder-storm. He is a friend of the Czar, who loves his counsel and his company. For this reason, he is hated by Baron Grübner, the head of the police, and consequently of the government. The Baron, who sits in his bureau like a spider in his net, with his million eyes and his wide-spun web of espionage, weaves his meshes round the Count, plans for him a marriage with Marie, daughter of the Prince of Lanskof, and then an embassy to foggy England. The Count has met Marie, and also Oulita, who is only a serf by birth, but in the native nobility of her spirit shines with a purer radiance than her titled mistress. She is the intimate of her lady, and the Count loves her almost unawares. He goes to visit the Prince of Lanskof, to prepare for his anticipated marriage. There he again meets Oulita, and the fire of his quenched passion flashes into a vivid flame. He resolves to rescue her, and make her free. For this purpose one of his servants, Stépan, an excellent mummer, plays the Jew, and offers to purchase her, in order to sing the welcome to the Czar, in the theatre at Moscow. This ruse failing, he conspires with his men to raise a conflagration in their quarter, and amid the terror and flurry of the alarm to escape with Oulita. The escape is retarded by the discovery of two servants of the prince, one of whom is slain in open fight, and the other is corded and hurried away as a captive. Then the interest of the tragedy gathers into electric nuclei, hot glistening foci of passion. The spying and plotting of Baron Grübner to discover Oulita, and wreak his infuriate anger on the Count for baulking his plans—the counter-plotting of the Count to conceal and preserve his stolen treasure—the wrath of the Prince Father—and the convulsed spirit of his haughty daughter, surcharged with opposing currents of emotion, an extinguishable love for the Count, and a burning sense of her wrong and shame. These diverse threads are fiercely spun into one cord, by the fingers of the Furies, and ere long cut by their grinding shears. Oulita is at Petersburg, in the home of her concealment; but faces, she says, “have peered in at that window, or my fancy brought them there.” The coil of Grübner’s net is thus twisting closer upon his victims. The Count comes that night, and talks over to her with a lover’s tenderness

the reminiscences of his early travels, in such strains as the following :—

“ Then he says, Sweet love,  
We came to Venice—Venice dear to every one  
Whose gracious star has led him to behold her—  
So dear, that in the memory she remains,  
Like an old love, who would indeed have been  
Our only love, but died ; and all the past  
Is full of her untried perfections, while  
Amidst the unknown recesses of our hearts  
Enthroned she sits, in tenderest mist of thought,  
Like the soft brilliancy of autumn haze  
Seen at the setting of the sun.”

Numbed, however, with weariness from his protracted anxiety, at last he falls asleep ; then Oulita forms the final and desperate resolve of delivering up herself to her old mistress, in order to deliver him from danger. She flies to Marie, impelled by the inexorable instinct of love.

“ ’Twas then I divined his danger—sought  
To save his life, myself surrendering  
To all that sternest cruelty might do :”

and softening Marie’s wrath, thus entreats her :—

“ Let’s set our woman’s wits  
To work to make the man love you. There only  
His safety lies,—and there his happiness.  
’Tis you alone are worthy of the Count.”

That night too, the Count was captured by the edict of the Czar, who was blinded and led by Baron Grübner—he is exiled to Siberia. The two women, “loving madly one man, and yet the fonder of each other,” hasten to his rescue ; Oulita presses into the presence-chamber of the Czar, in order to gain his pardon, and to wed him to Marie. On this condition, that he wed the Princess, the pardon is granted, and they follow him, chained in the cofle of exiles, on his way to Tobolsk. There the closing scene is witnessed. Oulita, thinking only of his safety and honour, pleads with him that he return and marry Marie.

“ Would have him do that which, for untold worlds,  
She would not do herself.”

When all other entreaty has proved ineffectual, she rubs her lips with the poison she had provided, and dies, gasping these words, with her last breath :—

“Dying for thee. Do not refuse the sacrifice;  
But let my spirit, soothed by thy renown  
And honour, float o’er her and thee.”

Useless sacrifice! The Count thus speaks, and the drama ends:—

“Madam (to the Princess), we both have lost our truest friend—  
Let this bond be between us—now, farewell!  
I love you for your tenderness to her;  
But this seared heart, to any other woman,  
’Twere base beyond the ample privilege  
For baseness which belongs to men, to offer.  
I go to bear an exile, not unjust—  
I go to bear it patiently.”

These incidents contain the material for a most noble drama; the variety of persons drawn and wound into one engrossing action and catastrophe; the unity and condensed, but quickening, interest of the plot; the scope and occasion for the unveiling of each character in its clearest and most disguiseless attitudes; above all, the high, struggling, and triumphant truth, which, in the thickest gloom soars nearest heaven, and

“Like a falcon flashes  
Her silver wings, as conquering Death by death,”

all tend to give a powerful dramatic interest to this sad, but true history; and so far as the hero and heroine are concerned, their soliloquies—their words—their acts—they are truthfully presented by Mr. Helps. Their characters receive the fine influence and inspiration which makes them quick and real, from his own soul; but the others are descriptions—not the life and blood beings themselves, portraits not persons. How could they be otherwise, for the author has not the wild haughty leonine temper of Marie, nor the deep Jesuitical craft of Grübner, in himself, and how could he create them in his poem? *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

He may indeed have a sympathy with such characters, he may have enough of their nature just to apprehend them, and so he may give a powerful analysis and exact description of them, as an anatomist may analyse keenly, and describe correctly, the human body, but he cannot inspire that body with his own soul, and make it live; and so it requires a far mightier impulse to fling the poet out of his common and proper habit, into another habit which he will occupy and energise with the intensest vitality. He must become Grübner and Marie for the time, and how can he become without first being such? The old philosophy is yet true, τὸ γινέσθαι ἐστὶ ἐκ τοῦ εἶναι. It must be remembered, that it is an altogether different mental act *to see*, from *to be* a

character, and that is the difference between describing and acting it. It is the difference between a reflection and a reality. The polish of the mirror is not the glorious light that falls on it, nor is sympathy equivalent to identity.

There is one test by which the true dramatist may always be discovered; in the tone, and we may say “tang” of the words that are put into the mouth of his personæ dramatis. It is not so much in the sentiment—for there are many sentiments which are common to all men, and will be naturally excited in the fluctuating course of the drama—but in the *verve* and colour of the language, that individuality is given to the character. All men will feel anger at injustice, sorrow at bereavement; but the expression of these passions reveals the difference between the men. When, therefore, in reading a drama, no difference is observed in the cast and ring of the sentences, or in the flavour of the speech of the different speakers, though the sentiments they utter are quite natural and appropriate, be sure the author is no dramatist. He may tell you how he saw people act, all in *his own* style—he is not acting in *theirs*. This deficiency is evident in Arthur Helps; accordingly, we adjure him to avoid the drama, where the bay crown is plucked from his brow, and return to instruct his generation by humbler, but not less useful, writings, such as “Friends in Council,” and “Companions of my Solitude.”

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#### ART. V.—ISTHMUS OF SUEZ SHIP CANAL.

*Report and Plan of the International Commission.* 8vo. London: Weale. 1857.

IN the remarkable pamphlet lately published by M. de Montalembert, that brilliant and sincere writer indignantly stigmatises “the awkward impudence which England has displayed in the affair of the Isthmus of Suez, whose gate she would close against all the world, although she had previously secured its key by the possession of Perim.” There is much truth in this accusation. The temper and conduct of Lord Palmerston and his government have indeed been such as to justify the suspicion that the opposition offered to the scheme for the formation of the canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, was inspired solely by a selfish regard to English interests. Emphatically such a course of proceeding was awkward; it was so unnecessarily egotistical, if such a phrase may be applied to the exclusive devotion to the interests of one nation, that it became a political blunder as serious in its effects as a political fault

would have been. And all this blundering is the more to be regretted, because the projected canal is exposed to such difficulties and dangers, that if it had been left to its own fate it would infallibly have fallen through. The political and national feelings which have been aroused have, in fact, we are firmly convinced, simply given vitality to a scheme so helplessly impracticable, that without their influence it would hardly have been listened to by sensible men.

There seems to be some strange fascination in the general idea of cutting through the necks of land, which separate the seas which are respectively the theatres of active commerce; for from the remotest antiquity projects of this description have been the day-dreams of schemers and of engineers. The Isthmus of Corinth was to the Greeks a source of efforts and of disappointments as constant as those which met the attempts of the Pharaohs or of the Ptolemies to pierce the Isthmus of Suez. In more modern times the execution of the Caledonian and of the Gotha Canals, of the Canal de Languedoc and of the Eider; together with the countless schemes for traversing the Isthmus of Darien, and later still the scheme for connecting the upper extremity of the Y with the Northern Ocean; testify to the eagerness with which the general public entertains the apparently self-evident idea of shortening the passage between certain distant parts, by forming artificial channels across the necks of land which so provokingly lie in the way of a direct communication. Yet the success of the attempts to effect the desired object have in every case been hitherto so equivocal, that it must be a matter of surprise that men possessed of common sense should still cling to the idea upon which they have been founded. Still more surprising is it that very few people take the trouble to examine, either the reasons of the failure of former projects for the establishment of interoceanic canals, or the probable results of the new schemes which, from time to time, are presented to the world. Vague declamation, and appeals to national vanity, have been far too often substituted for the calm investigations required in all such questions, which are essentially commercial ones.

The explanation of the failure of interoceanic canals, (in the cases, that is to say, wherein the physical and technical difficulties have actually been overcome,) we think is to be found in the mere fact that the economy they produce is not sufficient to cover their cost; or, in other words, that the toll which it is necessary to levy, more than counterbalances any economy which may result from the shortening, or the facilitating of the sea-passage between the respective points. It would take us too long to show the application of this very shopkeeper notion to

the various canals above mentioned, or to relate the numerous accidental circumstances bearing upon their results. But if the public would examine dispassionately the prospects of the Suez Canal, as they may be affected by the probable economical returns it may produce, it seems to us that much of the passion it has excited, whether for or against, would at once pass away. Between the British Channel and Calcutta, we find indeed that the direct sea voyage round the Cape is about fifteen thousand miles, whilst, by taking an equally direct course through the Isthmus of Suez, the distance would only be about eight thousand miles. But in sea-voyages, especially with sailing-vessels, the actual distance traversed may, and often does, materially differ from the geometrical distance between the extreme points; and in the case of the voyage to the East Indies by the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, it is tolerably certain that the geometrical distance saved will be more than counterbalanced by the difficulties attached to the prevalence of certain winds. But even if the greater facilities which the ocean offers for sailing-vessels, should not counterbalance, in time, the advantage offered by the saving of distance by the Red Sea route, there still remains the question of the toll. This is at present proposed to be about eight shillings per ton; and really it does seem to us, when the elements of the charge for freight are examined, that such a toll will be fatal to the prosperity of the undertaking commercially at least. At any rate the prevalence of certain winds for entire seasons in the Red Sea, will render compulsory the use of steam-vessels; and we are then met by the great economical question of whether the goods sent between Europe and Asia are such as to require that more rapid, and necessarily more costly, mode of transport? The tonnage of the vessels passing round the Cape of Good Hope is said actually to be about three and a quarter million tons, of which steamers form but an insignificant fraction; but, in order to make the canal pay an interest of merely five per cent. on its estimated cost, not less than one million one hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred tons must pass through it, and pay the full toll of eight shillings per ton, in the course of every year. Whatever views may be taken with respect to the importance, or the advisability of forming the Suez Canal, it really does seem to us that a calm consideration of these very simple commercial facts would dispose of the whole question. The success of the operation must be so hopeless, that it would be impossible to raise the necessary capital if the whole truth of the matter were fairly stated.

But in addition to this serious objection to the Suez Canal scheme, there appears to us to exist a serious engineering



difficulty in the way of its execution, which has escaped the notice of the various persons who have so "awkwardly," because bitterly, attacked it. This difficulty consists in the constant change which is taking place in the outline of the coast of the Mediterranean, under the combined action of the advance of the Delta of the Nile, and of the litoral current which sweeps portions of the alluvial matter that river brings down into the great depression of the coast near Pelusium. The same thing must occur at the proposed embouchure of the canal which has already occurred at Dunkerque; and not only will there be danger to the access from the Mediterranean, on account of the advance of the shore-line to the north-west of the canal, but there must also be a great danger from the silting up of the harbour itself. If the alluvions, which infallibly will find their way into the harbour, should be attempted to be removed by sluicing or scouring, they will accumulate at the entrance and form a bar; or, if they should be removed by dredging, a considerable addition must be made to the working expenses already so costly. It might be possible to obviate some of the danger from the advance of the shore-line, by constructing the piers of the harbour upon open arches, in the style adopted by the ancient Roman engineers, and revived within our days by M. Fazio; but the quantity of alluvial matter carried into the still water of the harbour must, under any circumstances, constitute a serious and, we fear, a fatal burden upon the undertaking. The International Commission unfortunately neglected to study this question, a neglect the more extraordinary from the fact of the great changes which have taken place upon the whole of this part of the Egyptian coast within a comparatively recent period. Indeed the whole of the report issued by that Commission is as deficient in philosophical method, and is as unsatisfactory for all practical purposes, as it is badly and ungrammatically written. In the whole course of our experience it has not fallen to our lot to examine a more utterly-contemptible production than this said report, signed though it be by some of the first engineers of the day; nor do the maps and plans published with it, enable any person who has not personally examined the locality, to form any opinion upon a scheme presented to the world with so much verbiage, and puffed with such indefatigable industry. There is positively nothing in either the reports or plans, which can warrant a belief in the correctness of the design adopted, or of the estimates upon which the civilized world is asked to risk no less a sum than eight millions.

If then Lord Palmerston and Mr. Stephenson had contented themselves with pointing out the almost utter impossibility that such an enterprise as the Suez Canal could pay for the outlay it

must involve, and with a quiet reference to the defects of the scheme, as it has actually been presented to the attention of the monied classes, we are convinced that the scheme itself would have been forgotten ere now. If, however, the irritated vanity of foreign nations should induce them to do what they are not often disposed to do, viz., to open their purses sufficiently to carry out this great work irrespective of cost, the inhabitants of north-western Europe can have no interest in opposing them, or in throwing difficulties in their way. It is true that Marseilles, Barcelona, and Trieste, would gain more by the shortening of the route to the East than London, Amsterdam, or Havre would do; but the three latter would still gain, and, if we mistake not, their more energetic populations are far more likely to avail themselves of the new facilities for commerce than the dwellers of the South. The "*laissez passer, laissez faire*" principle is the one which sensible men will adopt in this matter; buttoning up their pockets the while, and leaving the Pacha of Egypt, M. de Lesseps, and the noisy declaimants against *la perfide Albion*, to find the money for, and to overcome the difficulties of, the Suez Ship Canal. These parties affect great disdain for the English pecuniary support; we shall see what they will do without it.

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## Quarterly Review of German Literature.

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Few names call up more deep or varied emotions than that of *Frederic Daniel Ernest Schleiermacher*. For more than a quarter of a century he was the leading theologian of Germany; and he has left the impress of his mind on the religious thinking of the fatherland. The first to break the bonds of that cold rationalism which had hitherto held the schools of Germany, he endeavoured to inspire the youth intrusted to his care with genuine Christian sentiments, if he could not always impart to them clear theological views. To him belongs the merit of commencing that happy revolution which Neander so nobly continued, and which has resulted in putting an end to the sway of Bretschneider and Paulus, and in the revival of evangelical religion. His influence, not only over students of theology, but, by his preaching and writings, over the educated classes generally, was exceedingly great. Yet, with all our veneration for this great and good man, there was about his teaching that haze and indistinctness, which makes one fear that, despite his

earnest piety, he must have been a very unsafe guide. All the more, therefore, do we desire to know his inner history. Hitherto we have had comparatively little opportunity of gaining an insight into this. With feelings of intense interest—we had almost said of avidity—have we therefore set to the perusal of the most satisfactory of all biographies—a selection from Schleiermacher's familiar letters, which have just been given to the public.<sup>1</sup> We have laid aside the volumes with disappointment and sorrow. Our reverence for the departed prevents our entering fully on the grounds of these feelings. Only thus much shall we say: a life is sketched in these letters not in accordance with *our* Christian ideal. The editor of these volumes arranges the biography of Schleiermacher into four periods. The first of these reaches to 1794, when Schleiermacher became assistant minister in Landsberg; the second, to his appointment as Professor in Halle in 1804; the third, to his marriage in 1809; the fourth, to his death in February, 1834. Schleiermacher was born Nov. 21, 1768. His father, a military chaplain, was apparently an excellent man. Like too many in his station he had, to the end of his days, to contend with outward difficulties—being to the last unable to pay even his book-debts, or to have his great desire gratified—to undertake a journey in order to visit his son. Not less than to his father was Schleiermacher indebted to the pious and careful training of his mother, of whom he was early deprived. Her letters breathe an earnest and healthy spirit. Placed in a Moravian institution, young Schleiermacher became deeply impressed. But the religious teaching imparted to him, however well meant, must have been defective or one-sided. By-and-by his earnestness gave way to a passionate love for classical literature, to which he gave himself up in company with Albertun, afterwards the well-known bishop of the "Brethren." As in the case of so many under similar circumstances, doubts on the most fundamental doctrines of Christianity arose in his mind. He felt uncomfortable among the Brethren, and longed for a place where he might freely prosecute his inquiries. In vain his father pressed upon him considerations solemn, indeed; but, in his peculiar state of mind, only distressing, not impressive. At last the old man consented to his departure for Halle, where his maternal uncle occupied one of the chairs. Gradually, though slowly, he found a firm footing. After finishing his studies he became, first, private tutor, then public teacher, and, at last, assistant pastor at Landsberg. His reputation now rapidly spread; and he was soon called to Berlin, whence, after spending two years as preacher at Stolpe, he was transferred as professor to Halle. His life and influence, both in the chair, in the pulpit, and as an author, are too well known to require further notice. We have already described the impression made upon us by a perusal of his letters. We shall only add that we are almost at a loss how to harmonise his Christian feelings with the insufficient views

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which he entertained, and, in some respects, with principles and a practice against which we cannot but earnestly protest. We refer here especially to his ideas about divorce, and to that Platonic intercourse with female friends, which forms so large a portion of the correspondence. To the pure all things, indeed, are pure; but one feels as if, after his marriage, Schleiermacher got into a much clearer atmosphere. From that period he seems rapidly to have developed in knowledge and grace. Most touching is the description of his end. His last act, nay, almost his last words, were those in which, with his family, he commemorated the dying love of his Saviour. He died as he had lived—with the symbol in his hands, but with the reality in his heart. We dare not doubt that, from dimness and darkness, he passed to light and glory.

A greater contrast can scarcely be conceived than that between the Christian mysticism of Schleiermacher and the clear views of the Reformers, whose lives or labours are traced in the volumes which we are about to introduce to the reader. In the first of these, Pastor Becker relates the story of the Bohemian reformers,\* with a view rather to the edification of the Church than to the communication of any fresh information. His language is terse, and his style pleasant; but the work cannot lay claim to special merit. Indeed, it is not free from the errors which commonly occur in historical compilations, where the author has not had recourse to original sources. On the other hand, the edition of the religious colloquy, held at Regensburg, in 1541, with which Pastor Hergang has just favoured the theological public, is entirely designed for historical students.† The meeting between Protestant and Popish divines, to which this volume refers, promised to become of vast importance. Its object was none less than to heal the breach in the Church of Rome. But for the reactionary policy of a certain party, and for the firmness of Luther, a union between the two churches would really have been brought about. The history of this period deserves to be accurately studied. The learned editor prefaces the collection of documents, which he now publishes, by a very able, historical introduction. Altogether, we can cordially recommend this work to all interested in the history of the Reformation.

We have already, on two different occasions, called attention to Dr. Gindeley's History of Bohemia during the Reformation, as a work which, though written by a Roman Catholic, displays equal learning and impartiality. Part of this work, with the addition of some new chapters, has now been published separately, under the title of "History of the Bohemian 'Letter of Majesty.'"<sup>‡</sup> Our

\* Die beiden böhmischen Reformatoren u. Märtyrer Johann Huss u. Hieronymus von Prag nebst einem Ueberblicke d. Hussiten-Kriege. Von Carl Becker, Nördlingen: C. H. Beck, 1858.

† Das Religions-Gespräch zu Regensburg. i. I. 1541, u. d. Regensburger Buch. nach Quellen bearbeitet u. herausgeg. Von M. C. Th. Hergang. Cassel: Fischer, 1858.

‡ Geschichte d. Ertheilung d. böhmischen Majestätsbriefes von 1609. Von Dr. Anton Gindeley. Leipzig: Bellmann, 1858.

readers are aware that the document in question was the Magna Charta of Protestant liberty in Bohemia, and that it was granted by the Emperor Rodolph, in 1609 ; and that disputes connected with it became the proximate cause of the Thirty Years' War. Of the merits of Dr. Gindeley's researches, we have already spoken in language sufficiently high to recommend his productions to German readers. To make Church History as a science popularly attractive is a task not previously attempted. As a first step in that direction, we may note the appearance of a work, in three volumes, by Dr. Zimmermann, entitled, "History of the Life of the Church of Christ." Both the spirit and the execution of it are such as to hold out the prospect of attractiveness and usefulness.

In Old Testament history, the most interesting among the works published during the quarter, undoubtedly, is Professor Ewald's "History of the People of Israel during the Apostolic Age."<sup>6</sup> The learning and, we had almost called it, the genius of the Göttingen teacher are known to most theological readers in this country. There is a peculiar raciness about his style, which gains even when the author fails to convince. Unfortunately, his theological views are very unsound. Thus, according to the volume before us, the conversion of Paul was occasioned, not by any outward revelation of Christ, but by an inward vision. The solemn and arresting interview, on the way to Damascus, resolves itself into a thunderstorm, which cast Paul to the ground, while, at the same time, his mind suddenly became open to Christian conviction. The manifest violence done by this interpretation to the narrative, and the circumstance that the inward change of Paul is a miracle fully greater than any outward occurrence, are kept out of view. Let us, however, hope that the sound learning, of which this volume gives evidence, may yet be made available to the Church generally ; and that one, whose writings are so telling, may yet be enlisted in the cause of orthodox Christianity. Very different in tendency, from the rationalism of Ewald, is Professor Keil's "Manual of Biblical Antiquities."<sup>7</sup> The author is thoroughly orthodox. He generally adopts, although with some modification and enlargement, the views of his learned colleague, Dr. Kurtz.

Vol. I. of this manual—the only one which has as yet appeared—opens with an introduction on the geography and natural history of Palestine. It then describes and explains the holy places (the tabernacle and the two temples), the holy persons (priests, Levites, their ordination, prerogatives, &c.), holy actions, and holy seasons. The volume is also enriched with four plates. Professor Keil proposes soon to complete this most useful manual. The subject on

<sup>5</sup> Lebensgeschichte d. Kirche Jesu Christi. Von Dr. W. Zimmermann. 4 vols. Stuttgart : Belser, 1858.

<sup>6</sup> Geschichte d. Apostolischen Zeitalters bis zur Zerstörung Jernsalem's. Von H. Ewald. Göttingen : Dieterich, 1858.

<sup>7</sup> Handbuch d. Biblischen Archäologie. Von K. Fr. Keil. 1st Hälfte. Frankf. u. Erlang. Heyder u. Zimmer. London and Edinburgh : Williams and Norgate, 1858.

which it treats deserves and requires more full illustration than it has yet received. Dr. Herzog's "Encyclopædia for Protestant Theology,"<sup>8</sup> of which Vol. IX. has just been completed, calls, at least, for passing notice on account of very able articles on Methodism, on Missions, and on Monasticism.

In Exegetics, Part II. of Bunsen's "Bible," containing Genesis XII. to the end of Deuteronomy, has just appeared.<sup>9</sup> The most superficial perusal of it must convince impartial readers of the entire unfitness of the Chevalier for the task which he has undertaken. Inaccuracies abound—the notes have shrunk into a mere glossary; and of them it may truly be said, that what in them is new is not true, and what is true is not new. In a former article we have called attention to Professor Lange's "Homiletical Commentary on the New Testament,"<sup>10</sup> and explained its object and structure. The high opinion which we then expressed of it, is fully confirmed by the part which has lately been published, and which opens up the Gospel according to Mark. Few books can be more useful to a preacher, or to the devout Bible-student, or appear more deserving of being translated into English, than this able and practical commentary. We are glad to announce that a desideratum, long felt by students of the Old Testament, has at last been supplied. Mr. Neumann's "Commentary on Jeremiah,"<sup>11</sup> which has just been completed, will, we cannot doubt, rank among the lasting contributions which Germany has made to theological science. In a rare degree, it presents a combination of critical ingenuity, sound lore, and Christian earnestness. We wish that praise as unqualified could be awarded to Professor Hupfeld's work on the "Psalms,"<sup>12</sup> of which a second volume has just been published, bringing down the interpretation to Psalm LI. The reputation of the writer, as an oriental scholar, renders remarks as to the critical value of his work needless. But, except with the view of deriving philological information, we cannot advise its perusal. A writer who does not find an allusion to Christ, even in Psalms xxii. and xlv., must be singularly devoid of Christian apprehension. On the whole, and notwithstanding the labours of Hengstenberg and Hupfeld, a good and, in every respect, satisfactory commentary on the Psalms remains yet to be written.

The only herald of the coming year (1859), which has reached us,

<sup>8</sup> Real-Encyclopädie für protestant-Theologie u. Kirche, Herausgege. von Dr. Herzog. Stuttg. u. Hamb.: R. Besser, 1858.

<sup>9</sup> Vollständiges Bibelwerk für d. Gemeinde. Von Chr. C. Jos. Bunsen, 2ter. Halbband. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1858.

<sup>10</sup> Theologisch-homiletisches Bibelwerk in Verbindung mit namhaften evang. Theologen herausgeg. von J. P. Lange. 2ter. Theil. Bielefeld, Velhagen u. Klasing, 1858.

<sup>11</sup> Jeremias von Anathoth. Die Weissagungen u. Klagelieder d. Propheten nach d. Masoreth. Texte ausgelegt von W. Neumann. Leipzig: Dörffling u. Franke, 1858.

<sup>12</sup> Die Psalmen. Uebersetzt u. ausgelegt von Dr. H. Hupfeld. 2ter Band. Gotha: F. A. Perthes, 1858.



is the "Educational Annual" of Mr. Diesterweg,<sup>13</sup> which, with singular pertinacity, continues its bitter hostility to Evangelical Christianity. Except, as the exponent of these views, it has absolutely no meaning or purpose; its purely pedagogical hints are entirely worthless. The prospects of education in Germany must be sufficiently discouraging if such men as Diesterweg and Dussler are allowed to instil their rationalistic, or indeed their infidel, platitudes into the minds of young men. The articles of which this number is composed are singularly weak, and consist almost exclusively of silly attacks on orthodox doctrine. While referring to the future of Germany, we may as well mention the appearance of two works, which we regard as the manifesto of opposite political parties. Rotteck and Welcker's "State Lexicon"<sup>14</sup> represents the views of what we might term Advanced Liberals. It is painful, though instructive, to notice with what feelings that party looks back upon the past, and "bides its time." From the bitterness which fills the hearts of so many who have been grievously disappointed and shamefully deceived by those continental governments, which so soon forgot their solemn promises, we augur that the next rising will be a much more fearful event than is anticipated by the petty despots of Europe. We wish we could bring ourselves to believe that we are mistaken; but to us it seems that the political horizon of Germany is rapidly covering with dark and threatening clouds. Even in the volume under review, which consists of articles on all subjects interesting to politicians, contributed by some of the ablest men of Germany, there are indications of the deep dissatisfaction, and the stern waiting for retribution, to which we have referred. Irrespective of this tendency, we can recommend the work to all interested in such questions. In the volume before us (Vol. II.), we have especially been struck with the research and sagacity displayed on such subjects as "population," "prisons," "banking," &c. But all the remarks on subjects connected with theology are, we grieve to say, conceived in a spirit of the coldest rationalism. Diametrically opposed to the views of the "State Lexicon" are those embodied in Professor Vilmar's "Contributions to the History of Modern Culture in Germany."<sup>15</sup> Vilmar is well known as an accomplished author and a devout Christian; but, like so many earnest men in Germany, liberalism is his bugbear. In his mind, democracy and atheism are convertible terms. With the most intense detestation he traces every appearance of popular movements, and with pen and word protests against any modification of the "paternal government," so much

<sup>13</sup> Pädagogisches Jahrbuch für 1859. Von Ad. Diesterweg. Leipzig: W. Barnsch, 1859.

<sup>14</sup> Das Staats-Lexicon. Encyklopädie d. sämtlichen Staatswissenschaften für alle Stände. Herausg. Von K. v. Rotteck u. R. Welcker. 3te Aufl. 2ter Band. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1858.

<sup>15</sup> Zur neuesten Culturgeschichte Deutschlands, Zerstreute Blätter wiederum gesammelt von A. F. C. Vilmar. 1ster Theil. Frankf. u. Erl. Heyder u. Zimmer. 1858.

in repute with the Court party in the fatherland. To divert, if not to arrest, the powerful stream of popular opinion, he had the boldness of publishing, even amidst the excitement of 1848, a newspaper, which was continued till 1853, when, we suppose, it was fondly hoped the retrograde movement had been completed, and further aid from his pen become unnecessary. The volume before us consists of a selection from the articles which the professor furnished to that journal. They are exceedingly well written; but however we sympathise both with his Christian aspirations, and with many of his strictures, we must dissent from his conclusions. Here is a specimen. The events of 1848 give rise to the following query:—"Have we then learned that democracy, and all that is connected with it, is nothing else than folly, disgrace, dissipation, robbery, theft, and murder?" If liberalism is treated in this manner, and assailed with such calumnies by the Church-party in Germany, we can scarcely wonder at the hatred with which they retaliate upon their antagonists. Insane statements like those of Professor Vilmar, only remind one of the charges which strict Lutherans used to bring against Calvinism, as being disguised infidelity, Mohamedanism, rebellion, and, indeed, every conceivable evil. Exaggerations like these can only do harm. It requires but a very limited range of vision to perceive that the rule of absolutism in Germany is doomed; and, surely, it were wisdom, not to say duty, in Christians if they cannot conscientiously join the party which seeks reform, not destruction—at least, not to act as obstructives, nor to expose the holy cause, which they wish to serve, by allying it with an effete, and, in many cases, iniquitous system of government.

There is yet another work to be noticed; one which will call forth more than common interest, at least on the part of those who have that sunny spot in their memory—one or more summers spent at a German University. Most of our readers have heard of the festival which this autumn took place at Jena, in commemoration of the third century of its University. From all parts of the fatherland, and from many foreign countries, former alumni hastened to their *Alma Mater*, many prepared with festival-gift or song. Among others, Drs. Kiel have brought as their contribution to the feast, a very well-written history of student life on the banks of the Saale, during the three centuries which have elapsed since the foundation of the University.<sup>16</sup> With considerable diligence and accuracy, the authors address themselves to the general question of the constitution of these seats of learning. We are informed how gradually the arrangement according to nations gave place to that according to faculties, chiefly by the manœuvres of the monks, who thereby got a standing in the universities. The oldest German high school was that of Prague, founded in 1348. Next in age and celebrity is that of Vienna, founded in 1365. Originally the colleges in the various

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<sup>16</sup> Geschichte des Jenaischen Studentenlebens, von d. Gründung d. Universität bis zur Gegenwart. Von Dr. Richard Keil u. Dr. Richard Keil. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1858.

universities, were designed to afford accommodation and supervision, in certain cases also provision, for poor students. Unlike the practice in the English and French universities, the inmates of the German colleges received not instruction in these institutions. Besides these colleges, there were private institutions, in which the "rector" superintended the studies of the young men committed to his charge. Such youths were called Bursars, a word from which the renowned epithet "Bursch" is derived.

Jena was founded by the elder branch of the electoral house of Saxony, after they had been deprived of Wittenberg, and of other parts of their dominions, in consequence of the Smalcalde war. We are sorry to say, that, even during the first years of its existence as a university, both the manners and the morals of the students were far from praiseworthy. This state of matters continued to deteriorate during the troubles connected with the Thirty Years' War. The fagging system seems to have been introduced at an early period, and the "Shoristes" (older students—at present known by the title of "mossy heads,") ruled it with fearful rigour over the "Pennales," (or young students—at present called "Foxes"). The latter, who rejoiced in the varied applications of Quasi Modo Geniti, Calves, Innocents, Bacchantes or Beans, &c., used to be received by the authorities, in a manner little calculated to prepare them for serious study. Among the ceremonies with which the novice was admitted, we may mention the putting on of a hat with horns, the blacking and shaving of his face, the putting a large tooth into his mouth, &c., symbolic actions, accompanied by numerous cuffs and silly questions, designed to bring vividly before the applicant for university distinction, his verdancy, and to impress the "freshman" with a sense of the privileges to which he was so soon to be introduced. It is well known that to this day, the students in German universities enjoy considerable immunities, among which we may specify a jurisdiction of their own, and peculiar privileges not accorded to "Philistines." The latter term, by-the-by, originated in Jena. A student having been killed in a duel by a civilian, the preacher who delivered the funeral oration, chose the following curious text. "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson." Since that time, the name "Philistine" has currently passed to designate enemies of students, and indeed prosaic or stupid individuals generally.

German student life has been much misunderstood and misrepresented in this country. He who would know its good and its evil aspects, its joys and its dangers, its uses and abuses, may consult for himself the faithful, historical, and descriptive sketch of "Life in Jena," furnished by Drs. Kleist. Whatever "Philistines" may say to the contrary, the present reviewer will continue to look back with peculiar delight, to the time spent at one of these seats of learning. It formed a period in his history, which stands out as unique in his life. They were happy, and certainly not unprofitable years.

## Brief Notices.

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**SORROWS, ASPIRATIONS, AND LEGENDS, from India.** By Mary E. Leslie, Calcutta. London: Snow.

WE took occasion some time ago to notice, with commendation, Miss Leslie's former volume of poems. The book before us is smaller in size, but likely, from its subject, to command more general attention. The sonnets, which compose the first half of the volume, suggested by and commemorative of the recent terrible events in India, will, we think, be the favourites of the reader, carrying with them, as they must do, his deep and ready sympathies. The "Legends" are, however, beautifully written, in sweet and appropriate measures. We subjoin one of the sonnets as a fair, but by no means the best, specimen of Miss Leslie's poetry.

### "THE MARTYR OF ALLAHABAD.

"O not in vain, fair, gentle boy, didst thou  
Cross the blue sea to perish by fierce foes,—  
Thy cheek still flushed with England's crimson rose,  
O not in vain! We who oft darkly bow  
To God's mysterious dealings, yet see now •  
This cloud its dark and shadowy depths disclose,  
Revealing light within which burns and glows,  
Touching with pencils each sad watching brow.  
Young martyr, in the strengthened faith of one,  
The gladdened hope of thousands, we behold  
A great work joyously and fully done,  
Ere thy blest head was laid beneath the mould,  
And the 'white robe' of martyrdom was won,  
And all that heaven contains of joy untold!"—p. 20.

**POWER IN WEAKNESS; Memorials of the Rev. WILLIAM RHODES of Damerham.**  
By Charles Stanford, of Camberwell. London: Jackson & Walford. 1858.

THERE is to our mind deep truth, poetry, and interest in every life, but especially in that of a genuine Christian. If biographies were only written in a right spirit, presenting to us a picture of reality, and not a one-sided or ideal representation, we could wish to see them almost indefinitely multiplied. How much of hidden power in apparent weakness would they not disclose to us! Of this we have again and again been reminded in perusing these "Memorials" of Mr. Rhodes; one of the most loveable and excellent persons—a character unfortunately rare in these days of steam and pretension. How, when he became convinced of the truth, he gave his whole soul to the cause of Christ; how he devoted his entire energy to its advancement, and amid many trials and discouragements laboured earnestly and not unsuccessfully, the reader may learn from these pages. Two things have specially struck us in the history of Mr. Rhodes: the difficulties which from the first he had to

encounter, and the manner in which, by "perseverance in well-doing," he overcame them. Poverty, disease, want of popular gifts (as they are called—too often the "*sounding brass*"), ultra-orthodox, noisy, vulgar village deacons meet us on the one hand, but on the other such a depth of love, faith, and earnestness as made way in spite of all these obstacles. Though bodily infirmity kept him to the last the humble pastor of the humblest village church, he was endowed with no mean mental qualifications. The late Dr. Thomas Brown of Edinburgh not only honoured him with his friendship, but respected his principles, and cherished high hopes that Mr. Rhodes would accomplish in theology what himself aimed to achieve in philosophy. It was otherwise ordered; and he who might have fascinated thousands was only allowed to train a few poor disciples for glory, and by his private influence to encourage, cheer, and direct those friends with whom he was brought into contact. The depth and the clearness of his thinking appear from the extracts from his letters, &c., furnished by the editor. These free and full communings of mind with mind not only open up the inner history of the man, but occasionally afford a glimpse of, or give a characteristic anecdote or a critical remark about, such men as Professor Thomas Brown, Dr. Chalmers, Robert Hall, and others. We cannot close this brief notice without paying our tribute to the loving and excellent woman whom the good Lord had given to his servant as companion in life. Mr. Stanford has done his part as biographer wisely and well; and we feel under deep obligations to him for having set before us the example of one who believed, and wrought, and hoped against hope.

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**SUFFERING WITH CHRIST THE TRUE SPIRIT OF A REVIVAL.** In Letters to the Rev. J. A. JAMES. By the Rev. W. Patton, D.D., of New York. Religious Tract Society: London. 1858.

THIS is a very interesting and vigorous little book. We question whether the learned doctor is quite accurate in the exegesis of the text on which the first half of the book is founded; but he has asserted great principles in a very energetic and hearty manner, and we cordially wish these letters a large circulation. Some interesting statistics in reference to the recent movement in America are afforded.

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**THE EVANGELICAL PREACHER; or, Studies for the Pulpit.** Vol. III. J. F. Shaw: London. 1858.

THERE is great difficulty we imagine in securing for a publication of this character thoroughly good material. Effective preachers are not very much inclined to increase their labours by writing out their sermons for the press. This will partly account perhaps for the great unevenness in the sermons and outlines contained in this volume: the editor's discrimination has probably often suggested the rejection of MSS. which he was obliged, for want of better, to insert; but a little more sternness and rigour might greatly improve the character of his periodical.

**CHRIST AND OTHER MASTERS.** Part III. Religion of China, America, and Oceanica. By Charles Hardwick, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1858.

THE third part of Mr. Hardwick's valuable work is worthy of its predecessors. The materials, indeed, at present under the command of European scholars for forming completely satisfactory conceptions of the religion of China are scarcely adequate, but Mr. Hardwick has used what we possess in a most effective manner. Apart from the apologetic value of this admirable book, it will be of great use to intelligent Christian people, who wish to have something like a clear and definite understanding of the philosophical and religious belief of the nations which we are trying to evangelise.

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**THE COMMENTARY WHOLLY BIBLICAL:** an Exposition of the Old and New Testaments in the very words of Scripture. Part XXIV., completing the work in 3 vols. 4to. Bagster & Sons: London. 1858.

**THE LARGE PRINT CRITICAL GREEK TESTAMENT;** or, the New Testament, with selected various Readings from Griesbach, Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf, and references to parallel passages. Bagster & Sons. London.

WE have already expressed our opinion on the "Commentary wholly Biblical," and we congratulate the publishers and the public on its completion. We would not say a word in disparagement of the labours of Brown, Scott, Adam Clarke, and others, who have given copious and judicious selections of parallel passages to illustrate the Sacred Scriptures by their own contents; but we very much doubt whether their labours have been rendered available to any great extent, by the actual use of their textual references. But in the work before us, the passages are given at length, so that the biblical student has before him, at a single glance, the various illustrative passages: this is an immense advantage, which no edition of the sacred volume that we have seen possesses to an equal degree.

The "Large Print Greek Testament" is a beautiful volume. We cannot pronounce it to be an immaculate edition, a rival of the celebrated edition of Horace by Foulis; but we have made frequent use of it, and have detected only three errata, which we presume may be easily corrected; they are to be found in 1 John v. 17; Phil. i. 8; and 1 Cor. x. 2.

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**LYRICS.** By J. S.; a Coal-miner. Durham: 1858.

As the robin is to the nightingale, so is our poetical miner to more pretentious singers. The song is more homely, but not less sweet and true. Burns's first attempts were scarcely so successful; and we think Durham may boast of possessing a genuine, though a humble bard. We know nothing more noble than a cultivation of literary tastes under unfavourable circumstances; and if our good word can cheer our nameless poet, he has it with all our heart. We congratulate him on his faculty, and on the occupation he has found for it.

"Song soothes our pains and [toil] has pains to soothe."



DR. WISEMAN'S POPISH LITERARY BLUNDERS EXPOSED. By C. Hastings Collette. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. 1858.

THE motto of this brochure, from the pages of the immortal pilgrim, is suggestive, if not complimentary. "The gentleman's name was *Mr. Worldly Wiseman*. He dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy." The pamphlet consists of twelve letters, addressed to the Romish Cardinal, which contain a withering exposure of "various misquotations and misrepresentations of authors and facts, which plentifully pervade" that clever writer's books. It amounts to a very serious charge against the competency or honesty of the Cardinal's literary policy. Volumes of dissertation could not do their work more effectually than these indisputable facts and pregnant instances.

Mr. Collette is evidently a learned as well as an earnest and right-hearted man.

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER. By Holme Lee. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

WE have pleasant recollections of previous fictions by Holme Lee, and the present tale exhibits an increase of power and sustained interest, through a longer flight than before. The tale is a provincial one, of bonnie Yorkshire, and therein lies its strength. The first volume, which is thick sown with the homely dialect of the Ridings, is more attractive to us, therefore, than the following volumes which carry the interest elsewhere. Our writers of fiction would find unbounded elements of interest in provincial regions, which are denied them in the more polished circles in which they bid their heroes move; as witness the *Traditions of Lancashire*, by Roby, and the *Margaret Maitland* series of novels. There is something in the dialect of country regions, which wonderfully adapts it to be the vehicle of the unvarnished annals of the poor; and of the tragedy and comedy, which together fill the round of provincial, as well as of city life. No man that has read *Sam Pogson's Game Cock*, although written in extravagant Doric, will ever forget the raciness which the rustic lingo imparts to rural scenery and incidents. Miss Lee is evidently at home in Yorkshire, and there, for her growing reputation's sake, we would have her stay. Jacky, the rough honest female servant, is a gem. The book is very agreeable and unexceptionable reading.

OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K.H. F.R.S.L. and E. &c. Fifth edition. London: Longman and Co. 1858.

IN no science, unless it may be chemistry, is English literature so rich as in elementary works on the science of astronomy. In addition to the many admirable books written by English authors, we have others published by American astronomers, and the best essays on the subject in other languages have been translated. But from all these we select, without hesitation, or a moment's doubt, Sir

John Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy," as the most useful and complete. The ample view he has taken of the whole science, the fulness with which he has investigated its principles, the simplicity with which he has explained the most erudite facts, and the lucid elegant style in which the whole is written, are undeniable claims, individually and collectively, to high distinction. This is, we believe, the judgment passed by all competent men sufficiently acquainted with the scientific literature of the day; but we doubt whether the book has been yet introduced to all the readers to whom it is addressed. It is supposed to be specially adapted for collegians and men who have many scientific attainments. But these are not the only classes capable of understanding it. We should have no hesitation in reading it with any youth of ordinary intelligence and education, and there are probably but few pages he would fail to understand without the assistance of the teacher. If the desire for knowledge were sufficiently strong to give persistence to the mental effort, a very moderate education would be a sufficient qualification for the profitable study of Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy;" and if we did not in the supposition assume the possession of a mind of unusual power—so rare, in this novel-reading and money-getting age, is a serious attempt to obtain superior information,—we should say, that any man competent to the performance of an every-day work, requiring contrivance, reflection and concentration of mind, could read, understand, and enjoy this book. Unless we have quite mistaken its character and claims, and erred altogether in our judgment, the time will come when it will be more extensively employed, and in new channels, for educational purposes. Something will be gained by science, and something by society, especially among the middle classes, when our anticipations are realized. If instead of, or in addition to, that smattering of science obtained by a hasty reading of some one or more of the condensed elementary treatises on astronomy, which are so numerous on our shelves, and we may add, so useful, a youth who has completed his scholastic education, and is entering on the duties of life, should determine to possess a more perfect knowledge, what can he do but spend his leisure hours for a few weeks over Herschel's pages? Should he persist in this study, we wonder what will be the effect upon his judgment, thought, and mental character: what influence the acquisition of so much correct scientific knowledge, and the possession of so large a view of nature, to say nothing of the power and grasp of mind communicated by the study, would have upon his method of thought, and his future standing in society.

The work upon which we have ventured to make these remarks, is, as many of our readers must know, an extension of a short treatise published in the year 1833, in the Cabinet Cyclopædia. We have now before us the fifth edition. In what respect it differs from, and is an improvement of, those issues which have preceded it, the author has stated in the preface.

"The rapid progress of science, renders it necessary frequently to revise and bring up elementary works to the existing state of

knowledge, under penalty of their becoming obsolete. In former editions of this work, this has been done, so far as it could be done without incurring the necessity of an almost total typographical reconstruction. But astronomy, within the last few years, has been enriched by so many and such considerable additions, that it has been considered preferable (another edition being called for), not indeed, to recast the general plan of the work, but to incorporate these in it, in due order and sequence, thereby materially enlarging the volume, and giving it in many respects the air of a new work. Together with these recent accessions to our knowledge, I have taken the opportunity of introducing several things which might justly have been noted as deficient in the former editions—as, for instance, the account of the methods by which the mass of the earth has been determined, and that of the successful treatment, and it is presumed final subjugation, of those rebellious ancient solar eclipses which have so much harassed astronomers. A brief account of M. Foucault's remarkable pendulum experiments, and of that beautiful instrument, the gyroscope, is introduced; as are also notices of Professor Thompson's speculations on the origin of the sun's heat, and his estimate of its average expenditure, as well as of some curious views of M. Jean Reynard, on the peculiar variation of our climates, supplementary to those put forward in former editions of this work. \* \* Some new speculations are also hazarded; as, for instance, on the subject of the moon's habitability, the cause of the acceleration of Encke's comet, &c., and a few numerical errors are corrected, which have hitherto escaped notice and public comment as blemishes."

As the work before us is well known to all reading men, we need not add to the remarks already made in the expression of our opinion of its value, and our desire that it should be studied more generally by the intelligent youth of the middle classes. If any further inducement were required to draw the attention of teachers to the book we so highly recommend, it would be proper to urge the consideration, that the literary taste will be cultivated, and the habitual tone of thinking strengthened, while the reader is acquiring scientific facts, and an extensive view of nature from the pages of such an author. Nothing more then remains for us to do in the exercise of our office, at present, than to state that the additions referred to in the passage we have quoted from the preface, make the reader acquainted with the more recent discoveries and speculations of astronomers, and point out the direction in which they are now looking for the solution of unresolved problems.

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**THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS; a Tale of Real Life.** By Rachel McCrindell. (*Ross and Read Library.*) London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton and Co.

"A TALE of *real* life," and written by a lady—two circumstances which should disarm the most virulent critic! Whatever has been felt and experienced may prove useful. Accordingly, there is much in this story which may be commended to serious attention. As a

work of art it is, indeed, open to several objections. There is a want of unity about it, a tendency to frequent digressions and lengthy descriptions, which a practised and popular writer should avoid. Besides, the common error of moralising too much, of lecturing the reader instead of impressing him by *facts*, and thereby, as it were, obliging him to draw for himself the desired inferences, has been committed. One of the leading characters, Ashton, surely cannot be drawn from "real life." At any rate, his appearance in Spain, and transformation from a blackguard English attorney into a Spanish contrabandista, appears to us not very natural. Thus much in the way of objection. On the other hand, the book contains many admirable passages—the author not unfrequently draws excellent pictures—and the tone of the story is throughout of the most healthy kind. The description of the trials of a governess "in search of work" is, we grieve to think, but too accurately given. Altogether, we have spent a very pleasant hour over this book—not forgetting the minutes devoted to the admiration of the pretty face which graces the title-page—and we gladly advise our novel-loving readers to procure it for themselves. Miss McCrindell gives promise of becoming an attractive and popular writer.

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**THE CHANCELLOR'S CHAPLAIN; or, Self-Sacrifice.** By the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A. (*Run and Read Library.*) London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton and Co.

THE book relates the trials of a poor and unbefriended curate who, after twenty-two years' service, resigns preferment in favour of a still more unfortunate brother, who, besides having a sick wife, son, and daughter, is visited with the more grievous trial of a patroness, whose religiosity is above his height. Despite numerous and needless digressions, the book is interesting. Its tone is sound and earnest, and its moral good. One is almost thankful to know that, "not a few of the incidents have been borrowed from actual life." In these days of materialism, "self-sacrifice" is not a common grace. That Miss Wrattislaw, the orthodox fault-finder, the odious Pharisee, and unrelenting persecutor in the name of religion, is drawn from life, we have had but too much reason to learn, even within our own limited experience.

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**EMMA DE LISSAU; a Narrative of Striking Vicissitudes and Peculiar Trials.** By the Author of "Sophia de Lissau." (*Run and Read Library.*) London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton and Co.

WE have almost grown suspicious of "narratives of striking vicissitudes," especially if the subject of them be a convert from another faith. In this case, however, the authoress relates, we presume, her own story, and may therefore claim full credit. The heroine is a Jewish convert; and the book describes the trials and vicissitudes attendant on her change of religion. The characters are well drawn, the incidents really stirring, the style is pictorial, and the

statements concerning Jewish society, manners, and modes of acting are, on the whole, accurate. Altogether, it is one of the best stories of the kind with which we are acquainted, and may safely be put in the hands of those who wish to know the difficulties of those who have to "forsake their country and kindred." The authoress is, we have reason to know, one whose character and attainments claim for her the respect of all interested in God's ancient people.

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**THE DESERT OF SINAI.** Notes of a Spring-Journey from Cairo to Beersheba. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. Second Edition. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1858.

**THE LAND OF PROMISE.** Notes of a Spring-Journey from Beersheba to Sidon. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. Second Edition. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1858.

THESE two volumes constitute, in reality, the work in which Dr. Bonar traces his journey through the desert and Palestine. A singular interest attaches to them—so great that, had our limits allowed, we should gladly have dedicated a special article to them. Rarely have we met such a combination of varied and extensive reading, and calm judgment, with poetry and deep Christian feeling. The volumes may serve as a model of the style in which works of this kind ought to be written. Dr. Bonar had not intended to make original investigations, and, accordingly, we often find only *hints* where, from the learning and judgment of the writer, we could have wished to have got extended information. On several points, however, the author, in unequivocal language, expresses his dissent from the results of former explorers. Thus, in opposition to Stanley, Robinson, and most modern travellers, he regards "Jebel Musa" as the mount on which the Law was delivered. Although we cannot agree in this conclusion, we have been struck with the ability with which he disposes of the arguments adduced by his opponents. Dr. Bonar has also given us a record of what he saw in the border-land between Sinai and Beersheba, a district which he has been the first really to explore. Everywhere the country is strewn with the remains of former cities. The land of the *Patriarchs*, hitherto in good measure a *terra incognita*, is vividly and accurately described; and we almost feel as if we saw the undulating plains on which the flocks of Abraham and Isaac were browsing. In regard to the topography of Jerusalem—that *questio vexata* of modern explorers—Dr. Bonar also differs from Professor Robinson. His arguments deserve serious examination. In general, his conclusions, or suggestions, are urged in language so calm, and supported with such fairness, that the reader must feel constrained carefully to weigh them. Dr. Bonar is well known as one of the ablest and deservedly most popular religious writers of the day. There is a directness, a manliness, a fervour, and depth about him, which distinguish his works from the mass of those which are destined to live only for "a season or two." Few have been more successful than he in presenting heavenly truth in a form acceptable

and accessible. These volumes fully bear out the reputation of the author; only that, if it were necessary to prove it, they show that he combines extensive learning with popular gifts. The "Notes of a Spring-Journey" will be equally prized by the scholar and the humble Christian, by the traveller and the ordinary bible-student.

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LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN DOGMAS. By Dr. Augustus Neander. Edited by Dr. J. L. Jacobi. Translated from the German by J. E. Ryland, M.A. Two Vols. London: H. G. Bohn. 1858.

MANY of our readers will regret that reasons, which it is unnecessary to detail, prevent us from analysing these volumes so fully as their merits deserve, and from awarding to their present appearance that homage which every one, who peruses them, will admit might justly be theirs. The study of the history of dogmas, as a separate branch of ecclesiastical history, is of comparatively modern origin. It furnishes, so to speak, the inner history of the Church, and enables us to survey her development and growth. On these grounds it forms one of the most important and interesting branches of theological science. The reader of Neander must be aware what special aptitude the "last of the Church Fathers" possessed for this particular study. The speculative cast of his mind, the facility with which he generalised and traced to their sources individual facts and appearances, nay, the manifest fondness with which, even in his history, he enters on an analysis, all point out this department as the favourite field of the father of modern Church History. And those who, like the present reviewer, have had the privilege of hearing these lectures delivered, know what interest Neander used to throw into them, and with what riveted attention the students were wont to listen to them. Comparing these volumes with the "Dogma-Geschichte" of Möhler, of Hagenbach, or of Gieseler, their superiority over these works will at once be evident. Möhler writes as a partisan of Rome; Hagenbach almost repels by the dryness of his details; while Gieseler is cold, short, and not always quite trustworthy in his generalisation. None of these exceptions apply to Neander. The reader feels that he has at last got a satisfactory and sufficient text-book, in which accuracy, philosophic survey, learning, and deep Christian sympathies, are combined in a unique manner. The circumstance that it was published from "notes," after the death of Neander, is—strange as it may appear—in some respects an advantage. Professor Jacobi, the careful and learned editor, has remedied, or supplied, any defects incidental to a posthumous work; while these "notes of lectures," now elaborated into a continuous narrative, bring us into more close contact with the mind of Neander—bring him more vividly back to our memory—than the works on which he was allowed to lay a finishing hand. Of the translation of these volumes we require not, even if in these pages we were allowed, to speak with special praise. But we, who have had occasion to compare the original with the version, may be allowed to pay tribute to the singular faithfulness



with which the task has been accomplished, and to the beauty and terseness of the style and language. In the name of British readers, we have to express an earnest hope that the executors of Professor Neander will soon favour us with others of his posthumous works—and that they may appear among us in a form as becoming and attractive as the “History of Christian Dogmas.”—A. E.

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AN HOUR AGO; or, Time in Dreamland. A Mystery. By J. F. Corkran. London: Longmans. 1858.

IN poetical phantasmagoria, or tuneful dissolving views, Mr. Corkran presents us, in succession, with scenes and dialogues, which exhibit Savonarola and Machiavelli; Faust and Guttemberg; Martin Behring the navigator and the King of Portugal; Erasmus and an Abbot; Luther, his Catherine, and Melancthon; Calvin and Castalio; Father Seraphine and Montague; Juan Dousa and the defenders of Leyden—speaking and acting in character. The sentiments breathed throughout the volume are enlightened and philanthropic, and the mood of the author is decidedly poetical. We augur a future for Mr. Corkran in the realms of Parnassus, if this is a production of his academic years—as we are inclined to surmise it is from its dedication to his classical tutor. How fairly he writes and thinks will be seen from a brief extract:—

“ ‘The rights of woman!’ Woman hath great rights,  
And well she uses them. Hers is the right  
To form the infant mind! her’s to create  
Love in the infant heart; to sow the seeds  
Of knowledge and of virtue; and to strike  
Deep through th’ unsteady soil the piles on which  
God’s temple, character, must firm be built.  
Is this so small a trust?

“ She would be priest!  
Whose prayer goes sweeter up to Heaven than hers?  
Whose word like her’s for soothing?

“ Would doctor be?  
Where doth her healing end? Married or maid,  
Her self-devotion and her tenderness  
Wander throughout the battle-fields of life  
Like angels in the flesh.

“ Hath she no wrongs?  
Hath Heaven no wrongs? What do we not profane?  
Save her at least from equal rights of sin—  
Man would not better be, by woman worse.  
Away with systems! there is but one cure  
For all our sins and woes—the cure of Christ—  
The love with all the heart.”

There are some two hundred pages of such unexceptionable verse as this, in the volume before us, and considerable fancy shown here and there. It will find its way into our Christian families, and be welcomed by their younger members as ingenious and interesting reading—a happy versification of historical and imaginary scenes.

VERSE. 1834—1858. By Charles Boner. London : Chapman & Hall. 1858.

IF the author had presented us with this volume of rhymes as the sole fruit of twenty-four years' tillage of the farm of the Muses, we should have called his field barren and his industry remiss. But when we recognize in Mr. Boner our Bavarian *chamois-hunter*, we are glad to give him credit for other occupation, though it be but pastime, than the jingle of verse; and trace in his poems the relaxation of his leisure, not the work of his day. His poems are cheery, fresh, and unaffected, but partake not, to any deep extent, of the *mens divini*. Certain translations from the German close the volume. This, from Kobell, is a merry conceit:—

*Gems and their Setting.*

"A Topaz am I," said the golden wine;  
 "A Ruby am I," said the rich red wine;  
 "And I," said the Toper, "am gold, I opine,  
 And love to clasp jewels so rare and fine."

HOMELY BALLADS FOR THE WORKING MAN'S FIRESIDE. By Mary Sewell. Third thousand. London : Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

THESE verses of Miss Sewell are just what the tracts of Hannah More were fifty years ago—as wise, as well-intended, and as good, with the further recommendation of adaptation to the present times. They strike us as being remarkably suited for reading aloud to a Sunday-school class, by way of reward for attention to lessons; as well as for circulation in the shape of tracts, if the pieces were printed in a separate form. The poems read easily and flowingly, in our old ballad measure chiefly, and are a cheap and profitable shilling's worth, whether we look at their intention or execution. We should scarcely think our general recommendation sufficient for their merits without specific mention of their subjects; and therefore proceed to give the titles of these versified moralities. "Faith, Hope, and Charity;" "The Funeral Bell;" "The Miller's Wife;" "Abel Howard and his Family;" "The Thieves' Ladder;" "The Guilty Conscience; or, Hell begun;" "The Poor Little Boy;" "The Common;" "A Working-man's Appeal;" "Mrs. Godli-man;" "A Religious Woman;" "The Young English Gentleman;" "The Primrose-gatherers;" "Boy going to Service;" "The Drunkard's Wife;" "The Young Nurse-girl;" "The Bad Manager;" "Sixty Years Ago." We really promote the cause we have at heart—the cause of truth and righteousness—when we seek to spread the circulation of this admirable little volume.

HOURS OF SUN AND SHADE. Musings in Prose and Verse; with Translations from Sixty Languages. By Vernon de Montmorency. Second edition. London : Partridge & Co.

THERE is considerable poetical talent displayed in this volume—talent, too, enlisted in the best of services; but we should have relished it all the better had it not been for the flourish of trumpets

about the "Sixty Languages" on the title-page. The same ease of versification, nevertheless, pervades the translation which marks the original compositions. Those who have enjoyed (and who has not?) Scott's fine apostrophe to Caledonia—"Breathes there the man with soul so dead"—will be grateful for our enabling them to read a similar patriotic outburst of the Danish poet, Anderson, in the smooth rendering of Mr. De Montgomery:—

" *To Sweden.*

" Land of feeling deep and strong,  
Land of sweet pathetic song,  
Land where clear streams glide along,  
Where the wild swans sing,  
Where the beech-woods scent the gale,  
Where fair flowers paint the vale,  
Where the whispering zephyrs sail,  
Gently journeying.

" Land of lakes so calm and deep,  
Land where pine-trees crown each steep,  
Land where laughing rivers sweep,  
Sparkling along ;  
Land of mountains, grand, sublime,  
Spirit-haunted, holy clime,  
Thou shalt live as long as Time—  
Glorious Sweden, land of song!"

We wish, for our author's sake, that his published album had been wedded to a larger type in these days of luxuriant printing, as it would have won a wider success; and we add, in the same interest, that it were well if the volume, as a whole, had not borne so much the appearance of a sweeping-out of Mr. De Montgomery's portfolio. It were to be desired that, in any future edition, the author should exclude all the prose, and all the translations, and all the scraps. They add weakness instead of imparting strength. He was a wise old Greek who said, "*the half is bigger than the whole.*"

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## Monthly Review of Public Events.

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THE chief political event of the past month, is Mr. Bright's appearance at Birmingham. The honourable gentleman was elected in his absence, and with a unanimity and enthusiasm which were not a little surprising, considering the warlike temper manifested by "the hardware village" throughout the Russian war. No one acquainted with Birmingham would venture to say that his opinions on our foreign policy, are at all in harmony with those of the great majority of his constituents; but the men of Birmingham felt that Mr. Bright was too honest and able a man to be spared from the

House of Commons, and resolved to wipe out the insult offered him at Manchester, by carrying him back to St. Stephens in triumph. Long and patiently had they waited for the opportunity of listening to a full exposition of his views on the great topics of the day, and of giving him a hearty demonstration of their confidence in his integrity, and their admiration of his power. When, therefore, it was intimated that at last Mr. Bright intended to address the electors, all Birmingham was stirred with expectation and delight. Nor was the interest on the honourable member's appearance for the first time before a public meeting of his countrymen confined to the town he represents; all parties in the state were eagerly watching for his manifesto.

About the speech on our foreign policy, delivered at the banquet, we do not care to say much. We know the courage which sustained him in uttering in that place, and in the presence of such an audience, his own honest, but most unpopular convictions; but we regret that he should have so misinterpreted the history of the country. War has been and will be again, though a great evil, a terrible necessity. To decline the duty of asserting by arms, when all other means have failed, the claims of liberty and justice, must bring both shame and disaster.

In the main points of the speech on Parliamentary Reform, we cordially agree with him, and rejoice in the unanimity with which he has been recognised as the future leader of the popular party on that question. A liberal extension of the suffrage will give new firmness, we believe, to the structure of the constitution, and do much to destroy the jealousies by which some classes of the community are still divided from each other. We are scarcely inclined to accept that estimate of our countrymen, on which the necessity for the ballot is rested by its advocates; but if constituencies ask for the right of secret voting, we incline to think it should be conceded.

Shortening the duration of parliaments will make honourable gentlemen more faithful to their pledges at the hustings, and more diligent in attendance at the House.

The redistribution of seats according to population, is a matter requiring the most cautious management. We cannot think that Mr. Bright would wish to act on any principle of exact mathematical proportion. He would scarcely give to London as many members as to all Scotland; and yet the inhabitants of the metropolis are about as numerous as the entire population of that country. There are great and monstrous instances of disproportion, which need rectifying; but we trust that all reform in this direction will be temperate in its spirit, and practical in its aims.

What kind of Reform Bill we are to expect from the Government, still remains a mystery. The Cabinet Ministers mustered unusually strong at the Mansion House, on Lord Mayor's day; but not a syllable escaped from their lips which could throw any light on their intentions. Lord Derby was wonderfully successful in pretending to talk on great subjects with ease and frankness, while in his heart he professed to say nothing.

The quarrel between Portugal and France, has terminated; the weak has had to yield to the strong. One happy result, however, has come out of the squabble: it is evidently the Emperor's intention to check the disgraceful renewal of the slave-trade, which gave occasion to it.

We earnestly entreat our readers to give a careful reading to the magnificent pamphlet of M. Montalembert, which has brought upon him the terrors of an Imperial prosecution. There is life in France yet; freedom has found a noble Apostle.

We have no space to discuss the elaborate and lengthy charge of the Bishop of London: we can only say, that while differing, of course, from some of the views which his lordship expressed on ecclesiastical matters, we recognise, with unfeigned admiration and joy, his profound sense of the responsibilities of his great position, and the earnestness with which he has given himself to the evangelisation of the metropolis.

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## Books Received.

- Athens Cantabrigienses. Vol. I. 1500—1585. By Chas. Henry Cooper and Thompson Cooper. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co., and Macmillan & Co. London: Bell & Daldy.
- Baptist Magazine (The), November. Pewtress & Co.
- Belgium and Up and Down the Rhine; Metrical Memorials. James Nisbet & Co.
- Bibliographer's (The) Manual of English Literature. By W. T. Lowndes. New Edition. By Henry G. Bohn. Vol. II. Henry G. Bohn.
- Bibliotheca Sacra (American). October, 1858. London: Trübner & Co.
- Brief Memorial of Rev. Walter Scott of Airedale College. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
- British (The) Quarterly Review for October. Jackson & Walford.
- Bulwark (The), or Reformation Journal for October. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.
- Caffres and Caffre Missions. By the Rev. H. Calderwood. James Nisbet & Co.
- Cecil and Mary; or, Phases of Life and Love. By J. E. Jackson. London: J. W. Parker & Son.
- Chancellor's Chaplain (The), by Rev. E. Neale, M.A. (*Run and Read Library*). Simpkin & Co.
- Christian Almanack (The) for 1859. London: Religious Tract Society.
- Christian Harp (The). By John Sheppard. London: Jackson & Walford.
- Christian Prophecy. By S. T. Porter. Glasgow: J. Maclehose. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
- Church (The); its Mission, Government, and Worship; an Examination of the Will of Christ respecting the Spiritual Labours and the Livelihood of Preachers, Church Elders, and gifted Church Members. Trübner & Co.
- Clerical Oaths and their Equivalents; a Hindrance to Unity. By the Rev. Robert Matthew Milne, B.A. Partridge & Co.
- Commentary (The) wholly Biblical. Part XXIV. London: Bagster & Sons.
- Congregational (The) Pulpit. Part XXII. November. Judd & Glass.
- Correspondant, Le. October. Paris: Libraire de Charles Dunoil.
- Curiosities of Science, Past and Present. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Kent & Co.
- Descendants (The) of the Stuarts; an Unchronicled Page in England's History. By William Townend. Second Edition. Longman & Co.
- Diversities of the Christian Character, Illustrated in the Lives of the Four Great Apostles. William Blackwood & Sons.
- Doctrine of a Future Life (The). By C. F. Hudson. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.
- Double Doom (The) of the Poor Debtor. By the Governor of Whitecross Street Prison. London: Richardsons.

- Dr. Wiseman's Popish Literary Blunders Exposed. By Charles Hastings Collette. Wertheim & Macintosh.
- Elementary Notes on the History of France. By Mrs. Edmonds. Tallant & Allen.
- Elizabeth Guthrie; Her Life and Correspondence. J. Heaton & Son.
- Emma de Lisseau. (*Run and Read Library*.) Simpkin & Co.
- English Governess (The), by Rachel M'Crindell. (*Run and Read Library*.) Simpkin & Co.
- Englishwoman's (The) Journal for October and November. Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.
- Evangelical Christendom; its State and Prospects. Evangelical Alliance, 7, Adam Street, Strand.
- Fiji and the Fijians. By Thomas Williams. Edited by George S. Rowe. 2 Vols. Alex. Heylin.
- Footsteps of War, A Poem. Written at Scutari. London: Ward & Co.
- General History of the Christian Religion and Church. By Dr. Augustus Neander. Vol. IX., Parts 1 and 2. Henry G. Bohn.
- Government in its Relation with Education and Christianity in India. By the Rev. George Percy Badger. Smith Elder, & Co.
- Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testament. By Samuel Sharpe. Second Edition. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- History of France (The). Vol. I. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Longmans & Co.
- Holbein's Dance of Death, exhibited in Elegant Engravings on Wood. Also Holbein's Bible Cuts. Henry G. Bohn.
- Home Book (A) for Children of All Ages. By J. G. Pigg, B.A. Third Thousand. London: Ward & Co.
- Homiletics, or the Theory of Preaching. By Alexander Vinet. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London; Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
- Homilist (The). Vol. VII. London: Ward & Co.
- Horace, with English Notes. By Rev. J. E. Yonge. Longmans & Co.
- Hour Ago (An); or, Time in Dreamland. By J. F. Corkran. Longmans.
- India. An Historical Sketch. By the Rev. George Trevor, M.A. The Religious Tract Society.
- Infinitesimals: its Rationality. By John Epps, M.D. Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.
- Ionica. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Jesus Christ: in the Grandeur of his Mission, the Beauty of his Life, and his Final Triumph. By Edward Whitfield. Edward T. Whitfield.
- Jewish Chronicle (The), Nos. 198—200. The Office: Bevis Marks.
- Journal (The) of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology, for October. John Churchill.
- Journal (The) of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record, for October. Alex. Heylin.
- Leisure Hour (The). Parts LXXXII and LXXXIII. Religious Tract Society.
- Lessons of Life for Female Domestic. By Grandfather Gray. London: Wertheim.
- Letters to Brother John on Life, Health, and Disease. By Edward Johnson, M.D. Simpkin & Co.
- Letters Written during the Siege of Delhi. By H. H. Greathed, Esq. London: Longman & Co.
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- Lock-Sbutter's (The) Daughter. London: Wertheim.
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- London University Magazine. October and November. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.
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- Master Builder's Plan (The). By George Ogilvie, M.D. Longmans & Co.
- Mellora: A Quarterly Review of Social Science, for October. Partridge & Co.
- Mill (The) in the Valley. A Tale of German Life. By Author of Life in the Black Forest. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.
- My Lady; a Tale of Modern Life. In 2 Vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- My Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times. By Alessandro Gavazzi. Partridge & Co.
- Nature (The) and Purpose of God as Revealed in the Apocalypse. Part Third. Edinburgh: No Publisher. 1858.
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- Opinions concerning Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Peter Davidson. Edinburgh: Wm. Oliphant & Co. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.
- Phantastes. A Faery Romance. By George MacDonald. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
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- Poems. By Henry Cecil. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
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- Practice Songs for Classes. With Notes on the Songs. Nos. 6 and 7. Ward & Co.
- Principles of Social and Political Economy. Vol. I. By Wm. Atkinson. Longmans & Co.
- Protestant (The) Dissenters' Almanac for 1859. Kent & Co.



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#### EXTENSION OF SUFFRAGE.

The present must be viewed in its relation to the future. The cry of the day,—not loud, but deep and increasing,—is for an extension of the suffrage, and the demand will probably be successful; and if it should, I see no particular reason to fear the consequences. There is no ground whatever, I think, for serious apprehensions as to the Country, whatever may be the effect on the state of parties. But still, we must beware of false confidence, and use proper means to secure proper ends. Whether the suffrage be viewed as a trust or as a property, it is important that its possessor should have such regard to his Country's interests as intelligently and uprightly to exercise it. The great body of those who now demand the extension,—as well as multitudes of those who are now enfranchised,—have much if not everything to learn touching the general politics of the nation and the duties of an elector. But the mental, there is reason to fear, is not so great as the moral deficiency. Political integrity, the very soul of safety for the State, is in many places at a very low ebb. Even where bribery is not practised, love of country is anything but the impelling motive and the ruling passion. It is, therefore, of the first importance to cultivate the spirit of true patriotism among the people. To promote this is the highest service that can be performed to the Public. It is in vain to look for upright and patriotic governments till we have upright and patriotic senates; and those can only be created by

upright and patriotic electors. A people advanced to such a state would make its moral power felt in a thousand ways, and every moment. This general augmentation of sense and right principle would send forth against all arrangements and inveterate or more modern usages—of the nature of invidious exclusion, arbitrary repression, and the debasement of great public interests into a detestable private traffic,—an energy which could no more be resisted than the power of the sun, when he advances in the spring to annihilate the relics and vestiges of the winter. This plastic influence would modify the institutions of the National community to a state adapted to secure all popular rights, and to convey the genuine collective opinion to bear directly on the counsel and transaction of national concerns. That opinion would have a weight which could not be set at defiance, and an unpervertible fidelity of manifestation which would leave no possibility of affecting to take any other as the expression of the popular mind.

### POLITICAL JUSTICE.

A reign of political justice must come, and it is the duty of every man, to the extent of his ability, however humble, to promote it. It may yet be far, very far off, but every day brings it nearer. The question of the suffrage will never be set at rest till justice be done. Each successive step in advance may be followed by a season of tranquillity, but, like the receding tide, the agitation will certainly return in its season. Pecuniary qualification for Representatives is now at an end, and pecuniary qualification for Electors cannot be maintained for ever. Truth and justice must triumph. If it be no longer considered necessary to the House of Commons, how much less to the Hustings! Man is greater than money! His mind is of more account than his pocket. His superiority must be conceded; Manhood Suffrage *alone* can satisfy the demands of political justice. Every measure short of this will be but temporary. Why afraid to do what is right? The mind of the millions once thoroughly replenished with Divine knowledge, and properly trained in the school of Christian

politics, there is nothing to be dreaded, but everything to be hoped, from such a suffrage. Evangelise the land, and all will be well; you may then enfranchise every man of twenty-one years of age. This great act of justice will impart to our Constitution of Sovereign, Lords, and Commons, a vitality, a cohesion, and a strength wholly inconceivable! Justice is security to the Crown; Justice is reverence for the Nobility; Justice is peace to the Country, because it is satisfaction to the People; Justice is repose to the Government; Justice is peace and concord, strength and glory, to the nation! But I must descend to particulars.

#### I. GENERAL POLITICS.

The politics of the **BRITISH ENSIGN** will bear no party impress. It will swear by nothing but the Constitution, and give support to every Government in proportion to its integrity, patriotism, and general excellence. Its politics will be those of the Bible as seen through the medium of the Constitution. Its loyalty will be intense; but it will be the loyalty of truth and justice of Locke and of Hampden, of Sydney and of Russell. Next to the Sovereign it will respect and revere the Aristocracy as a valuable Estate. It will emphatically teach however, that both the Crown and the Nobility are artificial institutions, existing for the people, not the people for them, and all for the great Creator of the ends of the earth. It will teach, that true politics, like true religion, are after all, and in spite of Statecraft, a very simple affair—an affair with regard to which every man of sound mind and moderate intelligence is competent to form an opinion. In religion, in medicine, in law, and in politics, mystery has too long prevailed. It is time that light should be let in upon them, that darkness may be dissipated, and that plain honesty and common-sense may, at length, have a turn. Truth, justice, and probity disdain an alliance with Statecraft, and all sorts of hoodwinking and political jugglery.

#### II. RELIGIOUS PAPERS.

With respect to Religion it is proper to state, that the **BRITISH ENSIGN** will be a *thorough Newspaper* in the fullest sense of the term:

that it will only be religious in the sense in which every man ought to be religious. The religion of such a man is less in his mouth than in his actions and general deportment. It will be a thing of deeds rather than of words. Deeds, at least, will be the rule, words the exception. Religion will appear in the ENIGON, not as a thing of naked abstraction or didactic instruction, but as a principle, an essence, pervading and giving character to everything. There will be no religious essays; no religious controversy; no direct teaching of religion. This is not its province. The difference between the ENIGON and a Religious Paper, strictly so called,—the paper after the American pattern,—will just be the difference between a Christian man and a Christian minister; both are required to exemplify religion, but only the latter is set apart to teach it. The Divine authority will be recognised as in everything supreme. The Divine law will be set forth as the sole and unalterable rule of action, alike for individuals and bodies, nations and empires. The Divine government, under the designation of Providence, will, in all things, be devoutly acknowledged and habitually assumed. The advancement of the Divine glory, through the obedience of the Divine law, will be uniformly set forth as the grand end of separate and social existence. Thus the BRITISH ENIGON will be simply, as a paper, the counterpart of a religious citizen; such citizens, as in due season, all mankind will become; and such papers as will be all the Journals of the World.

### III. PARLIAMENT.

The proceedings of Parliament will be carefully watched, and its doings correctly recorded. The debates will be condensed, and the chief speeches, on all great occasions, given more at length; and, when necessary, the points which come up will form the subject of Leaders.

### IV. HOME NEWS.

Everything interesting, useful, or important, will be condensed, purified, and rendered fit for the domestic circle. It will be a special object to cram into its columns as much useful and interesting intelligence as possible.

### V. FOREIGN NEWS.

Foreign News will be carefully selected, and special prominence given to all matters bearing on liberty and progress, and the general welfare of nations.

### VI. COLONIAL NEWS.

Colonial News will be diligently collected from every available source. The state of the several Dependencies will from time to time be indicated, especially as affecting the prospects of Emigrants.

### VII. PHILANTHROPY.

Philanthropy, in all its branches, elements, and aspects, will occupy a foremost place in the BRITISH ENIGON; and hence Christian Missions, both Home and Foreign, together with societies and institutions of every sort adapted to ameliorate the condition of the human race, will be viewed with special favour. The Kingdom of Christ is the greatest fact in our world, little as that world's Wise Men think of it! His Church is the grand central society, with respect to which every movement of Nations and Empires is to be viewed, since all things exist for it, and, by the control of infinite wisdom and infinite power, are working constantly, mightily, and gloriously towards its advancement. As sure as the sun, in our system, is the source of light, life, and happiness to all the planets that revolve around him, so sure is Jesus Christ the light of the world, the life of men, the source of all human happiness and all true glory. The BRITISH ENIGON, therefore, will take the liveliest interest in whatever appertains to the spread of the Gospel, wholly regardless of the particular section of the one Church by which it may be carried on. It will know *nothing of Church or Dissent, sect or party*, as such; it will recognise nothing but the One Great Protestant Evangelical Community holding the Doctrines of the Reformation as set forth in the Westminster Standards and the Articles of the Church of England. Theological Schools and Colleges, Anniversaries of Missionary Societies, and all great movements at home, bearing on the subject of the World's Regeneration, will, therefore, meet with cordial sympathy, and receive the best support the BRITISH ENIGON can render.



## VIII. PROTESTANTISM.

The grand principles of Protestantism, the supremacy of the Sacred Scriptures, and the Right of Private Judgment, will be held sacred, and defended to the uttermost against all opposers. The spirit of a selfish bigotry, however, will be utterly abjured and everywhere denounced. The BRITISH ENSIGN will contend for perfect religious liberty to every human being whose religious tenets and ritual observances do not interfere with the laws of the country or compromise the interest of society. Popery in every stage of its development, wherever it may appear, will find in the BRITISH ENSIGN a most uncompromising adversary! NO PEACE WITH ROME!

## IX. EDUCATION.

Touching the subject of Education, the BRITISH ENSIGN will advocate no particular theory. It will leave every man to be satisfied in his own mind as to Voluntaryism and State Grants. For one great principle only will it strenuously contend, that Sacred Scriptures are the only foundation of real Education. That alone is education which applies the medicine of Heaven to the maladies of earth, revealing the love of God to a lost world, thus slaying the enmity of the human heart, bringing the creature to love the Creator, and to keep His commandments. That is Education! The Sunday School, therefore, in the estimation of the BRITISH ENSIGN, is the hope of the world, and that institution, accordingly, it will view with an affection quite paternal, and do everything in its power to uphold, extend, and honour it.

## X. LAW COURTS.

So far as cases turn up in the Courts calculated to interest or instruct, they will be set forth in a form more or less abridged, according to circumstances. Utility, however, will be in this, as in everything else, mainly consulted. Much that occurs there is wholly unfit for the fireside of a well-ordered family, and its publication is an evil greatly to be deplored. The most exceptionable cases are generally those most carefully selected by the Sunday Press, and hence the deplorable effects which it produces over all the land.

## XI. POLICE COURTS.

The business of these courts will be regarded no further than they may occasionally minister to the instruction of individuals and families. Much of the business brought forward in them is such as necessarily tends to pollute the public mind. Such matters ought to have no place in a Family Newspaper.

## XII. TRADE AND COMMERCE.

Trade and commerce will be attended to so far as the object of the Journal and the interests of the public are supposed to require.

Such, substantially, I think, ought to be a Newspaper for the Million. Such, to the best of my ability, I will endeavour to make the BRITISH ENSIGN; and if it shall be honoured with a circulation such as I confidently anticipate, it may leave a blessing behind it for which the Church of God will have reason to rejoice.

## EVILS OF THE JOINT SYSTEM OF NEWSPAPER READING.

The visit of a wise and good man to a family is valuable, and by judicious people much prized; but a visit from the best will exert only a small influence compared with a residence. My earnest desire is to obtain a lodgment, and become an inmate in the Homes of the Millions—to be received as a friend, a teacher, and a guide. The joint system of Newspaper reading is a vast improvement upon nothing at all, but still it is far from satisfactory. Take the case of five individuals uniting to subscribe for a fivepenny paper. Number one is busy, or absent, when it arrives, and to-morrow it must pass on to number two, and so to the others, who may, or may not, be able even cursorily to glance at it,—for reading is out of the question. Now this state of things can never work out a satisfactory result. The wonder is that numbers can endure it. At most, hardly any but the head of the family can lay hold of it, and even he has rarely sufficient time to go fully through it. He can do little more than skim it; but skimming can never secure the benefits it is designed to confer, and which ought to result from it. It is, therefore, infinitely better that, as in the Unit-

States, every house should have its own paper, however limited may be its dimensions. There it lies the whole week, ready to tell its tale and impart its lessons to all, male and female, old and young, in turn.

Nor is this all; there is then an end to the daily trouble of handing it from one to another, which in many cases, because of distance, is very considerable, and a ground of great dissatisfaction, oftentimes leading to the giving up of the paper altogether. Even in the towns and the cities the difficulty is great; in the rural districts it is all but insuperable. All this trouble is at once obviated by every family having its own paper.

### INTELLECTUAL CULTURE AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

The Family Newspaper, as a means of mental culture in a household, can hardly be overestimated. With its "line upon line, here a little and there a little," it is doing more than all other forces combined to arouse and to sharpen the intellect of the Empire. Nothing, apart from religious instruction, is so calculated to stimulate thought and invigorate the mental faculties and moral powers. The *BRITISH ENSIGN*, small although it is compared with the *BRITISH STANDARD*, would constitute a number of volumes of the type and size of the circulating library. Were the entire issue of the year to come forth periodically in such volumes, —to say nothing of the cost,—few could command the time and the patience necessary to read them. But coming forth every seventh day, and lying on the table all the week long, even the busiest may without difficulty effect a perusal. The manifold results of this cannot be seen at once, but they are not the less real. Take a household enjoying for its own use a good weekly Newspaper, and take a household having no Newspaper at all, and let them be compared at the close of seven years, and the prodigious difference will immediately be apparent. How stolid, how ignorant, how apathetic the one; how utterly void of the qualities necessary to rational intercourse and high companionship! How full of intellectual vivacity, useful knowledge, conversational power, tact, address, and grace, the

other! This difference will be found to extend to every relation of life and every portion of the family, the master, the servant, the husband, the wife, the parent, and the child. It will be found that a process of intellectual improvement of the highest moment has been going steadily forward, the results of which are at length indelibly stamped on the character of the entire household. What is considered the faculty of common-sense, so inestimable in the affairs of life, is in a state of high development. Intellectually considered, it is not easy to say which predominates, the ornamental or the useful. Such a family will be found to be quite on a level with persons far higher in the scale of society, in many cases greatly superior to them. Intellectual resources the most precious are thus obtained which mere wealth or social station cannot impart. Enjoyment pure, rational, and ennobling, is thus created, the value of which it is impossible to estimate, and not only so, the power of conversation will greatly add to the influence and success in life of both the male and the female members of the household. Wherever they go their superiority will be at once apparent, felt, and acknowledged; and oftentimes it will be found very materially to conduce even to their worldly interest. Ignorance is always discreditable. Stupidity is always contemptible. Knowledge is power, culture is beauty. Other things being equal, the man of superior intelligence will always carry the day.

It is allowed by all, of every sect and party, nation and empire, in Europe, who have visited the United States, that the mass of their people, in point of intelligence, far surpass those of every other country, not excepting even Great Britain itself. There is the same unanimity as to the cause of this singular superiority. The Common School and the Newspaper furnish at once the required explanation. Every citizen, even the humblest, may be said to possess his Newspaper; and multitudes take in several. The power of the Broad Sheet is there developed to the uttermost. In point of price, character, and issue, its adaptation approaches to perfection. We may

cite the case of the **NEW YORK TRIBUNE**,—with which we regularly exchange the **BRITISH STANDARD**—as supplying a splendid example: that paper has a daily, a bi-weekly, and a weekly issue, with an aggregate circulation of TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES! This leaves even the most favoured of the European Journals at an immeasurable distance. It is important to know by what means this immense issue has been created and is sustained. No mistake could be greater than to suppose that it is the result of a widespread, vigorous, and expensive agency. The truth is, the **TRIBUNE** Office seems to have but little, directly, to do with the matter. The glory of the achievement is due to the people themselves, who, like the Jews in the days of Nehemiah, “have a mind to work.” They very properly consider the cause as their own. They feel that while the Journalist opens the fountain of intelligence it is their business to cut the channels through which the waters may flow. The following extract from the **TRIBUNE** will serve to illustrate the subject:—“We appeal to those who believe that an increased circulation of **THE TRIBUNE** would conduce to the political, intellectual, and moral well-being of the Republic, to aid us in effecting such increase. As we employ *no travelling solicitors of subscriptions, we ask our present patrons in every locality to speak to their neighbours and friends in our behalf*; we shall gladly receive from any friend lists of those who would receive and read a specimen copy of one of our editions, and shall be particularly grateful to those who may send us such names from post-offices at which we have now no subscribers. Whatever additions may thus be made to our circulation shall be paralleled by increased efforts and expenditures to make our issues more valuable and useful than they have hitherto been.”

This is, beyond doubt, the true theory of Newspaper circulation, and the only sure source of great and permanent success. It was thus that our generous friends, two years ago, gave an instant and, at the same time, a vigorous existence to the **BRITISH STANDARD**: £2,000 or £3,000 spent in agency to obtain

subscribers would probably have fallen far short of the number thus gratuitously realized in one month by the prompt and zealous efforts of our noble-hearted patrons.

It is but just to say that, in this praiseworthy feature of enlightened citizenship, our Canadian brethren are already rivalling the United States. Mr. Brown, late Prime Minister of Canada, a gentleman of extraordinary enterprise, great intellectual power, and public spirit, presents the exact counterpart of Mr. Horace Greeley, of the **NEW YORK TRIBUNE**. He is proprietor of the most powerful and influential Journal in Canada, the **GLOBE**—with which we also exchange the **BRITISH STANDARD**—which is published daily, bi-weekly, and weekly. Few of our readers, probably, were prepared for such a development of the Newspaper power in so young a colony, since even England herself, with all her wealth, numbers, energy, and ambition, has attained to nothing of this sort. The **GLOBE**, in an address just issued, presents a very interesting illustration of the views it entertains on the subject, which runs thus:—

“Following the old newspaper custom in Canada, we are generally asked to send an agent into such and such a part of the Province where, with a good word from the leading men, numbers of readers may be had. It is necessary for us to point out that we cannot, in the present condition of our business, pursue the old plan of sending round first one agent to get subscribers, and then another to collect payment. It was, perhaps, necessary at one time in Canada; and when subscription lists were small, it was practicable. It is utterly impracticable now with a paper having the large subscription of the *Globe*. No man not too rich to publish a newspaper at all, could afford to lie out of the immense sum which is speedily placed on our books under the credit system. The worst of it is that this evil constantly increases. To enlarge the circulation may benefit the party to which the paper belongs, and perhaps advance the cause of good government, but it only adds to the difficulties of the publisher. *The credit system we have resolved to abandon, and have adopted in its*

stead one which, well worked by active, intelligent friends and agents, is much more acceptable both to publisher and subscriber—we refer to the club system. Two dollars a-year is the lowest price at which a paper like the *Weekly Globe* can be supplied to a single subscriber; at that rate, it is as cheap as any journal in the world, be the other which it may. But in consideration of individuals, or companies of individuals, taking the trouble of forming clubs, collecting from their neighbours the subscription money and sending it to us, we make a considerable reduction from the single rate, according to the number sent.

“The club system may be worked in a variety of ways. For example, a young man, well known and trusted, may in almost any village or township in Canada, procure ten, twenty-five, or eighty subscribers to the *Globe*. The larger number he gets, the greater will be the difference between the single subscription price and that of his club. During the winter months, any young man may earn some dollars in this way, and do himself good at the same time. Then again, a batch of neighbours reading the *Globe* may join together, pay up their old subscriptions, and commence a new score by remitting in advance the club price, according to their number. They have only to choose one to collect the money, and send it on, and the thing is done. Again, our friends in the country, anxious for the success of the cause, may interest themselves in the formation of clubs; they may even call together the subscribers to the *Globe* in a village, and arrange for a thorough, united canvass. If they can get up twenty-five subscribers, their papers will only cost 1,40 dollars each year; if eighty, only 1,25 dollars. In some places, our friends have already done this, and with the best results. We put it to those who have been asking us to send out agents, whether they will not put their own shoulders to the wheel and give one turn to the Press.”

#### ANTICIPATED CIRCULATION.

I now approach the climax of this address—CIRCULATION. My kind and curious friends are incessantly

asking, “What circulation do you expect?” They should rather ask, “What circulation do you require to sustain your undertaking and secure you from ruinous loss?” And beyond that, they should further ask, “What circulation is necessary, think you, substantially to realise your object, to make an impression on the public mind, and to form a reasonable and satisfactory contribution to the welfare of the nation?” These are the questions for wisdom and generosity to deal with. Grant me, then, only what I deem necessary to the latter, and there is no fear as to the former. If the public shall receive benefit on the scale I desire, the expenses of the enterprise will be satisfactorily met, not otherwise.

I should say, then, with respect to the latter question, that the *BRITISH ENSIGN*, fully to realise its true and patriotic mission, ought to command a weekly circulation of not less than 500,000 copies. Do any of my friends start? They need not, for there is really no ground for wonder, since there is nothing at all extravagant in the assumption. Five Penny Papers, of the *London Sunday Press*, rejoice in the united circulation of the same number, 500,000. Now, if real utility, mental, moral, and patriotic, constitute the ground of claim to public patronage, I deem it no presumption to assert, that the *BRITISH ENSIGN* will better deserve 5,000,000 than those serials deserve 500,000. What do they and such like really contain? The question is of the highest importance, and it shall be answered by a superior authority—the *Record Newspaper*, which has thus expressed itself:—

“In the most charitable view of the case, we can only regard these serials as literary nuisances, working an inconceivable amount of mischief in the country. What are we to think of the moral effects of papers which, week after week, sending their hundreds of thousands all over the land, make their columns the regular vehicle of counsel to lovesick boys and girls as to the character of their engagements and the prosecution of their courtships; which also act in the capacity of religious oracles to persons perplexed about texts of Scripture and points of faith—the said oracle

giving such answers as might be worthy of a Brahmin or Moham-medan, while yet ostensibly acknowledging the Divine authority of the Bible?"

I earnestly commend these awakening words to my friends. Surely, as they state the literal truth, they ought to move the heart of every good man to its lowest depths, and to call forth the utmost effort practicable to supply an antidote.

Again, there is another penny weekly, which calls itself a "Family Paper,"—on what ground it is difficult to conceive,—which boasts a weekly circulation of 300,000! Whence this unexampled popularity? Its literary contents certainly supply no clue to the mystery. It consists almost entirely of tales. The Number before me, commencing with "Chapter CV." of a story, presents a continuation extending to twelve columns! There is a continuation of another tale, commencing with Chapter CXVI., extending to five and a half columns! And a third to three columns, making a total of *twenty and a half columns of fiction!* The remainder is filled up with suitable and interesting odds and ends; and this is designated a "Family Paper!" Piti-able is the condition of the family that has no other paper, and no better instructor! It is wanting in almost everything that is calculated to benefit either the head or the heart. It has, to be sure, a few poor woodcuts, but to these no importance whatever attaches as a means of diffusing knowledge and cultivating mind. For children, whether of less or larger growth, they may have some charm; but to men, eager for knowledge and improvement, they are utterly worthless; such men would infinitely prefer to have the space thus wasted occupied with solid letter-press, embodying useful matter. That such things should command so extensive a popularity reflects anything but credit on the intellectual condition of the masses.

While I contend for the propriety of asking a circulation of 500,000, I would not be depressed with one of 100,000, although I fear, from the state of the country, I must put up with something less. But the larger number is quite within the limits of

reason and possibility. The matter reduced to figures is far from formidable. Let it be remembered that the cost is only **ONE PENNY!** Let us, then, suppose 10,000 zealous friends, thus classified and arranging to dispose of the annexed number of copies:—

Voluntary Agents.	Subscribers.	Total Copies.
1,000 secure each	3	3,000
1,000 "	6	6,000
1,000 "	9	9,000
1,000 "	12	12,000
1,000 "	18	18,000
1,000 "	24	24,000
1,000 "	30	30,000
1,000 "	36	36,000
1,000 "	42	42,000
1,000 "	48	48,000
		<hr/> 222,000
Ordered by the Booksellers		272,000
		<hr/> 500,000

This I submit as a very rational calculation. Out of 28,000,000, are there not the handful of 10,000 as eager at least as myself to benefit our common country? And if so, will they withhold this humble measure of co-operation? I am unwilling to believe it. If this can be done, ought it not? Is it not imperatively demanded by the interests of our country, essential to the progress of intelligence, the salvation of men, and the advancement of Messiah's Kingdom? The foregoing estimate rests on the most rational foundations, as may be seen from the following considerations:—

1st. The **BRITISH ENSIGN** will be pre-eminently a *Family Journal*; and are there not to be found in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, 100,000 Families who will devote the trifle of **One Penny a week** for such a luxury?

2nd. The **BRITISH ENSIGN** specially contemplates the advancement of the interests, the efficiency, and the honour of the mighty fellowship of *British Electors*; and is it too much to expect the support of only *one in ten*, 100,000 in 1,000,000?

3rd. The **BRITISH ENSIGN** is very mainly instituted to exalt and bless the *Working Classes* of this great Empire, who will ever find in it a teacher and a friend, an upright expositor of their duties, and a fearless advocate of their rights; and is it too much to hope that 400,000 of them will form themselves into 100,000 groups of three individuals, each contributing a weekly penny to have such a fountain of most



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of the Divine goodness, and of the boundless generosity of the Churches emboldens me to use the ennobling words of the Psalmist, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." Aspiring to the extent of my humble ability to promote the good of our common country, I invoke the assistance of devout men of all sects, parties, and denominations, in these Isles. Should success, through their vigorous co-operation, attend my efforts, to the Most High shall be devout praise, and to them most fervent thanks. That fairly accomplished, I shall be well pleased to sink into nothingness amidst the fruits of my honest though imperfect endeavours to serve my generation.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

Nov. 17, 1858.

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Clerical Journal . . . . .	84,500
English Churchman . . . . .	35,100
Freeman . . . . .	86,000
Inquirer . . . . .	39,857
Nonconformist . . . . .	92,050
Union . . . . .	22,700
Watchman . . . . .	105,000
Wesleyan Times . . . . .	36,000

### WEEKLY SECULAR JOURNALS.

Economist . . . . .	75,000
John Bull . . . . .	56,175
Lancet . . . . .	60,250
Leader . . . . .	30,550
Literary Gazette . . . . .	13,000
Press . . . . .	65,000
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*Psalms of the captivity.*

PSALMS CXXXVII—CXXXIX.

*God praised for his truth.*

PSALM CXXXVII.

*Consistency of the Jews in captivity.*

**B**Y the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

2 We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

3 For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

4 How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

5 If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

6 If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

7 Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom

of the holy city and the temple of God, their own destitution of sacred ordinances, and the apparently ruined state of the church and people of Israel; for these calamities were brought on them by their national transgressions, to which they had all contributed. No longer therefore able to direct their melancholy by singing songs of praise, they hanged their harps upon the willows, which grew in abundance by the rivers of Babylon, and which work was they were employed in cultivating.

*See margin. Ps. 134, 137.*

PSALM 137.

1 We sat down by the rivers of Babylon, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

2 We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

3 For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

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7 Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom

*a Surely he scorneth the avengers. But he is merciful to the lowly. Ps. 137, 138.*

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3 For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

4 How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

5 If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

6 If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

7 Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom

*a Surely he scorneth the avengers. But he is merciful to the lowly. Ps. 137, 138.*

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# The Practical and Devotional Family Bible.

## STATEMENT BY THE PUBLISHER.

THE PUBLISHER feels compelled, very reluctantly, to notice a series of articles which appeared in several journals, and have afterwards been circulated in a separate form, purporting to be reviews of the above Work, and comparing it with a Bible published by Mr. M'Phun.

The following letter, addressed to the Editor of "*The British Standard*," (in which journal extracts from the articles were re-printed) will, perhaps, be deemed a sufficient reply to all these attacks. He has also the satisfaction of referring to the *recommendatory* notice of this edition which so frequently appeared in the same journal.

### "THE WORKING MAN'S FAMILY BIBLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "*BRITISH STANDARD*."

SIR.—I have had my attention called to your article in your Paper of the 11th ult., under the above heading; the object of which is to prove that Mr. M'Phun's Family Bible has claims on the Working Men of England which mine is not entitled to.

As you rest your case principally on the opinion of others, and scarcely venture to give any opinion of your own on the merits of my edition, I shall venture to throw some light on the subject, which may perhaps give your readers an idea of the real value of your so called *Council Editorial*.

I have only taken the trouble to inquire into the history of one of the articles in question, and it may astonish your readers to learn that IT NEVER APPEARED AS AN EDITORIAL REVIEW IN YOUR PAPER. THE OPINION YOU SAY IT EXPRESSES, BUT WAS INSERTED AS A COMMUNICATION ON BEING FORWARDED FOR AS AN ADVERTISEMENT. Your readers will be further astonished to learn that this *extract* statement has been reprinted and extensively circulated in a separate form, with the name of the newspaper attached in which it was inserted, so as to lead to the supposition that it was an editorial review. I am forced to believe that you have seen the newspaper in which the article was originally inserted, or you would not have ventured to characterize it as you have done. Your readers, at all events, will be able to form their own idea of its value, and they may, perhaps, observe what others have not failed to observe, a striking similarity in style in more than one of the articles you quote. I will only further add that I never sent a copy of the work for review to any of the newspapers referred to.

If the articles you give extracts from were of any value, I might complain of the distinguished way in which you have given these extracts. As they originally appeared, not a few of these articles alleged that the size of my Bible was disadvantageous as compared to the folio of Mr. M'Phun. It might be rather inconvenient to repeat this, seeing that Mr. M'Phun has issued specimens of another edition, the identical size and shape of mine.

I might have refrained from saying more, but justice to my Editor demands that your readers shall be acquainted with the facts you have thought fit to keep them ignorant of. The gist of several of the articles is, that Dr. M'Phun must have carefully consulted his predecessor to guide him what to select, and that of course he had "skimings" or "exuviae" left to him. You say you have my statement before you—which you have carefully considered. Now, Sir, that statement contains a denial on the authority of Dr. M'Farlane himself, that he had consulted the pages of his predecessor at all, to guide him to select or to reject. With this statement before you, still endorse the articles which make the charge; in other words, you either deny that I have Dr. M'Farlane's statement for such a statement, or, that Dr. M'Farlane is stating what he knew to be untrue. As I cannot believe you are prepared to deny the integrity of either party, I shall leave you to explain this as you best can.

The other statements which I made in reply to the insinuations and mis-statements of these articles, and to those which you have thought proper to ignore, were simply a flat denial of the charges in those articles, and to those I adhere.

I cannot conceive on what ground you, formerly the foe of Bible Monopoly, should take the singular course you now do, unless you are prepared to maintain that Mr. M'Phun is entitled to a monopoly in Family Bibles for time to come. I feel it distasteful to enter into personal matters, but it may not be improper to remind you that it is only three years since you wrote as strongly in favour of my labours and one of my editions as you have done of any since.

The Working Men of Scotland have already unequivocally pronounced an opinion as to the comparative value of my edition, as the following fact will shew; while I may also refer to the recommendations it has received from the leading Clergymen of various denominations in Scotland.

An Association having been formed among the employees of the "Scottish North-Eastern Railway Company" for the purpose of purchasing a Family Bible for each Member, and my Edition having been submitted for inspection of the members—amounting to nearly 400—the result was that the members all but unanimously adopted it, and ordered 360 Copies, which has subsequently been increased to 390. I may, therefore, say that the Working Men of Great Britain to examine and decide for themselves which is "the Best and Cheapest Bible ever published," and not to be misled by professed reviewers in journals which have never had a copy of my work sent them for review, or, perhaps, have never seen the work, contrasted in their columns.

I regret to be obliged to write as I have done to one I have been accustomed to respect, but it is to the cause of truth not less than my own interests, that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth shall be spoken.—I am, Rev. Sir, yours respectfully,

WILLIAM COLLINS.

GLASGOW, 9th July, 1858.

He has great pleasure in submitting the annexed letter from parties who have submitted my edition to a careful comparison, and who had only one object in view, namely, to select for themselves the best and cheapest edition that could be procured. Had space permitted, I might have added many more letters which he has received to the same effect—and he has the confidence in calling attention to this edition from the fact, that so far as he is aware, wherever my edition has been compared with any similar one, it has always been preferred.

"MR. WILLIAM COLLINS,

"Glasgow, 23rd June, 1858."

"SIR,—At a meeting of a large number of the officials of the Glasgow Post Office, held last night, I was requested to inform you that after a very careful examination of Mr. M'Phun's 'Working Man's Family Bible,' and of your 'Practical and Devotional Bible,' they unanimously came to the decision that your Bible was by far the best of the two; they at the same time agreed to take your Bible, and instructed me to order for them Sixty Copies."

"I have, therefore, to request that you will be kind enough to forward the same at your earliest convenience. I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

ALEX. JEFFREY, Chairman.

\* This order has subsequently been increased to Seventy Copies.

Clergymen, Sabbath School Teachers, Managers of Public Works, and others, desirous of promoting the sale of this Circumlocutionary, are requested to communicate with the Publisher, who will afford every facility for the sale of this valuable Work, by Means of Associations and Weekly or Monthly Payments.

PSALM CXXXVII.

*Consistency of the Jews in captivity*

**B**Y the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

2 We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

3 For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

4 How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

5 If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

6 If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

7 Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom

of the holy city and the temple of God, their own destruction of sacred ordinances, and the apparently ruined state of the church and people of Israel; for these calamities were brought on them by their national transgressions, to which they had all contributed. No longer therefore able to divert their melancholy by singing songs of praise, they hanged their harps upon the willows, which grow in abundance in that moistened soil, which perhaps they were employed in cultivating. But their insulting victors and oppressors demanded of them to gratify their

own enemies. Ps. 136, 37.

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The Publisher has much pleasure in calling attention to the Illustrated Edition of the "Practical Devotional Family Bible." It is Printed on Superfine Paper, and in the best style; while the Engravings render it not only a unique, but at the same time, the most elegant Presentation Edition of the Scriptures which has ever been issued in this country.

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Read attentively to prayer and watchfulness.

MATTHEW, VIII.

He heareth a leper.

For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, it considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and again and rend you.

CHAP. VIII. A. D. R. L.

1. As I have said, so shall it be done unto you, if ye shall have faith, and shall not doubt.

2. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Look, &c.

3. Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

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prophesied in thy name! and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

23 And then wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

24 Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

25 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

26 And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

### EXTRACTS FROM RECOMMENDATORY NOTICES.

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REV. W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D. D. EDINBURGH. "I have examined several passages, for the purpose of testing the merits of the system of references to parallel passages, which you have adopted. The result has satisfied me that your plan is excellent, and that it has been most successfully carried out."

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<i>Peter's confession of Christ.</i>	<b>MATTHEW, XVII</b>	<i>The transfiguration of Christ.</i>
<p>15 He saith unto them, But whom may ye say that I am?</p> <p>16 And Simon Peter answered and said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."</p> <p>17 And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: "for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."</p> <p>18 And I say also unto thee,</p>	<p><b>A. D. 22.</b></p> <p><b>CHAP. 16.</b></p> <p>• Psalm 2, 2. ch. 14, 20. Mark 6, 29 Luke 9, 30 John 4, 48 John 11, 27. Acts 8, 57. Acts 9, 30.</p>	<p><b>CHAPTER XVII.</b></p> <p>1 The transfiguration of Christ: 16 he healeth the leprosy: 26 he payeth tribute.</p> <p><b>AND</b> "after six days Jesus taketh A Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart,</p> <p>2 And was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.</p>

**RUBY REFERENCE BIBLE**

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Turkey Morocco, flexible, sewed with silk, gilt edges, 10s.

Jacob again bleeds.		GENESIS, XXXV, XXXVI.		The death of Isaac.	
Among the camels and the 12 servants & I being free to comfort they shall gather them lives together against me, and slay me, and I shall be destroyed, I and my house.		M C 1141. C 144 P 10 D 144 B 17 E 144 C 24 F 144 D 24		name = Ben-oni, but his father called him = Benjamin.	
And they said, "Thou shalt be dead with our father as with an hunter."		C 144 E 13 D 144 F 13 E 144 G 14 F 144 H 14 G 144 I 14 H 144 J 14 I 144 K 14 J 144 L 14		19 And Isaac died, and was buried in the way to = Ephraim, which is Beth-el.	
CHAPTER XXXV.		C 144 M 13 D 144 N 13 E 144 O 13 F 144 P 13 G 144 Q 13 H 144 R 13 I 144 S 13 J 144 T 13 K 144 U 13 L 144 V 13 M 144 W 13 N 144 X 13 O 144 Y 13 P 144 Z 13		20 And Jacob set a pillar upon the grave there at the pillar of Jacob's grave there.	
1 And Jacob came to Beth-el, and pitched his tent between Beth-el and Ramah, 2 And Jacob said to his sons, "I have seen all that ye have done, and ye are all men of sinners, 3 The name of Jacob is Israel."		19 And Isaac journeyed, and spread his tomb and = the tower of = 20 And it came to pass, when Isaac died, on that day that he was old, and lay with his father's concubines, and Isaac bled =. And the name of Jacob was there.		21 The sons of Limb = Benjamin, Joseph's brother.	

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Atkaka's prophecy.	1 KING, XXII.	The death of Aka.
<p>Is thing but that which is true in the name of Aka, Aka?</p> <p>17 And we said, I saw all forms / material from the kila, as sleep that have not a second and the Lomo mid. There have no number, but then return every time to his bones in pain.</p> <p>18 And the king of Imaid said unto Jeboahaphat, Did I not tell thee that he would prophesy no good concerning me, because I was a king?</p> <p>19 And he said, How then therefore the word of the Lomo: I saw the Lomo sitting on his throne, / and all the host of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left.</p> <p>20 And the Lomo said, Why shall I fear?</p>	<p>A.C. 99.</p> <p>17 And we said, I saw all forms / material from the kila, as sleep that have not a second and the Lomo mid. There have no number, but then return every time to his bones in pain.</p> <p>18 And the king of Imaid said unto Jeboahaphat, Did I not tell thee that he would prophesy no good concerning me, because I was a king?</p> <p>19 And he said, How then therefore the word of the Lomo: I saw the Lomo sitting on his throne, / and all the host of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left.</p> <p>20 And the Lomo said, Why shall I fear?</p>	<p>wherefore he said unto the driver of his chariot, Take thou the horse and carry the king out of the city, for I am ill.</p> <p>20 And the horse 12 thousand that day and the king was strapped up in his chariot against the Syrians, and died of even, and the sword ran out of the wound from the 12 points of his chariot.</p> <p>21 And there was a proclamation throughout the land about the king's death.</p> <p>22 And every man, every man in his city, and every man, every man of the country, said, The king is dead.</p> <p>23 So the king died, and it was brought in Hamathi; and they buried the king at Hamathi.</p> <p>24 And one worked the chariot in the pool of Hamathi; and the man left it.</p>

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*A remnant of Israel*

ROMANS, XI.

*saved by grace.*

Yes verily their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world.

19 But I say, Did not Israel know? First Moses saith, I will provoke you to jealousy by *them that are no people*, and by a foolish nation I will anger you.

20 But Esaias is very bold, and saith I was found of them that sought me not; I was made manifest unto them that asked not after me.

ears that they should not hear;) unto this day.

9 And David saith, Let their table be made a snare, and a trap, and a stumblingblock, and a recompence unto them:

10 Let their eyes be darkened, that they may not see, and bow down their back alway.

11 I say then, Have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid: but *rather* through their fall salvation

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*The law of sundry offerings.*

NUMBERS, XV.

*The sin offering of ignorance.*

#### CHAPTER XV.

1 *The law of sundry offerings.* 32 *The sabbath breaker stoned.* 37 *The law of fringes.*

AND the LORD spake unto Moses, saying,

2 Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come into the land of your habitations, which I give unto you,

3 And will make an offering by fire unto the LORD, a burnt offering, or a sacrifice in performing a vow, or in a free-will offering, or in your solemn feasts, to make a sweet savour unto the LORD, of the herd, or of the flock;

4 Then shall he that offereth his offering unto the Lord bring a meat offering of a tenth deal of flour mingled with the fourth part of an hin of oil.

as ye are, so shall the stranger be before the LORD.

16 One law and one manner shall be for you, and for the stranger that sojourneth with you.

17 ¶ And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying,

18 Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye come into the land whither I bring you;

19 Then it shall be, that, when ye eat of the bread of the land, ye shall offer up an heave offering unto the LORD.

20 Ye shall offer up a cake of the first of your dough for an heave offering: as ye do the heave offering of the threshing-floor, so shall ye heave it.

21 Of the first of your dough ye shall give unto the LORD an heave offering

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*I was charged with madness:*

ACTS.

*His voyage toward Rome.*

18 To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

19 Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision:

20 But showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.

21 For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me.

22 Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the Prophets and Moses did say should come;

7 And when we had sailed slowly many days, and scarce were come over against Cnidus, the wind not suffering us, we sailed under Ureta, over against Salmone;

8 And, hardly passing it, came unto a place which is called the Fair Havens; nigh whereunto was the city of Lasea.

9 ¶ Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, because the fast was now already past, Paul admonished them,

10 And said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives.

11 Nevertheless the centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things which were spoken by Paul.

12 And because the haven was not com-



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*The ark rests on Ararat.*

GENESIS.

*The earth dried.*

exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered.

20. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered.

21 And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and

continually until the tenth month: in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen.

6 ¶ And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made:

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*The descendants of Shem.*

GENESIS.

*The building of Babel.*

10 And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar.

11 Out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh, and the city Rehoboth, and Calah.

12 And Resen between Nineveh and Calah: the same is a great city.

13 And Mizraim begat Ludim, and Ananims, and Lehabim, and Naphtulim,

2 And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there.

3 And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.

4 And they said, Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name,

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*Canaanite's daughter healed.*

MARK, VIII.

*Christ feedeth four thousand.*

asked him, Why walk not thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders, but eat bread with unwashen hands?

6 He answered and said unto them, Well hath Elias prophesied of you hypocrites, as it is written, This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.

7 Howbeit in vain do they wor-

28 And she answered and said unto him, Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs.

29 And he said unto her, For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter.

30 And when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed.

13 And he sighed deeply in his spirit, and saith, Why doth this generation seek after a sign? Verily I say unto you, There shall no sign be given unto this generation.

18 And he left them, and, entering into the ship again, departed to the other side.

14 ¶ Now the disciples had forgotten to take bread, neither had they in the ship with them more

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EZEKIEL, XIX, XX.

*princes of Israel.*

way from all his transgressions that he hath committed, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

29 Yet saith the house of Israel, The way of the Lord is not equal. O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal?

30 Therefore I will judge you, O house of Israel, every one according to his ways, saith the Lord God. Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions;

CHAPTER XX.

1 God refused to be consulted by the elders of Israel; & their rebellious & dishonesty to rule them with rigour, but promises to gather them.

AND it came to pass in the seventh year, in the fifth month, the tenth day of the month, that certain of the elders of Israel came to enquire of the Lord, and sat before me.

2 Then came the word of the Lord unto me, saying,

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*The plagues of darkness.*

EXODUS. *Egypt's first-born threatened.*

let you go, and your little ones: look to it, for evil is before you.

11 Not so; go now ye that are men, and serve the Lord; for that ye did desire. And they were driven out from Pharaoh's presence.

12 ¶ And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the land of Egypt for the locusts, that they may come up upon the land of Egypt, and eat every herb of the land, even all that the hail hath

of Israel had light in their dwellings.

21 ¶ And Pharaoh called unto Moses, and said, Go ye, serve the Lord; only let your flocks and your herds be stayed: let your little ones also go with you.

22 And Moses said, Thou must give us also sacrifices and burnt offerings, that we may sacrifice unto the Lord our God.

23 Our cattle also shall go with

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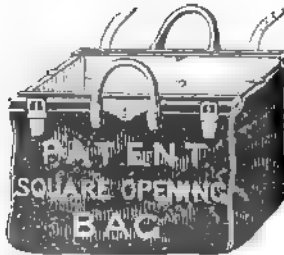
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